



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





AN ENGINEER'S HOLIDAY
OR NOTES OF A
ROUND TRIP FROM LONG. 0° TO 0°

AN ENGINEER'S HOLIDAY

OR NOTES OF A

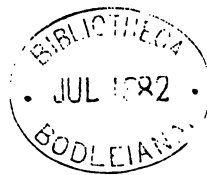
ROUND TRIP FROM LONG. 0° TO 0°

BY

DANIEL PIDGEON, F.G.S., Assoc. INST. C.E.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.—EAST



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1882

203. j. 80.

(The rights of translation and of reproduction are reserved.)

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PACIFIC.

A Pacific mail-steamer—A typhoon—Chinese sailors—Chinese passengers—Chinese students abroad—Feudal China—"The Inconsistencies of the American People"—The <i>Gull of Tokio</i> —"An intercepted letter"—Gulls—"I have lost a day"—"Japan is in sight!"	PAGE I
--	-----------

CHAPTER II.

YOKOHAMA—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"The Land of the Rising Sun"—The settlement of Yokohama—The town—"The Bund"—"The Bluffs"—Jinrickishas—Our hosts—The native town—Street scenes—Mississippi Bay—Cultivation—Rice-harvest—A lovely view—A native fair—"The Scotch of the East"—The Chinese question again—The Jap <i>versus</i> the Chinaman—Stagnant trade	16
--	----

CHAPTER III.

A JAPANESE "AT HOME."

Mr. Okowa—A Japanese railway—The wayside scenery—Our fellow-passengers—Intoning—The great clothes question—Jinrickisha-men	II.
--	-----

	PAGE
—Mr Okowa's paper-mill—A Japanese interior—A native dinner	
—Japanese society—A Japanese day—The position of women—	
Marriage	31

CHAPTER IV.

ENOSHIMA—KAMAKURA—DAIBUTZ.

A carriage and pair—"Following the custom of the village"—Japanese houses—Japanese children—An accident— <i>Naturalia non sunt turpia</i> —A bad road—Men or children?—Are they in earnest?—Our first tea-house—Watering the horses—Katase—The route—The island of Enoshima—Comfortable quarters—A fish dinner—Dressing under difficulties—The origin of Enoshima—Benten, the dragon-tamer—Old friends—How did we come here?—Divers—Kamakura—The cockpit of Japan—The temple of Hachiman—Yoritomo's sword—Daibutz—A great casting—Shinto and Buddhism—Religion in Japan—"Miya" and "tera"—My kingdom for a chair	41
---	----

CHAPTER V.

TOKIO (JEDDO).

The city of Tokio—The castle of the Shogun—The streets—Street scenes—Water <i>fêtes</i> —The Yoshiwara—Prostitution in Japan—"Gueshas"—Singing and dancing—The Insetz Kioku—A scientific welcome—A kite manufactory—Industrial reform in Japan—Tiffin at the German Legation—Art collecting—Shiba and Uyeno—The tombs of the Shoguns—Asakusa—A "matsuri"—Devotion—Wax-works—Shooting galleries—The "Ameya"—Is Tokio a city? ...	60
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

MYANOSHITA—HAKONE.

Fish or flesh?—The geology of Japan—The buggy again—From bad to worse roads—Japanese rivers—Floods—Take care of the planks,	
---	--

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
and let the piers take care of themselves—Odowara Bay—Tono-	
sawa—Drawing lots for a job—A hill-side path—The tea-house at	
Myanoshita—Our handmaidens—"Not at all!"—The Otomi-tonga	
Pass—Fusiyama—The flanks of a volcano—Snow—Snakes—Land-	
crabs—Land-shells—A Japanese Buxton—Myanoshita village—	
Wood-turning—A modest retreat—A Japanese garden—A glorious	
view—Stone prayers—A Highland loch—Fusiyama again—The	
sulphur springs—Physical comfort—The new Joseph—Shampooing	
—A sorrowful "Saionara"	76

CHAPTER VII.

SETTLEMENT LIFE AND VIEWS.

American variety *versus* Japanese monotony—Yokohama races—The road—The course—The riders—Settlement life—A Japanese theatre—The stagnation of trade—Imports and exports—Smallness of native wants—Unbusiness-like character of the Japanese—Contrast with the Chinese—The opening of the country—What the foreigner asks for—What the Japanese reply—A dead-lock—*Il faut q'une porte soit ouverte ou fermee*—What will the end be?—Allies within the gates—Caste in Japan—The "samurai"—The farmers—The artisans—The traders—The coolies—Wanted: a public opinion—The Japanese Government—*Renaissance* or revolution? 89

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRIP TO NIKKO.

The start—Kobé—The wayside scenery—Rice-harvesting—A hedge of camellias—Hoe *versus* plough—Agricultural animals and imple-
ments—Rice-stripping—Winnowing—The rice-pounder—Handi-
craft and pedicraft—The farmers of Japan—Tenure of land—Rents
—Tenant right—The land-tax—*La petite culture*—Nakada—An
avenue of cedars—Utsonomiya—An earthquake—Nikko—The
volcanic range—The Nikko temples—A Japanese Pygmalion—Art
in Japan—Architecture—Sculpture—Painting—A good run—The
snowy range—A cheap ride 102

CHAPTER IX.

HIOGO—KIOTO—NAGASAKI.

Farewell, Yokohama !—Kobé—Hiogo—The settlement—The Hiogo Kioto Railway—A fine farming country—Ploughs—Bullock-carts— Careful cultivation—Kioto—The city—Art treasures—Silk-weaving —Theatres—Jugglers—A magic lantern—The Oigawa rapids—A wild towing path—The “Light of Asia”—The Peninsular and Oriental ship <i>Malacca</i> —The Inland Sea—The Straits of Shimonoseki—Nagasaki—A dead port—Desima—A chapter in the history of Japanese Christianity—Japanese coal—The East <i>versus</i> the West	PAGE 116
---	-------------

CHAPTER X.

NEW JAPAN.

Old Japan—The Mikado—The Shogun—The dual government—Four centuries of feudalism—New Japan—The arrival of Commodore Perry—Makes a treaty with the Shogun—Treaties made with the European Powers—Anger of the clans—Coalition of the clans— Attack on foreigners—The southern clans—Action of Aizu— Bombardment of Kagoshima and Shimonoseki—The civil war begins—Defeat and death of the Shogun—Re-establishment of the Mikadonal power—The end of the Shogunate—Yokohama during the civil war—The hatred of foreigners—The abolition of the feudal system—The new constitution—An oligarchy and its difficulties— Rule or anarchy?—The financial situation—A coming crisis— Three courses—Wanted : a public opinion—What will the end be?	128
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

HONGKONG—CANTON.

England's outposts—Hongkong Harbour—Victoria—Society—“The good old times”—Commercial discontent—A protecting flag—The Pearl river—Approach to Canton—A great fire—The river popula- tion—A dangerous disembarkation—Shamien—Our hosts—Canton streets—Industries—Temples—The Bell of Canton—The Examina-

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
tion Hall—The water-clock—Tartar Canton—Chinese Canton—	
Chinese justice—The prisons—Men or beasts?—The execution-	
ground—Chinese character—Chinese art—Civilization in China—	
A corrupt Government	143

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

Singapore—"Have a dive!"—Tropical vegetation—A kind welcome—	
The Chinese in Singapore—The Tamils—The Malays—The markets	
—Athletics in the tropics—The botanical gardens—A dinner-party	
"Wallace's line"—Penang—The Rajah of Quetta—Chinese coolies	
—Tobacco-planting—England's unconscious allies	157

CHAPTER XIII.

CEYLON.

Life on board the <i>Teheran</i> —Flying-fish—Salpæ—Galle Harbour—A	
motley crowd—Men or women?—Cinghalese costumes—Handsome	
boys—The Afghans—The Moorman—The Dutch East India Com-	
pany— <i>En route</i> for Colombo—Wayside scenes—Cocoa-nut palms—	
Trotting bullocks—"That my present!"—Coral bricks—Cabook—	
Colombo—Nuwara-Eliya—The Kandy railroad—"Patenas"—	
Gampola—Rambodda—A European flora—Nuwara-Eliya—	
Ascent of Pederotallagalla—Tropical forest—Elephants—Jungle	
life—Coffee cultivation— <i>Henileia vastatrix</i> —Worn out—Cinchona	
--Liberian coffee—Peradeniya—Kandy—The Temple of Buddha's	
Tooth—Colombo—A pleasant dinner—Ceylon—The Portuguese—	
The Dutch—The English—British rule—A colonial crisis	168

CHAPTER XIV.

MADRAS—CALCUTTA.

Christmas in the tropics—English settlements in the East—Madras—	
The surf-boat—A dilapidated town—The native town—Return	
tickets not available for this trip—The Southern Cross—Indian	
civil servants—The pilot—The Hooghly navigation—"Pull baker,	

	PAGE
pull devil!"—The King of Oudh's palace—Calcutta—The Strand— The Meidan—The Citadel—The Mahratta Ditch—The Black Hole of Calcutta—The Hyde Park of Calcutta—The native town—The foundations of Manchester—Native merchants—John Chinaman again—The "mild Hindoo"—Servants and masters—Native dress —Calcutta races—A <i>fête</i> at the Zoo—A brilliant crowd—Crows— Dinner in a "chummery"	190

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

<i>En route</i> for Darjeeling—Crossing the holy river—A narrow-gauge line—"Snaky" work—A "sleeping-carriage"—The battle of the gauges—The Terai—First view of the Himalayas—The hill tram- road—The jungle—Climbers—Orchids—Tree-ferns—A temperate flora—Kursiong—A "tonga"—Darjeeling—Sikkim—Drs. Camp- bell and Hooker—Hill races—In Mongolia—Buddhism in <i>profundis</i> —Praying-wheels—The Bhotia porter—Native houses—A primitive spinning-wheel—The bazaar at Darjeeling—In the clouds—The snowy range—Kinchinjanga—Tea-planting—Cinchona-growing— Dear labour—Coolie immigration—China <i>versus</i> India as a tea- grower	205
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

BENARES.

Indian servants—East Indian Railway—The Ganges Valley—"The Holy City"—Vedism—Old Buddhism—Buddhism—Puranism— Phallic worship—The bathing ghats—Temples—Idolatry—The streets—Brass-work—Merchants—Indian conjurers—The burning ghat—A funeral—Piety in high places—View of Benares	221
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

LUCKNOW—CAWNPORE.

The province of Oudh—"The City of Stucco Nightmares"—The Mutiny—Sir Henry Lawrence—Defence of the Residency—Cawn-
--

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
pore—Wheeler's entrenchment—Nana Sahib—Colonel Havelock—	
The Well—The relief of Lucknow—The siege of Delhi—End of the	
Mutiny—The bazaar at Cawnpore—Indian manufactures	234

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGRA.

The Moguls—Akbar—Shah Juhan—Aurangzebe—End of the Mogul	
rule—Agra Fort—Sikandra—The Palace of Akbar—The Moti	
Musjid—The Jehangir Mahal—The Taj Mahal— <i>Pietra dura</i> work	
—View from the Taj—Indo-Saracenic architecture—The Pathan	
periods—The Mogul school—Futtehporé—Sikri—The decadence—	
Contemporary Hindoo art	251

CHAPTER XIX.

DELHI.

Shah Juhan—Juhanaabad—Old Delhi—Fort Lalkot—Rajah Pithora—	
Afghan incursions—Mahomet Ghori's invasion of India—The	
Moguls—Sacking of Delhi—Modern Delhi—Vicissitudes—The Fort	
—The Palace—The Pearl Mosque—The "peacock throne"—The	
Jumma Musjid—Relics of the Prophet—The Chadni Chowk—The	
Cashmere Gate—A marriage procession—Street scenes—A Maho-	
metan service—Old Delhi—Khootub's Column and Mosque—	
Pathan and Hindoo art—Timour the Tartar—Asoka's lat—A	
Buddhist monarch	270

CHAPTER XX.

JEYPORE—BOMBAY.

The Rajpootana State Railway—Jeypore—The Palace—Street scenes	
—The "Light of Asia"—Indian art—The city of Amber—The	
Indian desert—Indian bridge-building—Camels—An Eastern Ne-	
vada—Monkeys on the line—Arrival at Bombay—The city and	
harbour—The Parsees—The Towers of Silence—The Caves of	
Elephanta—The Apollo Bunder	286

CHAPTER XXI.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

What has British rule done for India?—Physical changes—Com-	PAGE
mercial development—Moral improvement—Poverty of India—The	
land question in Bengal—Checks on population—The pressure of	
population on the soil—Rise of rents—The Rent Act of 1859—The	
land question in Madras—Over-population—The remedies—A	
land law for Bengal—Indian finance—European government and	
Asiatic revenue—Cheap civilized rule—Representation—A great	
experiment 	300

CHAPTER XXII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship <i>Sumatra</i> —The Milky Sea—	
Aden—"Have a dive!"—Volcanic hills—Artificial water—The Red	
Sea—Suez—From Suez to Cairo—The Nile inundation—Fertile	
Egypt—Cairo—Street scenes—The bazaars—Dogs—Tombs of the	
Mamelukes—Mosque of Sultan Hasan—Cairo University—Dancing	
dervishes—The Palace of Gezireh—"Improvement" in Egypt—	
The Fellahin—Agriculture—Stationary Egypt—The Pyramids of	
Ghizeh—"Hard work!"—The Sphinx—The Temple of the	
Sphinx—Egyptian chronology—Boulak Museum—Ancient art—	
Ancient theology—Marriette Bey—Memphis—The Apis Tombs—	
The Tomb of Ti—A desert view—The Isthmus of Suez—Ancient	
canals—M. Lesseps' canal—Passage of the canal—Port Said—	
The Mediterranean—Malta—Gibraltar—The Holiday is over ...	313

AN ENGINEER'S HOLIDAY,

OR NOTES OF A

ROUND TRIP FROM LONG. 0° TO 0°.

CHAPTER I.

THE PACIFIC.

September 20—October 12.

YOUNG as the port of San Francisco is, two lines of steamers already connect the far East with the far West ; while a third, started and owned entirely by Chinamen, was daily expecting the arrival of its pioneer steamer, the *Ho-Chung*, at the moment when we left America. We chose the Pacific mail route, and found the *City of Tokio* a splendid vessel of five thousand tons, built in America, and, probably in consequence of this, combining the luxurious saloons, roomy berths, and many smaller comforts of the great river steamers, with excellent sea-going qualities. True to her time to a minute, the ship left the wharf at San Francisco, and, starting

without the slightest fuss, her decks perfectly clear and every rope in place, turned her face towards the Golden Gate, so completely prepared for the voyage that it was difficult to believe ourselves already launched on a journey of five thousand miles.

The *City of Tokio* is not a fast ship, the day's run averaging less than two hundred and thirty miles, while crack Atlantic steamers make three hundred and fifty miles or even more in twenty-four hours ; but competition is not severe on the Pacific, and ships only hurry when they are bringing back tea to the American market ; there is no object in wasting coals on the outward voyage. If the ship is slow, she is perfect in every other respect, from a passenger's point of view. She is well officered, with men who give themselves no airs and are frankly at the service of the people they carry. The crew, the cooks, and the stewards are all Chinamen, and whether on deck, in the saloon, or in the cabins, the ship's work goes on with an automatic smoothness which is surprising. The vessel is as trim as a lady from stem to stern, and scrupulously clean both above and below, yet one looks in vain for the agency which keeps everything in order, and wonders, as in an American hotel, how the great machine is run so noiselessly. Never have I seen decks so clear, ropes so faultlessly coiled, or berths so snowy white ; never before have I occupied a cabin, with a bell which I have only to ring to find excellent and immediate service ; never have I sat at

table so well waited upon as by the silent Chinaman in blue blouse, spotless linen cuffs and hose, and pigtail falling from under a close cloth cap crowned with a red button, who stands behind my chair. Our skipper, Commodore Maury, with his handsome wife, heads a table in the saloon, and each of his officers another, but all of them are in plain clothes, as indeed they are upon deck, and, with true American ease of manner, these gentlemen encourage their passengers to feel that the ship is made for them, and not they for the ship. We are at sea, and yet not at sea, appearing rather to live in some great hotel, surrounded by comforts usually quite unknown on board ship.

We carry about thirty saloon passengers of very various nationalities. The majority are Americans, naval officers joining their ships in Japanese waters, ladies returning to their husbands at Yokohama, merchants, missionaries, and tourists. The minority consists of half a dozen travelling English, a German, also a traveller, a Japanese diplomatist, a Japanese manufacturer, and a young Chinaman returning home from school and college in the States. Forward are some five hundred coolies, their numbers an example of the fact already mentioned, that the Chinese exodus from California is greater than the immigration at the present moment. The ship, her officers, passengers, crew, and cargo, are all very different from anything we have seen before, and remind us that we are now in a strange new

world, where, across a still half-mysterious ocean, the white and yellow races have begun to amalgamate upon a new basis of liberty and equality.

Our weather for the first ten days of the voyage was perfect. The sea a deep azure blue in colour, more like a melted solid than a fluid in appearance, and the air clear and balmy both by night and day. On the 1st of October, however, there being no wind, we met a very heavy swell, the ship rising over great rounded hills of water some fifteen feet high and about five hundred feet apart ; and two days later we encountered the tail of a true cyclone. This storm, which whirled through every point in the compass within an hour or two, raised so lumpy and confused a sea that the water was quite white as far as the eye could see in any direction ; but the ship, beyond rolling slowly and regularly through an arc of nearly forty degrees, and shooting inexperienced passengers from side to side of the saloon, behaved remarkably well, and shipped very little water. We watched with interest the behaviour of the Chinese sailors when, our squaresails being blown away, they proceeded to secure the flapping ribbons of canvas. The work was well, but not very quickly done, too few men being sent aloft at first ; had the force been adequate, I think the yellow men would have proved as smart as whites. During the gale the coolie passengers threw overboard thousands of "joss-papers," or gilded leaves, which fluttered like birds around the ship, but

without bringing the fine weather they were sent to seek from the gods.

The Chinese quarter of the *City of Tokio*, whether on deck or below, was always, like Chinatown at San Francisco, a picturesque and amusing scene. On fine days the forward decks were densely crowded with men, for the most part squatting in groups, playing cards or dominoes, the players themselves being surrounded by interested and laughing spectators. A Chinese pack of cards consists of some hundred slips of paper, not more than half an inch wide, and printed with strange devices. The dominoes are like our own, but are dealt to the player and held in his hand like cards. The games were apparently interminable, but the gamesters, enthusiasts; it is only when thus engaged that the serious Mongol face shines with smiles, and the usually silent tongue is unloosed. One withered and ugly old man was a fiddler, who sometimes played for hours together to approving audiences on a tiny instrument like a wiry banjo, scraping shrill and agonizing sounds from the thin strings; while, a little removed from both art and amusement, sat industry, tailoring black and blue garments with long-nailed and flexible fingers. As meal hours approached every one became busy, some cutting up dried fish, or washing bunches of strange vegetables, others shelling preserved eggs of their black earthy coating, or preparing split ducks and stringy sausages for the galley fire. Below, the five hundred

were packed at night, not more closely than immigrants on the Atlantic, but in bunks which were almost hidden by a varied mass of personal baggage and household goods, lashed to every available post and support between the floor and the deck. These articles were for the most part so national in character as to defy classification, but, from among bamboo baskets and packs of Mongol clothes, there sometimes peeped that entirely unmistakable article, an American trunk, or the equally characteristic outfit of the Californian miner. One of the largest forward cabins in the *City of Tokio* is fitted up for opium-smoking, with the same matted bunks, pillow-stools, and paraphernalia already described. This is a wise concession to Chinese habits, without which the ship would run a great risk of fire—the one enemy that is most carefully guarded against on this long voyage. The “den” is under strict surveillance, and is open only at certain hours, but the Chinese, having a place provided for them, do not attempt to smoke in their own bunks, as they might otherwise try to do in spite of the closest watching.

Our saloon passenger of the yellow race is a young Chinese gentleman, returning home after nine years spent in the States. He went to America at thirteen years of age, being one of a number of Chinese boys, the sons of men in good positions, who are annually sent abroad at the expense of the Chinese Government to be educated in the schools of America, England, and Germany.

There are a hundred and twenty such boys now in the States, thirty in England, and thirty in Germany, and they are looked after by a commissioner resident in each country, who selects their schools, places them in good families, and, at the end of their school career, enters them at some university, where they graduate and afterwards return to their homes. The Chinese Government took this step at the instance of the liberal party in the empire, and begins apparently to regret its action ; for every foreign student is found to return to his country an advanced liberal, bitterly opposed to the existing Tartar dynasty, and desirous above all things for a national government.*

The feudal system of China, with its great lords on the one hand, far richer and more powerful than any individuals in Christendom ; and on the other, its people, sunk for the most part in abject poverty,—exists by virtue of a tyranny which is nevertheless taxed to the utmost to keep the great feudatories in subjection. Feudality is at once the curse and weakness of China, pauperizing her industrious population, and so dividing her strength that every instructed Chinaman foresees and fears the day when an unscrupulous foreign foe may make the million soldiers of the empire count for nothing, because they belong to the great feudatories, who might be divided by the skill of a new Clive or Cortes.

* Since the above was written, the Chinese Government have recalled the boys who were being educated in Western schools and colleges.

Yet the Chinese Government, by its education policy, is creating intelligent and irreconcilable foes both to the feudal system and its own existence. My friend Mr. Tsoy indeed predicts a revolution and the fall of the Mantchus within ten years ; at the same time declaring that we entirely failed to understand, not only the national wrongs of China, but our own trade interests, when we lent the weight of English power to crush the Tai-pings.

Cum-Chiong-Tsoy has a critical eye also for the failings of the United States, and examines, shrewdly enough, what is the height and depth of American freedom, in view of the treatment of the Chinese in California. I quote verbatim a few of his remarks on the "Inconsistencies of the American People," illustrating on the one hand the excellent use which the Chinaman makes of European education, and, on the other, how keenly he feels the wrongs of his compatriots in the States. "It would be amusing if we could ascertain with what extravagant expectations the thousands of Europe and Asia, leaving their destitute and oppressed homes, sail for America, that land of liberty, where the equality of mankind, without regard of colour or race, is the fundamental principle of government. But this we do know, that they find the same state of things, only under different names, there as at home. Human nature is the same everywhere. In the United States is a president instead of a king or emperor, and the ignorant masses

have the privilege, though they do not know how to exercise it, of voting. There are as many classes of society in a republican as in a monarchical country. The aristocracy, although not hereditary, is quite as arrogant and unapproachable, and the poor man might as well expect water to run uphill as to enter its circles without money. Republican girls are as crazy after titles as any European maidens, and generally there is little consistency between the professed principles and actions of the American people. By the constitution of the United States all nationalities are allowed to enter her territory, yet a law was passed in the Senate to prohibit Chinese immigration, and would have become law, in direct violation of existing treaties, but for the veto of a clear-headed president. The Americans are zealous in sending out missionaries to convert the heathen, but when the heathen come to their threshold they threaten to expel them from the country for the criminal offence of being willing to work for low wages. Is it strange that the heathen, receiving such treatment at Christian hands, should regard Christians as wolves in sheep's clothing? The United States is a free country, so free in fact that the 'hoodlums' and mobs can do whatever they please; but it is not free for certain unoffending and peaceful foreigners."

The *Gull of Tokio*, from which the above extract is made, was a "semi-weekly journal, devoted to literature, social and physical science, the three R's, and the news of

the day." This amateur newspaper appeared regularly during the voyage, and was read aloud in the saloon on certain evenings, when music, mock trials, and similar devices for passing the time accompanied the reading. The fun of such things is usually too fugitive for reproduction, but the following communication, selected from a bundle of "Intercepted Letters," gives a portrait group of our passengers, set in a frame of incidents, slight, indeed, but characteristic of most voyages :—

"On board the *City of Tokio*,

"September 30, 1880.

"DARLING EDIE,

"Of course I couldn't keep the promise which I made in London, to write a line every day while on board, and here we are, ten days at sea, before I touch my pen. The first few days of our voyage were simply delicious, the sea calm, the weather exquisite. The commodore's wife is my chaperone, as you know, and she is the dearest creature in the world. Fancy a very pretty young woman, with the *loveliest* white hair dressed high up on her head. She looks like a bit from Watteau or Greuze, and, like all these dear American ladies, she is the most indulgent of sheep-dogs. If I *wanted* to flirt, I think she would let me to my heart's content. The commodore himself is delightful, perfectly devoted to her; but I am a little afraid of him, for he says clever things in that cool American way,

which gives me a little shiver, half nice, half horrid, when I speak to him. There are two ladies on board, going to their husbands in Japan. One is a brunette, piquante, awfully well read, and all that sort of thing, but *much* too clever for poor me. The other is a blonde, very sweet and kind. I *do* think it is *such* a shame to say there are more grass widows in America than anywhere else, and as for *firting!* I give you my word, dear, that though Lieutenant Barry and Mr. Gardiner read nice new books to them on deck all the morning, they are *always* down in that horrid saloon in the evening, no matter how delicious it is on deck. *We* aren't half so good in England, my dear. There is a group of Englishmen on board, very thick with one another, and, just as they are at home, *always* in the smoking-room, getting up pools, or playing whist all day. They see very little of my *beaux yeux*, I can tell you. There is a mysterious little fellow whom they call the 'Pasha,' who wears a fez, and looks rather nice. I am dying to know whether it is true that he is a Turk, with a harem at Constantinople. One of the Englishmen told me so, but he is one of those horrid men you know so well at home, always laughing at girls, and chaffing, so that you don't know what to think. The 'Pasha' is always with the Englishmen, and my chaperone thinks he borrows money of them. *The* man of the ship is the purser; he is delightful, with a long, drooping moustache, and *such* eyes, full of fun and feeling at the same time. I had the

greatest fun with him at first, until some of those horrid *clever* people, whom I hate, started a stupid thing they call the *Gull of Tokio*, a kind of amateur newspaper, and since then not a girl in the ship can have the least bit of fun without every one knowing it. I was behind the wheel-house to-day for a few minutes with Mr. Darby, a dark, *distingué*-looking man, and very interesting, when I saw one of those wretched *clever* people peeping round the corner, so I suppose that even that will be in the next week's issue. It's perfectly horrid, dear, and soon only the missionaries will dare show their faces on deck after dark for fear of this stupid *Gull*. There goes the purser, and I promised him a stroll at three. I will resume to-morrow."

It was a never-failing pleasure to watch the great gulls, more than a score of which followed the ship from San Francisco, evidently intending to accompany us to Japan. They wheeled around the steamer all day, deserting her only at night, to sleep, if they sleep at all, on the waves. In the morning they were with us again long before the passengers were astir, watching for the earliest refuse of the galley, and floating, when hungry, over the quarter-deck itself. The flight of these birds is apparently accomplished without any expenditure of muscular energy. They keep abreast of the ship, although their wings are scarcely ever seen to flap, and dart hither and thither in the pursuit of food by almost imperceptible

movements. During the storm they left us to play about the great rollers, up whose sides they skimmed, resting for a moment over each crest, obliquely poised, and with the tip of one wing almost touching the foam. They were not hunting, for there is no fish in this deep ocean; they seemed to be only revelling in their powers of flight, waked to activity by the strife of wind and sea.

If a traveller, starting from the longitude of Greenwich to circumnavigate the globe, sails west with the sun, chronometer in hand, this, upon his reaching the hundred and eightieth meridian, will of course declare that it is midnight of any given day, while the sun says it is noon; and *vice versa* if he sails eastward, or against the sun's path in the heavens. Or, to put it in another way, if he starts say at noon on Monday, and could travel westward, as fast as the sun, for twenty-four hours, the clock would say it was midday Tuesday, although Monday's sun had not begun to decline. The day which is thus lost between America and Japan was thrown overboard as we crossed the hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, and if any of my readers fail to understand the simple reasons for its burial given above, I fear that the following extract from the *Gull's* answers to correspondents will not make the matter any clearer:—"Yes, it is quite true, we have lost a day. To-day is yesterday as well as Tuesday, but at the same time yesterday is Monday as well as Sunday, though the day before

yesterday was Saturday. Take our advice, and do not venture into east longitude any more."

Long as the Pacific voyage is, we did not tire of it. The days were amply filled with exercise, reading, writing, and conversation, while at night the beautiful heavens tempted us to lounge for hours on deck, watching the glowing stars or the luminous ribbon of the Milky Way. The storm excepted, our daily passage through the calm azure water was so monotonous that we could not realize our approach to Asia. We seemed to be sailing over an interminable ocean, seeking no other haven than the setting sun, straight for whose disc our bows pointed night after night. At length, however, I was roused, early on the morning of the 12th of October, by my companion jumping suddenly from the upper bunk and exclaiming, "Japan is in sight!" and a moment afterwards our faces were framed, one in each of the open port-holes of our cabin. The view which met our eyes was at the same time strange and familiar. Conical hills, covered to their summits with dense foliage, descended abruptly to a plain which, wider here and narrower there, bordered the ocean. Every inch of the level land was cultivated, not in wide fields of grass or grain, but in parti-coloured slips and patches. Villages of tiny brown houses, with thatched roofs and wide eaves, planted along the ridges with lilies, clustered thickly on the plain, while detached dwellings, recalling the pagodas on a willow plate, peeped here and there from the foliage

covering the hill-sides. The sea was alive with the "sampan" of fishermen, quaint boats of unpainted wood, with high bows and square sterns, sculled by living bronzes, standing erect in scanty drapery, their shaven heads tied around with blue and white handkerchiefs. It was like a picture by Meissonier, of a quaint and beautiful toy-land, utterly new to all European experience.

CHAPTER II.

YOKOHAMA—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

October 12-13.

THE early Japanese, who looked eastward over an ocean which even to their boldest seamen appeared shoreless, might well believe that their country was truly the "Land of the Rising Sun." They called it Ni-Hon, or the Sun-source, a word which we usually spell Nippon, but, following a national custom which still prevails, they wrote it in Chinese characters, pronounced Ya-pan. The Portuguese who, first of Europeans, visited Nippon in the sixteenth century, were already settled at Macao and, being acquainted with the Chinese language, naturally gave the Chinese pronunciation to these characters, which they found on the native maps, so that Ni-Hon, the Land of the Rising Sun, has been Japan for Europe ever since.

The engines of the *City of Tokio* stopped for the first time since leaving San Francisco, at half-past ten on the morning of the 12th of October, after being incessantly in motion for twenty-two days and nights. The steamer

was no sooner anchored than she was surrounded by "sampan," the strange boats already described, each propelled by two men who stood erect and back to back "sculling" with long crank-handled oars. The figures in the boats were stranger than the craft. It was raining heavily on our arrival, and the men appeared to be literally thatched with conical straw hats as big as an umbrella, while their bodies were wrapped in mantles of thatch which made them look like so many yellow porcupines.

Yokohama is purely a settlement town. It had no existence prior to 1859, when the site was placed at the service of Europeans by the Japanese Government, in partial fulfilment of their obligations under the Anglo-French Treaty of 1858. The Japanese had indeed agreed to open Kanagawa, the port of the capital, but their fear of strangers was stronger than their sense of duty, and, at the risk of seriously offending the foreign envoys, they changed the promised site for the settlement to Yokohama, then a poor fishing village, standing in the midst of a salt-water marsh, two miles from Kanagawa, and quite out of the line of traffic between that port and the capital. The object was to locate the foreigners where their trade could be controlled and themselves watched, or, if need be, shut up, as the Dutch had been in the small island settlement which they alone of all other nations had been permitted to occupy for two hundred years at Nagasaki. The

envoys protested vigorously against this breach of faith, but, while they negotiated, the merchants established themselves in such numbers at Yokohama, that the question was taken out of the hands of the diplomatists; and the site accepted in spite of its drawbacks.

The irregular Yokohama of the first settlers was entirely destroyed by fire in 1866, and has been succeeded by a comparatively regular city, containing at the present time twelve hundred foreigners and a hundred and twenty thousand natives. Viewed from the roadstead, the town occupies a shelf of low and level land bordering the sea, and behind it rise hills of no great height, whose steep slopes are diversified here and there by cliffs, horizontally stratified, and of recent age. The hills are covered from base to summit with a dense growth of small conifers, above which in the west rises the sacred mountain Fusi-yama, a white and symmetrical cone, shining with subdued lustre through some seventy miles of pearly air. On a nearer approach, the shore is seen to be lined with a row of good houses, each with a small garden in front, and bordered by a wide road protected by a substantial sea-wall. This is the "Bund," containing some of the best residences, and several large hotels. To the right are the low brown roofs of the native town, while to the left of the settlement, and separated from it by a small stream, are the "Bluffs," picturesque and densely wooded cliffs, once the site of the foreign legations only, but now

thickly sprinkled with the residences of merchants, who enjoy some of the prettiest imaginable scenery from their windows. At the foot of the Bluffs is the English Naval Establishment, a Portsmouth Yard in miniature, whose trim roads and buildings are set in a slope of the same luxuriant foliage as that which clothes the Bluffs from the sea to their summits. Behind the Bund are the streets in which the business of the settlement centres. Here are the merchants' "hongs," or blocks of substantial stone buildings, and here are the banks, the offices of the steamship companies, the retail shops, and some factories.

On landing we found the pier lined with "jinrickishas," the light "man-power carriages," like a Bath chair with shafts, which, within a few years, have spread over Japan in vast numbers, almost entirely superseding the "kango," a kind of palanquin, in which the natives formerly travelled. The horse is a coolie, short but muscular, with legs of polished bronze, and dressed in a blue cotton gown, gathered about his loins and tied round the waist with the "obi," or sash. Over his shaven crown curves the short national queue, while his feet are protected by sandals of plaited rice straw fastened by strings of the same material.

What a pleasure it was to sit once more on a firm floor, at a well-appointed table in the Grand Hotel, discussing an excellent *déjeuner* and a bottle of good Bordeaux, while, through the open windows, our eyes

roamed over Yokohama Bay with its crisp blue waves and misty shores, its shipping, and moving sampans! But we were not long the guests of the Grand Hotel. My companion had letters to a German mercantile house of high standing in Yokohama, where we were welcomed with all the characteristic hospitality of the far East. The visitor fresh from Europe is received all the more cordially, perhaps, because he breaks the monotony of settlement life and brings with him a whiff of the old country, never forgotten by the men who seek fortune at the antipodes. Certainly it was a charming circle that we joined. The pioneers of commerce in the far East, as in the far West, are almost always young, ardent spirits, without prejudices, intelligent, and, being recruited chiefly from the higher commercial classes of Europe, well-educated and cultured gentlemen. The Western man, on the other hand, exhibits the same characteristics, but springs from another social source, a fact which makes a wide difference between pioneer society in California and Japan. Tiffin, as in China, is the meal of the day in Yokohama; dinner is only a ceremony, often taken very late, after an evening already far spent at the club, so it is at lunch that we usually listen to narratives, explanations, and anticipations concerning this interesting country. For, whether consuls, merchants, or travellers, the settlers talk perpetually of Japan. Europe is so distant that events occurring there have lost their importance before the outlines of telegrams

are filled in with details, and, meantime, these men are surrounded by social and political problems which still have all the attraction of the unknown, and their acute minds naturally turn from useless considerations of European affairs, to attempt the solution of many yet unguessed riddles in the national character of the people with whom they live and trade. For two travellers with eyes and mouths full of questions, what position could be more agreeable? The easy luxurious life was charming too; the servants were Chinese, and therefore excellent, the table was good, and the elasticity of the whole establishment, so far as entertaining is concerned, reminded us of the elephant's trunk, which picks up a pin or a timber tree with equal ease.

Around the European settlement lies the native town, consisting of low wooden houses, seldom more than one story high, with heavy tiled or thatched roofs, having wide eaves turned up like the brim of a felt hat. These dwellings are quite open during the day, being divided into apartments only by sliding paper panels, and enclosed at night by external slides of wood. They are seldom more than twenty feet square, and are griddled by frequent streets, some wide, some narrow, but always clean and with well-made roadways. Main Street, the chief of these, is occupied almost exclusively by dealers in curios, china, lacquer, and jewellery. In the less important avenues one finds the tea and silk merchants' establishments, shops for the sale of the bronze vessels

in which charcoal is burnt (the domestic fireplaces of Japan), pipes, books, umbrellas, fans, toys, and paper. Remote streets are even more national in character. Here is a "saki"-shop, with its rows of wooden tubs cased in plaited straw, holding the wine of Japan, distilled from rice and tasting like a sickly spirituous hock. Dried fish are sold next door ; and then comes the shoe-shop, piled to the ceiling with "geta," the wooden clogs in universal use. Hard by squats the tobacco-cutter ; then comes a cook-shop, where fish are stewing in oil ; and there is a sweetmeat-maker, rolling up rice, sugar, and seaweed into sticky, cigar-shaped packets. Here is a shop buried in big paper lanterns painted with bizarre designs ; and next door one may buy cheap petroleum lamps from Birmingham, or domestic utensils, such as pails, rice-boxes, and dippers, beautifully made of pine or bamboo. The shops are entered on the level of the street, and a portion of the floor, where the wooden clogs are left, is formed of the soil beaten hard, from which rises the true floor, a wooden platform about fifteen inches high, covered with fine matting. Upon this the stock is displayed, the proprietor squatting among his wares, teapot and pipe at hand, laughing, chatting, and smoking by turns. The merchants and high-class shopkeepers reserve a small floor space for the cashier, who sits with his books and calculating-machine behind a tiny screen, giving an air of privacy. By his side is the "tobacco-bon," a small square box, containing live

charcoal in a china pot and a short cylinder of bamboo, the one to light the pipe, and the other to receive its ashes. No other article of domestic use in Japan is so universally conspicuous as this little firepot. If you sit but for a moment, whether in a tea-house, a shop, a private house, or a public office, it is instantly pushed towards you with graceful gestures and beaming smiles; it is what the snuff-box was between friends in the days of our grandfathers. The lower class shop is a dining-room as well as a mart, where the family eat their rice and fish, with chopsticks, out of lacquered wooden bowls, in view of all the world, and the same thing takes place, scarcely hidden by a paper screen, in the houses of the wealthier native merchants and shop-keepers.

But what pen can describe the appearance of the streets, filled with gay and graceful crowds, or give the reader any real idea of the groups which enliven these half-seen, half-unseen interiors? A thousand sketches have made us all acquainted with the costumes of the Japanese; we know that both men and women wear tunics of silk or cotton, with hanging sleeves, and confined around the waist, in the one case by a girdle of *crêpe*, and in the other by a wide and brilliantly coloured silk sash, with bows behind so big that they cover the greater part of the back. Japanese fans and photographs have made us all acquainted with those smooth bands of ebony black hair, which shine with

tea-oil, and bristle with handsome hair-pins, over the faces of the charming, though not strictly beautiful, Japanese girls. But the best descriptions of shops and costumes are pigments without a painter—fragments from which it is as difficult to construct the *coup d'œil* of a Japanese street as to restore the aspect of Pompeii from the frescoes on its walls. The busy crowd, the smiling faces, the courteous greetings, and graceful inclinations of the body; the flying but noiseless jinrickishas, with their bronzed and muscular men-horses; the half-grotesque, half-charming children, with their bright parti-coloured garments, shaven crowns, and quaint tufts of hair; the naked coolies, bearing heavy loads, slung from their shoulders by long bamboos, sweating, and shouting a measured chant; the avenue of open shops, with their heavy roofs and painted paper lanterns, their stores of art and curiosities, and their squatting proprietors, smoking or taking tea;—all these combine to form a picture, whose colour and movement, grace and grotesqueness cannot be matched in the world, but which no pen or pencil can bring before eyes that have not looked upon the thing itself.

One of the prettiest walks in the neighbourhood of Yokohama is to Mississippi Bay, a deep indentation in the coast-line, on the further side of the Bluffs, whence, better than from the town itself, may be seen the wide, land-locked, and lake-like expanse of Jeddo Bay. The country around Yokohama, and indeed, as we are told, almost

the whole sea-board of Japan, consists of steep, wooded, and closely grouped hills, which rise to an almost uniform height of a few hundred feet above the level of the sea. They are carved out of soft, recent rocks, horizontally bedded, and are evidently the weathered remains of a plateau of detritus, which has been elevated in late geological times, probably by volcanic movements. Their feet stand on a low plain, the beach-mark of a recent sea-level, which everywhere skirts the ocean, or winds far inland, forming flat-bottomed valleys between the interosculating hills. These valleys, now wide, now narrow, are cultivated exclusively with rice. The lower shoulders of the hills are planted with millet, sweet potatoes, buckwheat, egg-plant, cotton, and "daicun," the last a curious vegetable like an elongated turnip, which is largely grown, and is drying now in quantities around every cottage that we pass. Higher up, the hills are covered with a thick growth of coniferous timber, which gives way to cultivated terraces here and there, where, in the immediate neighbourhood of Yokohama, European vegetables are raised for sale in the settlement. The rice was ready for the sickle as we passed, and the blue-clad peasants were already cutting it with small hooks. The men stood nearly knee-deep in the mud of the flooded fields, and neither crop nor reapers had a picturesque appearance ; the former looked like wheat badly laid by storms, and the latter like scarecrows. Rice should be seen in the spring, when it paints the ground with a

bright emerald green ; its colour at maturity is rusty, and the soil which the harvest-man exposes is a swamp. The hill-side forest, or rather jungle, is everywhere penetrated by narrow footpaths, a close network of which, they tell us, covers all the inhabited portions of Japan. These are bordered by flowers and ferns, the latter being very abundant. It was pleasant to find such old friends as the harebell, flowering trefoil, and common pteris fern, intermingled with a hundred wayside plants entirely new to us. Scarcely a bird was heard or seen throughout our walk, and there were no sheep, cows, or horses in the fields.

Arrived at the crest of the hill which overlooks Mississippi Bay, we came quite suddenly upon a view of extraordinary and fairy-like beauty. The seeming lake of Jeddo Bay spread away before us, a sheet of dusky silver, to distant, irregular shores of sloping foliage, only half lighted by a sun shining through the pearly mists of the Pacific. Beneath us and lining the water's edge, lay a fishing village, a cluster of brown, lily-grown roofs of thatch rising from among trim gardens, while the sampans lay ready for sea on a wide beach lapped by tiny waves of palest silver. A tangle of pines fell steeply from our feet to the shore, where nestled these remote and peaceful homes, and from the foliage peeped here and there a few steps of wide stone stairways leading to temples hidden among the trees.

A sort of fair is held in the native town of Yokohama one night in every week. Several of the most important thoroughfares are then occupied by stalls, which display a most extraordinary variety of useful and curious little articles, sold for trifling sums. The scene is strikingly picturesque. The long and crowded streets are lined out by rows of glowing lanterns. A thousand strange sounds rise from the stall-keepers crying their wares, and across the hum of talk come frequent gusts of laughter. The crowd flows slowly hither and thither, each dusky figure bent a little forward, as the use of the wooden geta demands. The parti-coloured tints of the costumes are lost in the clear obscurity of the night, or imperfectly displayed when a group of laughing girls clusters around a favourite stall. Look at the picture well ; to-morrow it will be a memory, a dream of graceful movement and subdued colour, thrown on the magic background of the half-tropical night, and scarcely lighted by the mysterious glow of scattered lanterns.

The Chinese are the Scotch of the East. Wherever there is a commercial opening, a Chinaman is ready to fill it ; and, in Japan, he takes the very bread out of the native mouth by his superior qualifications for business. The coasting trade of Japan was not long since confined to British vessels ; but it passed away from our flag, first into the hands of the Germans, and then into those of the Chinese. Chinese exports to Japan are very consider-

able, sometimes rivalling in value the combined shipments of Europe and America to that country. The chief clerks of every bank in Yokohama are Chinese. Every European merchant of standing has a Chinese cashier, and in every well-organized household the head servants are Chinese. There is a Chinatown in Yokohama as well as in San Francisco, where these singular people live in the same self-contained way that they do in the United States ; mixing little with the Japanese, and bearing themselves as if fully aware of their superiority to them in affairs. The Chinese question seems always growing in importance as we proceed, and we clearly have not left it behind us in California. It is a complete surprise to find the Japanese, whom we have been taught to regard as, next to the white races, the cleverest and most advanced people in the world, distanced by Chinamen in their own country. We commonly think of the Japanese as a people who have made good their claim to a high place in the comity of nations by the intelligence with which they have appreciated our ideas, and the courage they have shown in destroying a feudal and absolutist system with the professed object of unshackling trade. Of the Chinese, on the other hand, we have no high ideals ; yet the traveller has hardly landed in Yokohama before he begins to doubt whether the views of Japanese character current in England are correct, and to question whether

the yellow race is not superior to the other in many important respects.

Certainly the trade of Japan, which was expected to make rapid strides under a government ostensibly devoted to material progress, and eager to imitate European models, has progressed very slowly. The total imports for the year 1870, when the country had hardly recovered from the civil war of 1868, or adjusted itself to the great political changes which followed it, were thirty-one million dollars. Five years afterwards, they were twenty-five millions; and if, ten years later, they were thirty-six millions, 1880 is the only year whose totals have exceeded those of 1870. Exports, it is true, have largely increased during the same time, as they were bound to do with the opening of railroads, however limited in their extent, to say nothing of the new American demand for Japanese tea. But the wants of the people—that sure test of advancing civilization—have not grown since the establishment of the reformed government, and, looking now at Japanese progress from a totally different standpoint to that taken above, we already begin to doubt whether the rulers of Japan are as sincerely anxious for the extension of intercourse with Europe as we have been led to suppose.

It is arranged that we make Yokohama our headquarters during our stay in the country. The settlement

is a much more convenient centre than the capital, and we look forward with pleasure to returning again and again, from such inland trips as we may make, to our circle of hospitable friends and to the pleasant European town which has taken the place of the old Japanese fishing village "Across the Seashore."

CHAPTER III.

A JAPANESE "AT HOME."

October 14.

ONE of our fellow-passengers across the Pacific was a Mr. Okowa, son and partner of a Japanese paper manufacturer, who, formerly a member of the military caste, devoted himself to business on the abolition of the daimiate and consequent dispersion of the "samurai." Okowa spoke English well, having just spent a year, studying American processes of paper-making, in the States, where my companion had known him intimately, and he was good enough to arrange his return home so as to coincide with our visit to his country. This not only gave us an opportunity of acquiring a few useful Japanese words and phrases on the voyage, but opened the doors of Japanese family life to us as well, a fact of which we took advantage almost immediately on our arrival. Mr. Okowa's house and mill are situated at Oji, a charming village about seven miles from the capital, where we paid our friend a visit, and were most agreeably entertained in purely native style.

A railway, opened in 1872, connects Yokohama with

Tokio, situated at the head of Jeddo Bay, and still, perhaps, better known in Europe by its old name of Jeddo (The Sea-gate) than by that of Tokio (Eastern Capital), which it has borne since, on the close of the civil war in 1868, it became the residence of the Mikado, as it had formerly been that of the Shogun, or Tycoon. The line is eighteen miles long and skirts Jeddo Bay, whose shore is, as we have already seen, a wide shelf of low and level land, once evidently the sea-bottom, but now upraised. An English railway at last ! What a pleasure to see again the finished details of permanent way, points, crossings, and signals, after so many thousand miles of rough-and-ready railroads in America ! Everything looked solid and good ; the iron bridges as if they would carry the train, the stations brick-built, and the very ballast so neatly laid that we were half ashamed of throwing our cigar-ashes on the tidy track. Track ! that is the very word for an American railroad. No people name things so aptly as the Yankees. Going "gunning with a smell-dog" is good Yankee, and truer description than "shooting over a pointer," and the American who first called "the line" "a track," had a sense of the fitness of things.

On our right hand was the Bay of Jeddo, shimmering in the sunlight, crowded with native and foreign craft, and with the mountains of Kadzusa and Awa provinces bounding its opposite shore. On our left stretched a wide and cultivated flat, covered almost exclusively

with rice-fields, and ending in toy hills, behind which rose the symmetrical cone of Fusi-yama, faintly seen through the misty air. The fields were dotted with blue figures, some reaping, others carrying the rice crop, for there are no horses or carts employed on the land in this part of Japan ; while, elsewhere, men and women were digging, manuring, and planting the soil. The villages are close together, and we made many stoppages, always finding the stations crowded. Our fellow-passengers in the first-class carriage were, for the most part, native merchants, going up to town by the early train on business. Each of them was reading, or, to speak quite correctly, intoning his morning newspaper, a quaint little sheet about the size of a concert programme, and taking breath at measured intervals with a sound like a loud and long-drawn sigh. The costumes were very mixed, sometimes entirely European, sometimes purely Japanese, but oftener a comical mixture of both. The first article of clothing which a Jap adopts from foreigners, is a hat ; the last, a pair of boots. Reforming thus, from the head downwards, he is found in every stage of the transformation, sometimes covered with a "bowler," or a straw hat, but wearing his own handsome and dignified dress ; sometimes in coat and trousers, but retaining the "geta," or wooden clogs, because he cannot give up the habit of squatting, a thing impossible with dirty shoes. The effect of all this is truly ridiculous. Native Japanese costume is

dignified, becoming, and picturesque. It suits a short race of people admirably, and seems to add a cubit to the stature of men who appear insignificant in our garments. Europeanized Japanese look as if they were wearing each other's clothes.

We compassed the eighteen miles between Yokohama and Tokio in an hour, and drove in jinrickishas straight to Oji, passing rapidly through the crowded streets of the capital. The men-horses are marvellous little fellows. They ran the seven miles within an hour, and arrived quite fresh, perspiring, of course, but with their wind in perfect condition, and ready for a return fare. We paid them each twenty-five sen, equal to tenpence in English money, or something less than three halfpence a mile.

Mr. Okowa's mill at Oji is a large establishment, built about seven years ago on the European model, fitted throughout with English machinery, and about to receive the latest American improvements. Within the walls of this great manufactory we seemed to be again in Europe, and as the workmen have for the most part adopted our costume, better suited than their own for industrial occupations, little remained to remind us that we were in Japan. Yet only just without, the half-naked coolies who trotted with us from Tokio were eating their morning rice with a pair of chopsticks, in a neighbouring tea-house, within hearing of the noisy engines and machinery. The pictures are sharp contrasts. Which of them, we ask ourselves, foreshadows the future of Japan?

From the mill we adjourned to Mr. Okowa's private house, a large, handsome, one-storied building, constructed, as usual, of wood, with a heavy tiled roof, and standing in the midst of extensive ornamental grounds. These occupy the summit of a hill, which overlooks a flat but lovely country, cultivated here and wooded there, and, spite of the different character of trees and shrubs, singularly European in appearance. There is no such thing as a front door or hall, but the house is open on one side to the garden, being closed at night by wooden slides, like the shops in Yokohama. Similarly, the interior consists of one very large room, capable of division into chambers, by sliding partitions of paper-covered lattice-work, while the domestic offices, as we should call them, form a separate, but, so far as construction goes, similar establishment on a smaller scale. We left our shoes among a number of wooden geta on the garden-path, and stepped thence on to the raised and beautifully matted floor of a spacious room, entirely without furniture, whose paper walls exhibited bold and beautiful drawings of storks and other birds. Some folding screens stood here and there, decorated with grotesque paintings of gods; these and a handsome vase, filled with growing chrysanthemums, were the only ornaments in the apartment. The ceiling of this simple chamber was made of a beautifully figured brown wood, which, together with all the other woodwork, was without paint, polish, or varnish. No nails, screws, or fastenings

of any kind were visible, and the finish of the joinery work was absolutely faultless. Everything was light, almost toy-like, in design, and it is positively difficult to give an adequate idea of the cleanliness which prevailed throughout the house. The woodwork looked as if it had just left the plane, the matting might have come from the loom only an hour before, and the screen paintings seemed fresh from the artist's brush.

We were greeted on entering by a kneeling manservant, who prostrated himself repeatedly till his forehead touched the ground, smiling graciously the while. He was handsomely dressed, spotlessly clean, and wore on his tunic the family crest, or "mon." Throwing cushions of blue *crêpe* silk on the floor for the newcomers, he gently pushed towards us, still on his knees, a handsome tobacco-bon, blew the charcoal till it glowed, and placing his master's pipe by his side, withdrew, after further prostrations, to prepare refreshments. Every Japanese carries a pipe-case and tobacco-pouch, hanging by a silken cord from a "netsuki," or carved ivory figure, tucked in the "obi," or waistbelt, and the whole paraphernalia, like everything else in common use among the Japanese, is a tasteful work of art. The tobacco is cut as fine as sewing cotton, and is very mild, while the pipe-bowl is a tiny metal thimble, hardly large enough to hold a good-sized pinch of snuff. After two or three puffs, discharged from the nostrils, the smoker taps out the ashes into a little bamboo cylinder, which

always accompanies the tobacco-bon, and having refilled five or six times, puts his pipe back into the case. We had hardly learned to smoke *à la Japonais*, when the manservant returned, accompanied by three girls, beautifully dressed, with smoothly banded hair shining like polished ebony, and naked feet peeping beneath their long robes. Kneeling when within a yard of us, they gently pushed towards each person a lacquered stand, or tray, carrying beautiful bowls of lacquered wood, beside which lay the chopsticks. On a separate tray stood bottles of saki of various brands, and a number of tiny China cups, in delicate silver stands, while a great bowl of water was placed near us on the floor. It was some minutes before we learned to manipulate the chopsticks, the girls meanwhile smiling frankly at our difficulties, as indeed they did at every mistake we made. The dinner occupied a very long time, and we smoked or strolled in the garden between some of the courses. These were served slowly, with many removals of the trays, and were not eaten in any given order. It is good manners to take a little of everything, but it is *de rigueur* to eat twice at least of rice. Here are the dishes. Fish soup, fish of many kinds, dressed in many ways, chestnuts, sweet potatoes, three kinds of seaweed, green ginger, prawns (as big as little lobsters), a gelatinous fish-cake, pounded chicken, mushrooms, lily seeds, plums, and rice. Saki, served hot, was handed as required, the man filling, while one of the girls held the little cup, not in her

fingers, which would never do, but by the silver saucer. This was then gently pushed, with deep obeisances, by the kneeling waitress along the floor, till within a foot of the guest, who was expected to take the cup, leaving the stand. Although the service was extremely ceremonious, the relations between master and servant seemed quite friendly, and their intercourse politely familiar. As the dinner progressed, Okowa handed a cup of saki now to one attendant, now to another, who received it with beaming smiles and a profusion of prostrations, while they chatted with him at intervals, just as happy children do with grown-up people, laughing perpetually. The handing of the cup is a complimentary act, like our health-drinking, and a complicated etiquette governs this ceremony in company, but it is at all times indispensable that the person to whom a cup has been given should rinse it in the bowl of water already mentioned before returning it to the convive who paid him the compliment of handing it. The smiling faces of the girls told us how far we fell short of ideal Japanese good behaviour at table, and certainly our long legs, sprawling uncomfortably in search of an easy position, and our awkward fingers, flirting morsels with the chopsticks, more by good luck than skill, into our mouths, gave them plenty of food for amusement.

In view of their gracious smiles, pretty manners, and ceremonious politeness, one would think that the Japanese are a very social people; but this is by no

means the case. Their daily life is regular and monotonous, and there are no such things as dinners, evening parties, *conversazioni*, or balls. Family connections sometimes dine together, and young people are educated to play a graceful part in matters of the minutest detail on these occasions, but, beyond this, the Japanese never "entertain." A Japanese day begins about seven or eight o'clock in the morning, with a meal of rice and tea ; a second similar meal, with fish added, is taken at midday ; and a third about seven in the evening. The last is such as that which I have described, and is eaten, except among the masses, by ladies and gentlemen separately. While the day has been devoted to work, the evening passes in talk and story-telling, or the girls of the family take their "samisens," a kind of tinkling lute, and sing. The people are great believers in ghosts and witchcraft, and the long evenings and dimly lighted rooms lend themselves well to the wildest stories of superstition. At nine o'clock comes the bath, when the family assemble, irrespective of sex, and stew together in water hot enough to cook a European ; this lasts an hour, and at ten o'clock every one is in bed.

Society, in our sense of the word, does not exist in Japan ; men meet frequently, but always to discuss affairs or arrange business, and visits of ceremony are paid at certain times, but that is all. No Japanese asks his friends to his home for the sake of social enjoyment, but if he wants to entertain them, goes to some tea-house,

provides saki, musicians, dancers, or what not, and makes a riotous night of it. The position of woman, whether as wife or maiden, though far superior to that of Orientals generally, is not high. A girl is taught to read and write, to play the samisen, dance, and behave with extreme politeness, and is free to go, whether to the temple, the shop, or the visit, alone ; enjoying, in fact, in this respect all the liberty of Europe. But she remains the slave of her parents, who can dispose of her services absolutely, and sell her, if they so please, even into a shameful life, without the interference of law on her behalf. Marriage is an affair *de convenance*, arranged by the father without reference to the girl herself, and indeed woman in Japan attains to no dignity until she has become mother and manager. Even then she plays a part very inferior to that of the man, being quite ignorant of her husband's affairs, and never, as with us, a centre around which the family groups itself, but a toy during youth, and an upper servant in middle age.

CHAPTER IV.

ENOSHIMA—KAMAKURA—DAIBUTZ.

October 15-17.

October 15.—We left Yokohama, accompanied by our Japanese friend, to visit the island of Enoshima, famous for its beauty, and with the intention of seeing Kamakura, the ancient capital of the Shoguns, and Daibutz, the colossal bronze image of Buddha, on our way back to the settlement. As our route lay for some twenty miles along the Tokaido, the great highway of Japan, we hired a carriage and pair, in preference to taking the long ride cramped in jinrickishas ; and found ourselves provided with a buggy, evidently of American origin, but now dying of old age, and a pair of ragged China ponies, piloted, I cannot say driven, by a Japanese coachman. The trap looked good for another twenty miles, and the horses had apparently been fed within a few days, so we made the venture, encouraged by the triumphant confidence of the driver in himself and the outfit. The buggy belied its appearance of senility at starting, our Jehu carrying away a whole row of scaffold poles in the first street we turned, and this without damage to the

trap. As the sticks fell—behind us, fortunately—we glanced at our man, who sat smiling, evidently proud of his work, a picture of self-satisfaction. After this we gave ourselves no more concern, feeling that we were in the hands of Providence, and having no legal responsibility for damages.

Following Okowa's counsel, we launched upon this, our first expedition, without any of the preparations usually made by Europeans when travelling in Japan. We had made up our minds to eat, drink, and sleep like the natives, and took neither cook, canned meats, wine, nor bedding with us. We had indeed found the dinner at Mr. Okowa's house very palatable, and our friend assured us that, with him as caterer, we should fare no worse in the tea-houses ; so we started, prepared to obey the Japanese proverb—one of the many identical with our own—and "enter a village ready to follow its customs."

The villages touch one another along the Tokaido, and, saving their poorer appearance, the houses are just like those of Yokohama. A Japanese house is only a shelter, whether its roof covers the emperor or a coolie. A few poles, a straw covering, a raised floor, and some paper slides satisfy the wants of all classes. The dwelling is a tent rather than a home, having none of the privacy, as it has none of the cherished joys, of the family hearth, such as we know it in Europe. Great fires visit these temporary towns at intervals, sweeping away

miles of their flimsy buildings, but even such calamities are powerless against the instincts of a people, descendants of a nomadic race, and hereditary camp-builders.

Japan is a paradise for children, where they swarm in numbers which appear quite phenomenal to travellers fresh from childless America. Though petted by every one, and inordinately indulged by their mothers, who appear devoted to them, they are neither *exigeant* nor quarrelsome. A stranger has ample opportunity to form an opinion on this point, for they live out of doors, and from the tenderest age wander at their own sweet will about the streets, playing games, flying kites, or sucking sweeties ; while every foot-passenger and horseman is as careful of their safety as if they were his own. The last comer is carried on the mother's back, but older members of the family have no sooner learnt to walk than they are taught to carry their younger brothers and sisters in the same manner. The wide sash which every child wears serves to secure the living burden to the young back, but the bearer's arms are free, and it is a comical sight to see youngsters of seven or eight, playing with all the energy and activity of youth, darting hither and thither, jumping and shouting, apparently quite unconscious of the baby tossing behind them. Children are suckled for a very long time in Japan, and it is a common thing to see urchins run from their games to the maternal bosom, and thence back,

with fresh vigour, to their companions. It seems probable that this practice is the cause of sore head, which is almost universal among children in Japan, who depend too long on a food which becomes insufficiently nourishing.

At the first steep descent in the road our coachman produced some ropes of rice straw from beneath his seat, and proceeded to tie the hind wheels of the venerable buggy securely to the body of the trap. About half-way down the hill this patent drag gave way, and the ponies being at last pushed into a moderate trot by the weight of the carriage, it was not long before we heard a loud "crack," and for a moment feared that the last hour of both the waggon and expedition had arrived. It was only a part of the fore carriage, however, which had carried away, and European skill managed to patch the wound with bamboo and straw-rope lashings ; but the pole now pointed so uncertainly, first to this and then to that side of the road, that we wondered for a long time what would go next.

As we got further from Yokohama, the coolies, whom we met drawing loads and jinrickishas, wore nothing but a waistcloth. The jinrickisha coolies, when in the country, stow their clothes under the seat of the vehicle, and only resume them on nearing the town, where, since the Europeanization of the Government, the police have orders to prevent nudity. This is a pity, for *naturalia non sunt turpia*, and semi-nudity is perfectly natural to Japan,

where, as in the tropics, the work of a coolie would be insupportable in clothes. Certainly nothing can be finer than the view of these bronzed and muscular bodies, the smooth, clean skin shining with healthy perspiration, and condition visible in every pose and movement.

The traffic of the Tokaido is carried on solely by manual labour. Sometimes one meets a cavalier, but never a horse between shafts. Merchandise and produce of all kinds are loaded on large hand-carts, drawn by four or six coolies, and travellers now universally ride in jinrickishas. The highway itself, on the other hand, although the chief commercial artery of Japan, is what Americans would call a "dirt road," and would be cut to pieces in a week by carts and horses. There is scarcely a bridge in good repair, and streams are crossed by all sorts of temporary and unsafe makeshifts—a state of things which has evidently lasted a long time, as the weather-beaten notices on the closed bridges testify. Again the question recurs—Are these people, whom we think so progressive, in earnest, or merely playing at civilization? Are they men seriously bent on works of improvement, or children giving a great entertainment in a doll's house? They have built a railroad from Tokio to Yokohama and another from Kioto to Hiogo, connecting the old and new capitals of the empire with their respective ports. But the united length of the two lines is not more than sixty miles, and it is nearly ten years since the first was

opened with an immense flourish of trumpets,—but they build no more. Meanwhile the Tokaido remains in the same state as in the feudal times, with broken bridges and unrepaired roadway, a route which might serve for the retinue of a great daimio going to court, but totally unfit for the traffic which struggles along it in hand-carts. Aside from this highway of princes, there is hardly a road, properly so called, in Japan, the country remaining in the same condition as in remote centuries, covered with beaten tracks, seldom wide enough for wheeled carriages, often too narrow for a jinrickisha, and generally mere paths for pack-horses and foot-passengers. Evidently the wish to imitate Europe falls short of a desire to develop the country. The Japanese have indeed spent vast sums on naval and military preparations, and, interested by temperament, like the Athenians of old, in anything new, have endowed the teaching of our physical sciences and constructive arts ; but it hardly needed to be fresh from America, where the road-maker is the pioneer of civilization, and the railroad breeds towns in deserts, for an English engineer and German man of business to find in the Tokaido itself a proof that the Japanese Government have no real desire either to open the country to foreign capital or encourage its development by native enterprise. There remains then the problem—never absent from our minds—With what objects have the leaders of New Japan, the destruction of the old feudal system having been accomplished, entered headlong on

the path of Europeanizing the institutions of their country? For us, at present, this is an inexplicable puzzle. Our assurance grows daily that, in regard to commercial progress, the Japanese have not got the root of the matter in them, and meanwhile we await such further lights as experience may afford us on this, the most important of all questions connected with the country.

We pulled up at a tea-house to water the horses, and were immediately greeted by a crowd of girls, with handsome dresses and carefully banded hair, who came forward with beaming smiles and a thousand welcomes. We did not alight, so they brought us hot weak tea, in tiny cups, laughing and chattering, like a lot of polite and sweet-tempered children, while the driver gave the horses a drink. Simple as life is in Japan, its accessories are complicated enough. There is a special apparatus for every little want, and even a horse is not allowed to drink out of a pail, but the water is thrown into his mouth by means of a wooden ladle, the animal having learnt to take his refreshment as cleverly as a Christian eats soup with a spoon.

Katase, where our drive came to an end, is a small village, standing on the shore of Odowara Bay, separated from the Bay of Jeddo by a considerable promontory. The Tokaido, leaving the shore at Yokohama, cuts across the base of this long triangle of land, and strikes the sea again a little beyond Katase. The route, on leaving

the settlement, winds through flat valleys, and between toy hills, climbing a shoulder of the latter now and then, but being for the most part level. The wayside scenery and cultivation is exactly like that around Yokohama ; the flats everywhere covered with rice, the hill-sides with the various cereals, roots, and tubers already named, and the hill-tops with conifers and bamboo grass.

Enoshima is accessible from Katase by a tongue of sand at ebb tide, and is reached by boat on the flood. It is a mere islet, steep and densely wooded, the home of fishermen and the site of some famous shrines. We landed under a "torii," the gibbet-like framework of wood which marks the entrance to every Shinto temple, at the foot of a steep street of stairs, lined on either hand with gay tea-houses and shops, and deeply sunk in a mass of luxuriant foliage. Darkness was already falling when we settled in for the night at one of the largest tea-houses, where a crowd of bowing and smiling girls made ready our room in the twinkling of an eye, dividing us from a party of native guests by a paper screen, lighting a wick, floating in a vessel of oil, and closing the wooden slides which form the outside wall of the house. Okowa ordered supper, and we heard with satisfaction that some of the delicate fish, for which, together with lobsters, Enoshima is famous, were in the larder, or, I should say, in the tub, waiting their death. Tea, sweetmeats, and the inevitable tobacco-bon, made their appearance at once, followed within half an hour by a meal of rice, fish, sea-

weed, prawns, and saki, the double of that which we had eaten at Oji. Stewed "haliotis," the "ormer," or ear-shell, of Guernsey, was added to the *menu* at my particular request, but proved so much like savoury shoe-leather, that, with the seaweed, it was neglected. The fish, prawns, and rice were excellent, and we agreed that life might at least be sustained upon native regimen until our return to Yokohama. Supper over, the "nasans" returned with the "futons," or beds, and having laid these on the floor, set the tobacco-bon, furnished with fresh charcoal, in a dish; placed a tray, with teapot and cups, on the floor; lighted an oil wick within a square paper lantern on legs, the "andon," or nightlight of Japan; and with many smiles and prostrations wished us "Saionara," or good-bye. Meanwhile our friend had gone to stew for an hour in the native hot bath, and we saw him no more that night. A Japanese bed consists simply of two thin cotton mattresses, of which one forms the bed, and the other, furnished with wide sleeves for the arms, the coverlet. A pillow of wood, like a rolling pin on legs, called the "makura," tucks under the poll, and completes the outfit. Replacing the last instruments of torture by our travelling bags, and enervated by the as yet unaccustomed air of the Pacific, we sought our hard couches, and slept, in spite of the floor and the fleas, the sleep of the weary.

October 16.—We were awakened early by the girls, who walked in, quite unconcernedly, to open the house

and make preparations for breakfast. Modesty kept us under the bedclothes for some time, but presently it became clear that, if we meant to get up at all, we must "adopt the customs of the village," and dress in public. But how? There was nothing in the room except two big, half-ashamed men and the busy nasans; not a washstand, towel, or looking-glass. Once on our legs, however, a great deal of pantomime on one side, and smiling chatter on the other, ended in our finding water, a shallow brass dish, and a bamboo dipper, in the narrow gallery which forms a feature of every Japanese house between the outer (wooden) and the inner (paper) slides. How the girls laughed as we cunningly arranged these panels in the interests of international modesty! but whether at the figures we had cut negotiating in our nightshirts, or at our needless blushes, we did not know, and could not inquire. Suffice it, that we got through our first toilet in a tea-house without any breach of the proprieties, and meanwhile the nasans cleared away the beds, set the floor for breakfast, brought the burning tobacco-bon, and finally left us, squatted on the matting with agonized calves but excellent appetites, waiting food and drink. Rice, fish, and seaweed soon become monotonous, and, as we now began to find, are not very "filling;" while chopsticks have a way of getting unmanageable in inverse proportion to a man's hunger. Already we were beginning to hanker, though neither would confess it, for the flesh-pots of Yokohama,

and thinking of canned corned beef, as the Israelites in the wilderness thought of Egyptian mutton.

The island of Enoshima, which we started to explore on full, yet craving stomachs, had a wonderful origin. "In the sixth year of Rai Tua," a Mikado who reigned a hundred and fifty-two years before Christ, "a great storm arose at night off the coast of Sagami; black clouds covered the sea, and the waves mounted to heaven. In the morning celestial music was heard, and there appeared in a rift in the clouds a lovely lady of divine form, accompanied by two boys of surpassing beauty. The storm ceased, the black clouds lifted, and the island of Enoshima, upon the top of which sat the heavenly lady, appeared. Then all the inhabitants of that coast worshipped her. She was Benten." Now, anciently, in Sagami there were great marshes, where lived five dragons, whose lair no man durst approach; but, after Enoshima appeared, the dragons ceased from ravaging. Benten had subdued them. The people lived in peace, and though these events occurred so long ago, that, like the old lady, shocked at the tragedy of the Red Sea, we may think the story is not true, the goddess is still worshipped as the dragon-tamer, and her shrines are scattered all over Japan. Of these the original and chief is here, consisting of a damp, dark, and tortuous cave, the work of the Pacific waves, to reach which we crossed the island, passing many temples on our way, and resting for a few moments on the summit, to admire

the long curve of Odowara Bay, with its hilly and embowered shores, half hidden in the ocean mists, and to glance thence inland where, over a billowy sea of green slopes, Fusi-yama reared its white and graceful cone.

Benten's cave was full of candle-smoke, and the bonzes who show it were quite as happy with a few coppers as if we had penetrated to the innermost of its many shrines ; so we strolled about the ebb-tide rocks, breathing the fresh, or rather, lukewarm, air of the Pacific, and looking for shells and zoophytes. Some familiar forms of each were present, among them a periwinkle (*Littorina saxatilis*) and the daisy anemone (*Actinia bellis*), both common British species, whose occurrence here, at our antipodes, forcibly suggested to our minds those interesting questions which have yet to be resolved by the naturalist—From what centre of origination did these widely distributed species radiate ? and by what route did they travel to habitats now separated by impassable barriers ? Two naked bronze fellows, impatient of our researches, were waiting to dive for lobsters, or rather for *cash*; and an importunate boy was begging Okowa to tell us what wonderful things he could do in the water. The former, after two or three plunges, brought up some small crustaceans from the rocks below, remaining below, in one case, for twenty-nine seconds ; while the boy turned summersaults in the warm transparent water, and revolved like a paddle-wheel with great energy but little skill.

After a second edition of rice, fish, and seaweed at the tea-house, we took boat for Kamakura, intending to reach the Daibutz while the light lasted, and sleep at the village of Noshima. Kamakura lies in a valley enclosed by hills, and was for nearly four hundred years the political metropolis of Japan. It was here that Yoritomo, the first Shogun, or Governor-General of the Mikado, established his capital in the last years of the twelfth century ; his master, the emperor, continuing to reside in the ancient Mikadonal capital of Kioto. The Shoguns, as we shall see hereafter, early became the actual rulers of Japan ; the Mikado's authority, though theoretically supreme, being completely overshadowed by their rule, and so remaining until our own times, when the revolution of 1868 destroyed the Shogunate, and restored the government of the country to its theoretical head. Yoritomo's twenty-fifth successor, Yeasu, finding his city outgrowing its narrow and hilly site, removed the capital to Jeddo, then only a village, in A.D. 1600, and Kamakura has since declined ; while such is the temporary character of Japanese architecture, that scarcely anything now remains of a town which the Portuguese Jesuits of the sixteenth century describe as containing two hundred thousand houses. The spot, however, is classic ground to the Japanese, the scene of the most stirring incidents in their history, as it is of nearly all their romances, and, so far as fighting is concerned, the very cockpit of Japan. The chief place of interest now is the Shinto temple of

Hachiman, the Japanese god of war, where the priests show a variety of warlike and ecclesiastical relics, among which are the swords of the early Shoguns, including that of Yoritomo himself. The last are extremely interesting examples of the high state of art in Japan seven hundred years ago, the oldest Shogunal sword being an exquisite production, rivalling, in the quality of its blade and the beauty of its decorations, the best work of any subsequent age.

About a mile from Kamakura stands the famous Daibutz, a colossal bronze figure of Buddha, situated in the middle of a lonely valley, and approached by a beautiful avenue of evergreens. This image, rather more than forty feet in height, was erected in the thirteenth century, and sits on a pedestal of granite, with legs crossed and hands folded in the well-known attitude of meditation, the suave and handsome face being evidently borrowed from the Hindoo type. The figure has been so popularized that any lengthened description is out of place, and I limit myself to noting one interesting point in its construction. Daibutz appears to be cast in a single piece, having no visible joints anywhere, whether within or without. Probably the metal was run, it may be in sections, between a central core and an outer shell, as bronze vases are now made in Japan; but in any case, the work remains a triumph of the founder's art, and is such as no native foundry could produce in the present day. Inside the figure is a little Buddhist

chapel, the very double in all respects of a Catholic shrine, lighted by tapers, and adorned with flowers and offerings.

Shinto and Buddhism—already these twin religions of Japan have challenged our attention many times in the course of this short trip. The temples of both cults are thickly scattered over the whole length and breadth of the country, to the number of more than a hundred thousand “miya,” or Shinto, and a hundred thousand “tera,” or Buddhist shrines, with a priesthood numbering twenty thousand and seventy-five thousand respectively.

The teachings of Sakya-Muni, the Buddha of India, promulgated six hundred years before the Christian era, are well known. He declared that the unhappiness of human life arises from the “thirst” (trishna) of men for earthly things, from their wants, desires, and passions; that such unhappiness could only be escaped by the eradication of the thirst, to accomplish which was the true object of life, and, this task completed, man, no longer the victim of “trishna,” entered upon “Nirvana,” and became absorbed into the infinite. The six hundred millions of men who profess the religion of Buddha to-day have wandered in many directions, and very far from the “eightfold path” of various virtues which Sakya preached as leading to Nirvana. Every Buddhist country has twisted this pure, if somewhat sad, doctrine into various corrupt forms, grotesque enough sometimes, as in the North of India and Thibet. In Japan, the idea

of paradise, to which true Buddhism does not lend itself, has been introduced, together with a hell for evil-doers, and a whole pantheon of gods ; while a splendid and ceremonious ritual, singularly analogous to that of the Roman Church, is very attractive for the Japanese character. Hence, Buddhism is essentially the popular religion of Japan, where it was first introduced, by way of China and the Corea, about the middle of the sixth century of our era ; and where, after a long, stormy, but never apparently bloody struggle with the older faith, it now runs peaceably alongside its former rival, no longer an enemy.

Shinto, on the other hand, is in effect Confucianism, introduced, like Buddhism, from China, and corrupted like it, but originally consisting in Japan, as in its birth-place, of purely moral teaching. The Chinese philosopher upheld the natural rectitude of the soul, and the sufficiency of conscience as a guide for human action, laying down certain precepts of "dsin," virtuous life ; "gi," justice ; "re," politeness ; "tsi," good government ; and "sin," a pure conscience,—to be meditated upon and applied to the daily conduct of life. The noble system of Confucius, disregarding as it does the spiritual cravings of mankind, could never attract the masses, and its offspring Shinto, though the State religion of Japan, has few followers, except among the nobles and gentlemen. But the original features of Shintoism, like those of Buddhism, are now entirely concealed under corruptions

which have converted its high doctrines into the mere worship of tradition, ancestry, and constituted power. Its ceremonies are formal and meaningless, its ritual bald and colourless, and its hold on the hearts of men *nil*.

Strange as it seems to us, these two religions run side by side in Japan, so completely confounded, one with the other, that the people pay their devotions indifferently, whether at Shinto or Buddhist shrines; both of them now little better than temples of almost Indian idolatry. Nor is it difficult to find the reason of this confusion in the religious indifferentism of the Japanese character, for an example of which it is only necessary to watch the worshippers at their prayers. A young girl, or perhaps a young man, arrives before the shrine. He claps his hands, bows slightly, claps his hands again, throws a small piece of copper into a great wooden chest, and goes his way. His prayer is probably for some personal benefit, or it may be that he only recommends himself generally to the god as a deserving young man. Sometimes, having a sick relative, he deposits an *ex voto*, a picture, or a lock of hair; sometimes makes a vow; and often he buys a printed prayer of the priest, chews it into a pulp, and flings it at the idol of the god whom he implores. If the pellet sticks, that is a good omen, so he usually chews long and throws hard. Such is popular devotion in Japan. As to public worship or private prayer, both are alike unknown, and the notion of a man communing with his Maker, if one

should try to put it before a Japanese, would be a hopeless puzzle to his mind. The higher classes, whether Shintoists or Buddhists, are sceptics, who smile at the superstition of the people, and deride their gods. The masses are formalists, whose religious exercises, such as they are, have their root solely in that vague fear of the supernatural powers which is part of man's nature. Religion, in fine, properly so called, does not exist in Japan ; but the true popular cult consists in religious *fêtes*, or "matsuri," held on certain days of the year in honour of the gods ; but of these purely secular festivals I shall speak more at length by-and-by.

The Shinto temple (miya) and Buddhist (tera), when pure, are quite distinct in appearance. The former is always approached by an avenue spanned at its entrance by the torii, or perch for the sacred birds, while the shrine itself is perfectly simple, containing only a polished metal mirror, and some notched strips of white paper (gohei) as symbols. Buddhist temples, on the other hand, are usually situated on hill-sides, among handsome groves of trees, and are crowded with images, candles, bells, drums, books, and ornaments, while outside both miya and tera hang *ex votos* and paper prayers on wooden racks. At the present day, however, there is little distinction between the respective shrines, Buddhist idols elbowing the Shinto mirror, while priests of both religions officiate in the same temple, the people worshipping without discrimination of creeds.

Darkness fell before we reached Noshima, where we spent the night, repeating all our tea-house experiences of yesterday, but finding the beds harder, the fleas hungrier, supper less appetizing, and sleep more coy, than at Enoshima. I did not know how much a man could long for a chair and a table, until I had sprawled without either on a matted floor for two days and nights. But we shall reach Yokohama and civilization before our friends have taken tiffin to-morrow.

CHAPTER V.

TOKIO (JEDDO).

October 21-24.

RAPID as was our passage through the capital of Japan on our way to Oji, we saw enough of this lately mysterious city to convince us that, so far as Jeddo is concerned, the unknown is not always the magnificent. The European houses of Yokohama form an island of solid but unpretentious masonry, lying in a sea of low brown roofs, from which spring no temples, towers, or pagodas; but then Yokohama is only a settlement town, and one does not expect to find palaces, where godowns and counting-houses began to rise only twenty years ago. But Jeddo—the capital for nearly three hundred years of a populous, wealthy, and art-loving country; the home of a rich and proud nobility; the centre of the pompous popular religion; the head-quarters of the military system, and now, since the abolition of feudalism, the residence of the Mikado himself,—that will be a very different affair. At least there will be great gates, handsome streets, imposing palaces, splendid temples, and who knows what besides of strange

magnificence, in so vast and ancient a city ! So people thought ten or twelve years ago, when the veil which had always hidden this mysterious capital from the eyes of Europe was withdrawn, and so, even now, the traveller's imagination paints it.

A low, undulating plain, bathed towards the south-east by the Bay of Jeddo, is crossed at right angles by a great river, the Sumidagawa ; and Tokio, a parallelogram nine miles long by eight miles wide, lies in the corner formed by stream and sea. From the centre of the plain rises a circular eminence, crowned with a building of cyclopean masonry, the "Siro," or ancient castle of the Shoguns. This is surrounded by a vast open space, called "Soto Siro," containing the palaces (yashickis) of the old feudal lords, one of which is now occupied by the Mikado, and others by court personages and ministers of State. Here, in the Shogunal days, the great feudatories, or daimios, were compelled to live for half of every year, and their wives and children always ; the latter in reality hostages for the turbulent clan-leaders, whose loyalty could not be trusted during the visits to their territories and armed retainers. At a distance of a few miles from this *mamelon*, the plain is circled by a belt of low hills, two of which, one in the north and the other in the south, are capped by the Castle of Uyeno and the famous Temple of Shiba respectively, both of them burial-places of the Shoguns. Between these hills and encircling the Siro, spreads the city, a sea of brown roofs, out of which

rise here and there the heavy and sombre eaves and ridges of temples, tall pagodas, some large European buildings—the work of the reformed Government, and here and there the brick chimney of a new manufactory. The plain is cut by many streams, canals, and castle moats, and variegated with pretty parks and gardens. In the south-east is Jeddo Bay, shining in the sunlight, while in the south-west rises Fusi-yama's white cone.

It is a striking picture, but the only one of Tokio that charms. Siro, Shiba, and Uyenno apart, the capital of Japan is little better than the native town of Yokohama. The streets are irregular and ugly, bordered by low wooden buildings, blackened by time, and spreading like an interminable and labyrinthine village over a wide, monotonous plain. A great boulevard has indeed been cut right through the town, but the shops on either side of this avenue are like those in poorer streets, with the addition of a cloistered walk, having flat groins of plastered brick, supported by mean columns—the style debased European, and the work bad and flimsy. There is less character about the shops than in Yokohama, and we wander for miles past displays of silks and saki, rice and porcelain, arms and woodware, curiosities and lanterns, tea-houses and toy-shops, all confusedly mingled, and making no better show than the wares of a village on the Tokaido. The temples hide themselves among the low houses, and must be carefully sought in the labyrinth of streets, where one

happens, too often, on canals, filled with sluggish black water and smelling like an open drain. Everything comes into and goes out of Tokio by water, the largest junks floating easily in the wide canals, and passing with lowered masts under the frequent and high-arched bridges.

But, if the city itself disappoints the traveller, the life in the streets rivets his attention and piques his curiosity far more than that of the settlement. Its elements are the same, but the dresses are brighter, the movement brisker, the people gayer, and the *tout ensemble* more national than at Yokohama. How crowded the great boulevard is! Yet the countless jinrickishas circulate at a trot through the press. And how polite every one is! The very coolies in the shafts warn you to move, with cries that are compliments; no one jostles his neighbour, but each makes way for the other with smiles and gentle inclinations of the body, and a harsh word is never heard. Here is a beggar, posted on a crowded bridge, making a hideous noise with a battledore of raw hide; and there is a strolling story-teller, shaking a jingling toy, followed by a crowd, as he makes his way to some open space of ground, large enough to seat an audience. Yonder, on the side-walk, sits a fortune-teller casting the horoscopes of two pretty girls by means of magic sticks; and here again is a naked wrestler, struggling with and overcoming an imaginary opponent. What true and powerful poses! It is difficult to believe that he is not actually engaged with an invisible person. Every day

there is the festival, or "matsuri," of some god in Tokio, and in one quarter or another, gaily dressed processions parade the streets, preceded by high bamboo frames, which flutter with flags, and are clothed in rice and flowers. Sometimes, on summer nights, there is a water *fête*, when fireworks go up from the great bridge, and the river and canals are crowded with boats filled with well-dressed, laughing girls, or sober citizens and their wives. From the dainty masts hang great paper lanterns, swaying in the evening breeze, or moving hither and thither in the distance like meteors, while the tea-houses on the banks are gay with bright hangings, floating flags, and brilliant company. Such are the streets of Tokio, the same, probably, to-day as when Yeasu first settled here in 1600; and the home then, as now, of a people, gay, polished, careless, and lovable.

No one has really seen Tokio without having visited the Yoshiwara. This word means "good plain"—a strange title for the prostitutes' quarter, and a still stranger place. Picture a long street, bordered on each side by large houses, not open to the road as we have hitherto seen them, but enclosed by railings of upright wooden bars, giving them the air of great cages. In front of each house hangs a huge paper lantern, and a frame containing a number of photographs, usually of handsome faces with carefully dressed hair. Behind the wooden grills are the originals of these pictures, squatting around spacious and elegant rooms, dressed in

magnificent robes of scarlet and gold, sipping tea, smoking the tiny Japanese pipe, and chatting. Of immodest display, gestures, or solicitation there is none ; on the contrary, so formal are the groups, so set the attitudes, and so gorgeous the superabundant costumes, that an Englishman is infallibly reminded of Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures. It seems to be generally supposed that prostitution is less repugnant to public opinion in Japan than in the West, and that the social position of a prostitute is less disgraceful. So far, however, as I can gather from Europeans who have lived for a long time in the country, this is hardly a correct statement of the case. Men are loose livers in Japan ; but there is no country where the lives of unmarried girls are more strictly regulated than this. The freedom which, as we have seen, a Japanese girl enjoys does not extend to her thoughts and wishes. In respect of these, as of her person and services, she is absolutely under parental control, and her life before marriage is even more strictly fenced about than that of a girl in France. Hence, in Japan, writers of popular plays and romances are obliged to look outside of the loves, hopes, fears, and emotions of youth, which form the basis of nearly all our dramas and novels, for interesting or even intelligible themes. Their heroines must be sought among the demi-monde, and intrigue becomes the motive both of comedy and romance. The woman of loose character is consequently brought into undue prominence both

upon the Japanese stage and in Japanese literature ; but one might easily reach erroneous conclusions by arguing from this circumstance to the status of the prostitute. While, however, prostitution is far from being the respected institution in Japan which some would have us suppose, public opinion undoubtedly judges the Yoshiwara leniently, and for the reason that so many of its members have been sold into the life, against their will, by greedy and unscrupulous parents. The helplessness of such victims is so well understood, that no obstacles are put in the way of women who, having enfranchised themselves by payment of their taskmasters, wish to return to a well-regulated life.

In every Japanese town one sees private houses which are distinguished at night by a very large, balloon-shaped paper lantern. Within, the passer-by hears sweet voices and laughter, or catches a glimpse of a group of girls putting, it may be, the last touches to a toilette, brilliant, but rather exaggerated ; adding a flower to the already over-decorated hair, or a streak of brighter carmine to the lips. One of these butterflies calls two or three jinrickishas, and the pretty, painted creatures, perching in pairs behind the bronzed coolies, are soon lost to sight in the dusky street. These women are "gueshas," musicians, singers, and dancers, on their way to some tea-house to give an entertainment, either private or public, and where, presuming the latter to be the case, we will follow them. The brilliant little

group have already disposed themselves on the matted floor of a large and well-lighted room. Two of them are provided with *samisens*, a kind of tiny guitar, thrummed with a triangle of ivory; the third has a "*kokuu*," another kind of *samisen*, played with a bow; and the fourth, a mere child, a pair of small drums. They are eating, as we enter, a meal exactly like the elaborate dinner we partook of at Oji, and we notice that they are served no less ceremoniously than ourselves on that occasion. The cup of *saki* goes round; they smile, bow, and chatter; and finally, the bowls and chopsticks being removed, they take their instruments gracefully from the ground. Great Heaven! is it from those pretty butterflies there rises this discordant and monotonous song—whose intervals and harmonies are new to European ears, and where of melody there is none? The "*tink-a-tank*" of the *samisen*, the long and but slightly inflected wail of the voice, give us a nervous shiver;—and they tell us this will last for hours! Ah! the drums break in now, with the effect of an exploding shell, and the place is filled with a discordant uproar. If they are going on for ever, shall we be of the men who go? We think so—and yet there is something fascinating about that drummer-girl of twelve. What accurate movements! What daring and bizarre poses of the body! What wonderful *legerdemain* with the flying sticks! It is not a living girl, it is a mechanical figure come from another world, where the body expresses itself in terms unknown

to us, at once grotesque and precise. But the tiny automaton has dropped her drumsticks, the samisens are jangling an agonizing accompaniment, and now it is some pantomime we are watching. The figure is telling us a story with its lithe little body, and it is a love story without a doubt. Mimicry, grace, and suggested emotion seem to have said their last word. Gestures, poses, movements, all are slow yet full of "go;" free, yet restrained, graceful, yet bizarre; now timid as childhood, now extravagant as folly; but always controlled by a perfect and natural good taste. The drama is over, and it has ended sadly, for the painted little *poseuse* is lying on the ground, in despairing yet comical tears, but not before she has made us feel the fascination of her art. The dancers of Japan know nothing of the lively movements or bold postures of our stage. Their long robes permit no leaps and bounds, but they make up for violence by expression, and for rapidity by grace. Dancing is an art for which girls are trained from their childhood, and, like all the other arts of Japan, it is distinguished by such refined taste and perfect execution that one fails to notice its want of spontaneity.

Through the kind offices of the German Minister at Tokio we obtained admission to the Insetz Kioku, a great national establishment, whose spacious walls enclose a number of Government manufactories. The official introduction procured us much polite attention, which took rather an odd turn at starting. Prevised of

our arrival, the manager met us, and ushered us, after many pretty speeches, first into the laboratory. Here we were asked to be seated, when a shrewd-looking little Jap made his appearance, and ran through a short programme of dazzling chemical experiments, ending in a time-honoured "flash, bang, and stink." Bowing our way out from the demonstrator's polite presence, we next visited the Treasury buildings, where we found a large factory, busily employed in the production of "kinsatz," the paper money of Japan. There is so much to be said hereafter on the financial situation in Japan, that I limit myself, for the moment, to an expression of surprise at the activity of which we were witnesses at this great kite manufactory. Kinsatz were quoted at a discount of sixty per cent. on our arrival at Yokohama, and were rapidly falling in value. The Government, alarmed, was loudly proclaiming its intention to limit the paper issue, inviting the Europeans to inspect its silver reserve of fifty million "yen," and the public to see a bonfire of redeemed Treasury notes. Yet all the time the Insetz Kioku was hard at work turning out fresh paper, while the Government credit was drooping day by day. We next ran, in quick succession, through a soap works, a wall-paper factory, a type foundry, a chemical works, an engineer's shop, a printing-office, and various other minor industries. These were all small affairs, models rather than mills, where the production was on much too trifling a scale to be profitable, and

where, be the wages what they might, it was clear at a glance that nothing was made as cheaply as it could be bought of European importers in Yokohama. At the same time, the Insetz Kioku, taken collectively, is an immense concern, raised and equipped at great expense, and directed by a numerous staff of officials. The last are samurái, or the sons of samurai, members of the old military caste, impoverished by the disestablishment of the feudal chiefs, their former employers and paymasters, and who, too proud to trade, are hungry for the humblest Government employment.

Such is the character of the new industrial life of Japan, and such are the parodies of serious business which prove, as we are told, the desire of the people for commercial progress and their aptitude for the reception of Western ideas. At present the Government is cultivator, manufacturer, shipowner, spinner, miner, and merchant, but most of these enterprises pay a yearly loss, and their chief use is to find employment for the samurai class. Commerce, like the living organism, can exist only in a suitable environment, which it is the function of governments to create, instead of themselves becoming manufacturers and traders. The Japanese ministers know this; but do they build new roads or repair old ones? Do they reform the civil law, or give foreign merchants equal rights with the natives? Do they initiate a commercial and industrial legislation? Do they offer foreign capital the necessary guarantees of

proprietorship, and power to prosecute affairs in its own way, and in freedom? No—these are the very things which the Government of Japan will not do at any price.

We lunched most agreeably at the German Legation and witnessed, during the meal, a scene very characteristic of Japanese life. The minister, like all the European residents, is an art collector, and lunch is the hour at which he receives the dealers. Three or four of these men were already kneeling in the room when we entered, and bowed their heads to the ground, with loud sighs, as we took our seats, while, at intervals in the conversation, one or another of them pushed forward a bronze, a piece of lacquer-work, or an ivory carving for inspection. These were handled and criticized when we had nothing better to say or do, while the merchants sat patiently by, silent, and seemingly a quaint addition to our entertainment rather than tradesmen pushing their wares.

Shiba and Uyeno contain the tombs of the Shoguns, who were buried at these two places alternately from the beginning of the seventeenth century down to the abolition of the Shogunate in recent times. Each mausoleum consists of an outer court, a temple, and, behind the temple, the tomb,—all characterized by that magnificence and display which the Shoguns affected both in life and after death. The temples of Shiba are among the most beautiful in Japan, and Uyeno is the twin of Shiba; but I defer a description of the Shogunal

tombs until we reach Nikko, a village about a hundred miles north of the capital, where it is universally conceded that the splendour of these monuments and of their surroundings culminates.

Asakusa is the most popular temple in Tokio, and the most famous in Japan. It is approached by an avenue, bordered on each side by booths filled with all sorts of gay ornaments, dolls, toys, votive pictures, and holy images. Behind the booths are the shrines, and behind these again are theatres, shows, and shooting galleries. A matsuri, or religious festival, was in progress at the time of our visit, and the avenue was densely crowded with gaily dressed people and children carrying field rakes of bamboo, decorated with rice, flowers, and masks of Inari Sama, the Japanese Ceres. We pressed forward, with the slowly moving throng, until we reached a large open square, the courtyard of the temple, where multitudes of tame pigeons, to whom every one threw peas, ran about, so confident and importunate that they had actually to be pushed aside with the foot. Arrived at the shrine, each worshipper clapped his hands, made a bow, muttered a momentary prayer, threw a copper coin into the grated boxes, and then turned to enjoyment. The scene was something like an English fair, the pleasure-booths being crowded with eager sightseers, who were clearly determined to make the most of their holiday. Among the shows, a peculiarly horrible sort of waxworks draws crowds of

spectators. Miraculous scenes are represented, apparitions of gods, fights, and legendary stories. The figures are made of bamboo and *papier-mâché*, and, if the events represented are bloodthirsty and revolting, still, one cannot but admire the skill with which the artist has reproduced the expression of violent emotions ; and the powerful, if exaggerated, attitudes of his personages. Shooting galleries, where tiny bows and arrows take the place of guns, are much frequented ; the tea-houses are crowded, so are the numerous theatres and saki-shops ; a whole quarter, in fact, is swarming with pleasure-seekers rather than religious devotees. For the children, who are very numerous, there is no diversion more attractive than the "ameya's" stall. This clever stroller's stock-in-trade consists of a little bench, furnished with a lamp, some plastic sugar, red and blue pigments, a few twigs of split bamboo, and a pair of scissors. Taking a lump of the sugar in his hands, he makes a funny speech to the parti-coloured little crowd, and ends by asking what it is their pleasure he shall produce. "A dragon," shouts some bold little beauty, while a murmur of approbation arises, and every eye is fixed on the artist. Little by little, the terrible creature grows out of the paste, a collection of unrelated details at first, which a few sudden touches complete as if by magic. Now some one calls for a gourd, another for a tortoise, a third for a man on horseback, and a fourth for a monkey swinging by its tail. It is a contest between

the children and the old man, but they cannot nonplus him, try how they will. No matter what they call for, the ameya is equal to the occasion, and, within three minutes, his dexterous fingers conquer every difficulty which his audience may propound.

Such are the diversions of a matsuri, beginning early in the morning with a noisy street procession, for which the quarter pays, while the houses along the route are gay with flags and banners, and men, women, and children, all in gala dresses, crowd the shops and house-galleries, to see the pageant pass. It is a religious *fête* only in name—a survival, in fact, of ceremonies once full of meaning, but preserved to the present day only by the strong national love of traditional customs.

Notwithstanding its vast extent, and a population numbering three quarters of a million, the capital of Japan can scarcely be called a city from the European point of view. There are no squares, or public buildings, not even a town hall or an exchange; no columns statues, quays, great bridges, or aqueducts, but only a gigantic village, dominated by the walls of a fort, rather than a castle, and scarcely relieved by temples and pagodas. The famous nations of the world have always been great builders, and the wish to leave behind them proofs of their pride and power was felt as strongly by such states as by their individual citizens. The stones of Rome, Athens, and Venice are eloquent of national grandeur, and we credit the unknown peoples of Egypt

and Assyria with a high place among cultured races on the strength of their architectural exploits alone. The Japanese, on the other hand, have built no great cities. It is true that Japan, the contemporary of Greece and Rome, has not only seen the decay of these states, but remained to the present day without a dynastic break, and with an inviolate country ; yet no European can turn from the Parthenon, the Coliseum, or the Duomo of Saint Marc to the sea of undistinguished roofs which circles the old Shogunal stronghold of Jeddo, without feeling assured that, in regard to the elements of national greatness, there is no question of superiority between the Mongolian and Hellenic or Latin races.

CHAPTER VI.

MYANOSHITA—HAKONE.

October 24-28.

October 24.—On starting for our second trip, we agreed to give up the idea of living *à l'indigene*, and took a native with us as cook and guide. This little man was named Kobé, and he proved a treasure. We paid him a dollar a day, and, leaving every arrangement in his hands, found ourselves perfectly served, while he was also an intelligent guide and a capital walker. Our first objective was Myanoshita, a village in the Hakone mountains, picturesque in itself and surroundings, and only three hours from the Otomi-tonga Pass, the lowest point in a chain of hills which hides the greater portion of Fusi-yama from the west, but from whose summit the sacred mountain is seen from base to cone.

Very little is yet known of the geology of Japan, but the backbone of the various islands is said, by Baron von Richthofen, to consist of metamorphic rocks of Devonian, or Silurian, age. These are everywhere interpenetrated by old volcanics, chiefly of a porphyritic

character, which cover the bulk of the country, and sweep through the whole group of islands, from Yesso in the north to Kiusiu in the south, as a continuous mountain chain, whose watershed may be said to coincide with the centre of Japan. These rocks, again, are overlaid by new volcanics, basalts, and trachytes, forming the summits of the range, and embracing a large number of volcanoes, either extinct or nearly so. From this great ridge, running centrally throughout the whole length of Japan, radiate countless lateral spurs, upon whose flanks, as they approach the coast, lie beds of alluvium, two or three hundred feet in thickness, the deposits of ancient rivers, which have been elevated, and then eroded, forming the little hills already so often alluded to as characterizing the shores of Japan, and whose feet stand upon a narrow plain, which everywhere skirts the ocean and marks a recent sea-level.

Fusiyama itself, though the highest mountain in Japan, is not situated on the watershed of the country, but rises near the southern coast, about seventy miles west of Yokohama, giving off two lofty spurs, one of which curves away towards the north-east, while the other runs south, projecting far beyond the general coast-line in the form of a narrow and rocky peninsula, called Idzu. This mountainous bar is thrown right across the Tokaido, just after it leaves Odowara Bay, and is threaded by the Hakone Pass, where the royal road, of which Japan is so proud, becomes a mere mountain

track, paved with great stones, as a protection against the heavy rains, but impassable for a jinrickisha, and difficult for horses. A little north of Hakone lies Myanoshita, perched high on the western flank of the spur in question, from whose summit we hoped for a near view of the sacred mountain.

We left Yokohama with the same outfit as that which carried us safely to Katase on the occasion of our visit to Enoshima, and drove thirty-five miles along the Tokaido to Odowara, repeating the roadside experiences of the previous expedition, but finding the road and bridges in worse and worse condition as we advanced. We crossed two large rivers by ferry-boats, the bridges having been carried away more than a year ago, and still remaining unrepaired. The Japanese islands are so narrow and ridge-like in structure that the rivers have only short courses, and descend very rapidly towards the coast, being for the most part torrents in winter and dry in summer. Owing to this circumstance, and the easy disintegration of the volcanic rocks, the beds of streams silt up rapidly, and very few of them are navigable except for shallow craft. Serious inundations follow every heavy fall of rain, and the frail native bridges are constantly being carried away ; an event for which the builders prepare by stapling each plank of the roadway to a strong cable, whose end is secured ashore, thereby preventing the timbers being lost when the catastrophe occurs. When one starts on a trip in Japan

it is always a question of returning. If the weather keeps fine, all will be well ; but heavy showers in the mountains may shut the tourist off from his desired haven, by an impassable torrent, for a week or more.

The Tokaido skirts the sea along the head of Odowara Bay, where, although the day was quite calm, magnificent waves were rolling in from the Pacific. Looking seaward, the green and beautifully indented coast hemmed in the greater part of the misty horizon, while, inland, our eyes met the bold and broken outline of the Hakone range, behind which rose Fusiyama, whose graceful cone became more beautiful with every mile of our approach. We left the buggy at Odowara, giving orders to the driver to meet us on our return, and jinricked to Tonosawa, where the road becomes a mere trail, and baggage has to be packed on the shoulders of coolies, of whom there were plenty waiting for employment. Japanese porters do not snatch at the traveller's traps, as in more civilized countries, but draw lots for a job with a rope of many strands, the lucky fibre being distinguished by a metal ring. A frail bamboo bridge carried us across the stream, a wide mountain torrent, brawling between beautifully wooded hills, whose left bank we had followed from Odowara ; and on the other side of which lay the village of Tonosawa, famous for its thermal springs and boasting a tea-house more than ordinarily attractive by reason of its many pretty nasans. From this village to Myanoshita

it is five miles, by a wooded hill-side path, which became lighted with glowworms as the daylight failed us.

We found a capital tea-house at Myanoshita, furnished with chairs and tables, washstands and looking-glasses; and, within half an hour of our arrival, Kobé served up a good European meal, the trout and fowls which he had bought on the way being supplemented by many of the cunning luxuries which civilization has learned to preserve in bottles and tins. Being valet and butler as well as cook, Kobé gave the nasans less to do for us than usual, but this seemed to suit them even better than work, and the pair told off to our room loafed around and laughed with the greatest enjoyment, while pouring tea or tending the tobacco-bon. One of them, called O-Kea-Sun, spoke a few words of English—Myanoshita, as the furniture witnessed, being much frequented by European travellers—and was insatiable to learn more. Dinner was accordingly enlivened by some naïve studies of English phrases, the girls competing with one another in pronunciation; and it was the most comical thing in the world to hear O-Kea-Sun's triumphant laugh when we, at last, entirely approved of her "How do you do?" and "Not at all!" She was particularly proud of the latter phrase, the equivalent of a polite Japanese commonplace, and we heard her muttering "Nodd-ad-all, nodd-ad-all!" while opening the paper slides next morning, and shouting with laughter at her own cleverness. When we left the

house for our daily tramp, little O-Kea-Sun was the last to wish us *bon voyage*, with her everlasting "Nodd-ad-all!" and when we came back at night, she was the first to welcome us with the musical "Ohaio, ohaio! oka danna sai, oka danna sai! Nodd-ad-all, nodd-ad-all!" Then how they all laughed!—the innkeeper, with his head in the dust; the black-toothed old dame, his wife; and all the crowd of painted butterflies behind them! There never were such people as the Japanese for laughing.

October 25.—The morning toilet furnished no occasion for blushes at Myanoshita, where we were lodged in European style; and, Kobé's breakfast being as good as last night's dinner, we started at eight o'clock, morally and physically "fit," for the Otomi-tonga Pass. The trail leads for a short distance over level country, and then rises along steep hill-sides, clothed to their summits with trees or tall bamboo grass, while the view was at first bounded on all sides by volcanic hills, some three or four thousand feet in elevation. At three hours out, we reached the top of the pass, whence the ground slopes rapidly away to an extensive plain, out of which Fusi-yama rises, its mass displayed from base to summit. Although the mountain-top was quite clear when we started, we caught but a momentary glimpse of it from Otomi-tonga, the clouds covering it deeply soon after our arrival. The very absence of the hidden peak, however, directed our attention more particularly to the lower

slopes of the volcano, which would hardly have been noticed if the snowy cone had been visible. These rise from the plain with an inclination so extremely slight that it was almost impossible to believe such gentle grades could end in a lofty cone. They might be the first heave of a low mountainous ridge, but not the foundations of a towering peak. Fusi-yama is a beautiful example of the modification which the outlines of volcanos undergo from the undermining of their bases by the ejection of matter from below. But for this, volcanic cones would slope steeply, like a railway embankment, from top to bottom ; and, if they do not, it is because the centre sinks while the heap is accumulating. It is with the utmost regret that we have given up the project, cherished from the day we left the Golden Gate, of ascending Fusi-yama, but the mountain became covered with snow on the day after our arrival in Japan, and snow, in this latitude, is quite fatal to climbing. The trip is not a difficult one in July and August, and it is a great disappointment, especially to that half of the expedition which has scaled the Matterhorn, not to have had the summit of the sacred mountain under our feet, and to have looked down into its exhausted crater.

On our way back to Myanoshita, we encountered several small snakes and a number of little land-crabs, the latter living in the damp wayside vegetation ; but, favourable as the country seems to land-shells, I only

saw two helices during the whole day. We passed many villages on the trail, surrounded by irrigated patches of rice, and picturesquely embosomed in densely wooded hills, whose foliage was brightening with the tints of autumn. Thermal springs abound among these volcanic mountains. Myanoshita itself is a kind of Japanese Buxton ; while the neighbourhood is thickly scattered with village watering-places, quite as much in vogue with the Japanese as among ourselves, for the cure of disease.

October 26.—A wet morning put a stop to our projected trip to Hakone Lake and the sulphur springs north of it, so we strolled about the village, which straggles up the hill-side by a crooked street of rock-cut stairs. Wood-turning and ornamental box-making form together quite an extensive industry in Myanoshita, and the work finds its way in large quantities to the shops of Yokohama. The turning-lathe in use is an extremely primitive machine, consisting of a small iron spindle, twirled by two pieces of string wrapped round it for a few turns in opposite directions. The spindle revolves alternately backwards and forwards, the cutting tool being applied only while it is turning towards the workman ; but it is surprising to see what accurate work is produced in this way.

Returning after a short walk through a lovely valley, cultivated with tea and ginger, we came suddenly upon one of the great bathing establishments, of which there

are so many among these hills, frequented by the Japanese in summer for the sake of their hot mineral waters. The house looked deserted ; but in one of the galleries was a pretty girl, towelling after the bath, who fled, like a flash, behind the paper slides when she saw us. We could only suppose that she disappeared in search of her clothes, which were certainly not outside ; but, had we been her own countrymen, it is probable that it would never have occurred to her to move.

The tea-house where we are lodged possesses a characteristic Japanese garden. It is very tiny, but its centre is occupied by a lake, through which flows a winding river. The latter is crossed by several bridges ; and on the banks of the former are a Shinto and Buddhist temple. In the north rises a range of mountains, with hill-paths and wayside shrines, while gnarled pines and cedars, hundreds of years old in appearance, but only a foot or two in height, are scattered over the hills and plain. It is a country to explore ; but its area is only a few square yards. The lake is full of great fat gold-fish, which come to the surface for food, at a peculiar cry from the girls ; and the river-bank is lined by a dozen pots of blooming chrysanthemums, seeming tall forest trees by comparison with their toy-like surroundings. The chrysanthemum is very commonly grown in Japan, but the rage is rather for dwarfed trees and trained shrubs than for flowers ; though the native gardeners, when

they wish, are no less skilful in producing specimen blooms than monstrosities.

October 27.—We started early for Hakone Lake, rejoicing in a brilliant day, and with good hope of a fine view of Fusiyama from Hakone village. The trail was steep for the first hour and a half, which brought us to Ashinoyu, another Japanese Buxton, whence there is a magnificent prospect. Beneath us, at some miles distance, lay Odowara Bay, stretching towards the north-east, its deeply indented and densely wooded shores being half hidden by misty air. Seaward, the Pacific was shrouded as usual in light vapours ; while inland, an irregular chain of volcanic hills crossed the picture diagonally, falling almost to the plain as it neared the shore, but rising again in a castellated prominence before finally sinking under the waves.

On the way to Ashinoyu we passed a rock-cut Buddha, which is said to be twelve hundred years old, or coeval with the introduction of the religion of Sakya-Muni into Japan. The figure was heaped with small stones, lying wherever they would rest. Each stone represents a prayer, which the worshipper thinks likelier to be heard if the pebble he throws remains on the image. All the sacred statues around the temples in Japan are in this way heaped with stones, which no one ever attempts to disturb.

From Ashinoyu the trail was easy to Hakone, which was reached in three hours after starting. Here we got

a perfect view of Fusi-yama, the lake forming a foreground, while wooded hills opened widely enough on the right and left to show five or six thousand feet of the cone, glittering white in the sunlight, and outlined with indescribable clearness against an azure sky. Taking a sampan at Hakone village, we sailed to the northern end of the lake, whose scenery vividly recalls that of the Scottish Highlands ; and, having landed, an hour and a half of stiff climbing brought us to the sulphur springs. Thence we got our best view of Fusi-yama, displayed from summit to base—a picture such as that which Japanese artists are never tired of repeating.

The sulphur springs were curious, but not impressive. Jets of steam issued from the ground in all directions, and small basins of boiling mud were sputtering vigorously ; the air was full of sulphurous vapour, and the ground covered with beautiful yellow crystals. Some ruinous and deserted bamboo sheds told us that the place had been worked for sulphur at some time. It was already late, and the mountain paths are so dark at night where they cross tracts of forest, that we cut short our adieux to the sacred mountain, and hurried homewards down the steep and stony track. Reaching Myanoshita soon after sundown, we wallowed for half an hour in the warm water which flows from a natural source by a bamboo pipe through the baths of the tea-house ; while Kobé was busy in the kitchen.

A long tramp, a warm bath, a good dinner, and

good digestion make men enjoy a good cigar, and thus solaced, we sat, wrapped in the Japanese robes which we had already learned to use when *en deshabille*, and discussing with much interest the events of the day. Suddenly O-Kea-Sun appeared, leading by the hand a hideous old blind woman, with black teeth, shaven eye-brows, and wrinkled skin, who approached my companion, saying something in Japanese, and laying a hand with an entreating gesture on his shoulder. All the Joseph in my friend's nature was roused in a moment, and a good German oath rolled round the room like a prolonged peal of thunder. O-Kea-Sun screamed with laughter, while the unabashed old scarecrow remained unmoved and imploring. "What does she mean, O-Kea-Sun?" shouted the cosmopolite. "What does she mean? I'm afraid your friend is not a good old lady." "Nodd-ad-all, nodd-ad-all!" laughed the little nasan, without an idea of what he was saying. But by-and-by she found English and pantomime enough to make us understand that this was one of the blind "amas," the professional shampooers, or rubbers, of Japan, who earn a modest living in every city by the practice of this truly national and, as they declare, most remedial art.

October 28.—We quitted Myanoshita and our attentive entertainers with considerable regret. The scenery was charming, the mountain air invigorating, the tea-house chairs and beds comfortable, and the study of native life amusing; but we left all these delights for

the sake of the Yokohama races, and reaching Tonosawa on foot, jinricked to Odowara, where we found the ever-green buggy duly awaiting us, and, threading all day the interminable villages of the Tokaido, reached Yokohama in time to join a charming party at our host's dinner-table. To-morrow we shall see with what energy these ardent young spirits prosecute the sports of home, which they carry round the world, and acclimatize under every meridian.

CHAPTER VII.

SETTLEMENT LIFE AND VIEWS.

October 29-31.

NOTHING strikes the traveller more forcibly in passing through America than the variety of industries, men, and manners which he encounters. Every state is in course of active development, according to its natural capacities, and new objects of interest present themselves at each stage of the journey. Japan, on the other hand, is absolutely without variety. Its natural features, people, cities, and occupations are alike from one end of the country to the other ; and, when a fortnight has rubbed off the novelty of his surroundings, the tourist begins to find native men and manners a little monotonous, and the life of his compatriots in the settlement a pleasant change.

The races were in full swing on our return to Yokohama, and "everybody" was to be seen on the course. What a motley crowd it was sauntering up the sunlit hill to the wide stretch of turf which commands so splendid a view over sea and green hills ! Here comes an English pony-chaise, with madame, splendidly attired,

driving, monsieur beside her, and a pair of rosy-cheeked English boys behind them. Skimming the ground in front of the horse is the running footman of Japan, dressed in black tights and loose sleeves, clearing the way for the quality. Here, are two grave Chinamen in blue, with close caps and long pigtails, packed in one jinrickisha, drawn by a little Jap one-fourth their combined weight. There, are a pair of pretty "nasans," under a bright paper umbrella, with painted faces and newly banded hair. Near them, is a group of Japanese mammas, with polished black teeth, and babies at their backs, laughing and chattering as they mount the hill. Jack Tar follows in a jinrickisha, at a fast trot, and with something better than saki on board. Next comes a native swell in a Newmarket coat and race-glasses ; then a shop-autocrat in a silk hat and light *paletôt*, and last, not least, the favourite, a vicious-looking Chinese pony, with half a dozen "bettos," or grooms, around him. We reach the grand stand, to be dazzled by a blaze of unaccustomed European beauty ; and, surveying the scene from above, find it, saving the native crowd outside the ropes, and the native racing swells in the paddock—Japanese princes, some of them—very like a racecourse at home. Certainly the clerk of the course is a jovial merchant, the judge is a banker, the horses are wild little China ponies, and the jockeys are the men we meet every night at dinner or at the club ; but in other respects the scene is too familiar for de-

scription, and it is only the longitude that makes it remarkable.

But life in the settlement is not always so vivid as it is to-day, although these exiled Aryans sweeten it as much as possible with the pleasures of sport and society. Of the two thousand Europeans in Japan, twelve hundred live in Yokohama, and our "hong" represents very fairly the homes of the wealthier section of this little foreign community. To a large dwelling-house, with spacious and handsomely furnished rooms, are added great "godowns," or warehouses, the business offices, and a compound, surrounded by the houses of the "comprador," and several of the domestic servants. The forenoons are given to business, and at noon comes tiffin—a substantial dinner in reality, when there are almost always a few guests. Mail days excepted, the afternoons see a great deal of riding, rifle-shooting, cricket, or pic-nicking, and five or six o'clock finds the clubs full of whist-players. All the world dines at eight o'clock, and forgets the drooping prices of silk and the paper money, while enjoying a dinner which, though cooked by a native, is equal to anything one gets in Europe. A cigar follows as a matter of course; and, as three-fourths of the homes in Yokohama are bachelor establishments, a game of billiards at the club, a stroll through the native town, or perhaps a visit to the native theatre, finishes the evening.

There is a street full of theatres in Yokohama, where

long streamers, floating from tall masts, and large pictures of scenes from popular plays, sufficiently advertise the home of the drama. Entering a low door, paying a few *cash*, and passing a great pile of ticketed wooden shoes, the visitor hires a cushion to squat on, and takes possession of one of the boxes, shallow little matted pens, without seats, disposed in a single row along either side of the house, and accessible to the vendors of refreshments, who move about continually, crying their wares in the intervals of the acts. Each box holds four people, and, as the representation begins in the morning and continues all day for two or three days running, one sees a family meal in progress here and there, and the floors of the boxes littered with rice-bowls, saki-bottles, tea-cups, and the ubiquitous tobacco-bon. The house is large, and square in plan, while the stage is prolonged by a narrow platform, running all round the building, without, and a few feet above which, are the boxes, and within, the pit. The actors make their entrances and exits by these platforms, as well as from the side-scenes, and much of the action takes place upon them. The drama embraces tragedies, the tales of Old Japan, which relate, in a tedious way, stories of family feuds and vengeance; and comedies, which, we are told, are admirable sketches of real life. It was a comedy that we went to see, and so excellent were the actors that, though we knew nothing of the language, their pantomime enabled us partially to

follow the plot. There are no actresses in Japan ; but the women's parts are played by men, who gave the coquettish witcheries of a beauty and stiff proprieties of a duenna with extraordinary skill. The scenery is good ; and if the stage machinery is a little crude, it is at least better than what satisfied our forefathers a hundred years ago. One convenient expedient is very funny. A figure, dressed in black from head to foot, the face covered with a conical cap having eyeholes, occupies the stage throughout the whole performance. If the actors want anything, the figure hands it ; and if they leave the stage for the side platforms, the figure follows with a candle on the end of a long stick, to light up the group. This useful but comical dummy, presumed to be invisible, forms one of the most curious features of the Japanese stage for European eyes.

In the course of after-dinner talk, we soon became aware that there is great present stagnation in the trade of Japan, and a good deal of disquietude among Europeans, not only as to the future of business, but with regard to the political situation and prospects of the country as well. The days of large profits have long passed away ; and, of the five treaty ports, four are already almost deserted by foreign merchants. The first comers of 1859 made fortunes, chiefly by supplying cannon and rifles to the feudatories, who were crazy to give their little armies weapons of precision ; and by land speculations in Yokohama, which proved enormously profit-

able. These exceptional sources of wealth soon dried up, but enough money was made in the early days to attract a large number of traders, while the legitimate wants of the Japanese people increased very slowly. Manchester and Bradford goods find a market in the interior, and there is a large demand for window glass and iron rods; but the chief, if not the only, customer for other European manufactures is the Japanese Government, which, rather than the people, is engaged in every kind of business. These are no foundations for a solid trade, and at the present moment, indeed, the Government is trying to sell the imperial factories, in the interests of an economy which the decreasing stock of silver and drooping value of the paper money peremptorily require. Meanwhile, competition between the European merchants has become ruinously keen, and there have been some failures and many departures. Nagasaki, once a busy port, is deserted; Hiogo is little better off; while Hakodadi is a name without commercial meaning. The imports have hardly increased at all during the last ten years, and the exports, consisting chiefly of tea and silk, have remained stationary for four years past. During that period, the average annual value of imports and exports has been eleven millions sterling, or not quite seven shillings and sixpence per head of the population, taking the latter at thirty millions. The gross trade of India for 1880, on the other hand, was ten shillings per head, while that of

Russia, the most backward of European states, was forty-five shillings, and of Australia six hundred and forty-four shillings per head.

But, while the wants of the *bond fide* consumers of Japan are so small and continue so nearly stationary, the unbusiness-like character of the native dealers forms a further obstacle to trade. The Japanese have no talent for affairs, and the merchant—a member, we must always bear in mind, of a low and despised caste—is a timid buyer, without the courage to pursue any enterprise which does not give immediate results, and always a chicaner. I have known these men spend days in the office, hesitating over trifling transactions which a Chinaman would despatch off-hand, and I have seen, in the godown, what laborious precautions a silk inspector must take against being grossly cheated in the quality of his purchases. Add to this that the word of a Japanese merchant is of little value, and—significant fact—that all business is done only against cash payments. One cannot fail to be struck here, where the two races elbow one another, with the contrast between the Japanese and Chinese in commercial matters. The latter is a merchant by nature, intelligent, enterprising, and reliable ; while the former is a born huckster, without foresight, timid, and untruthful.

Such is a sketch of the commercial situation, not, I believe, too darkly painted, but looking still more gloomy when viewed from a political standpoint. Every

one agrees that the remedy for the present stagnation in trade lies in further opening the country. Japan, though politically open, is practically closed, and the merchants of Yokohama are little better than retail shopkeepers, supplying the tiny wants of the people through a grill. They are strictly confined to a distance of thirty miles around each of the five treaty ports, and require passports, which the Government may grant or not, as it pleases, to travel beyond the "treaty limits." They cannot become freehold owners of house or land anywhere, and, outside of the settlement concession, they are subject to Japanese jurisdiction, although, within the concession, consular rule is supreme. On the other hand, the whole country is rich in all sorts of natural productions; but these cannot develop in native hands, the man of business being such as I have described him; while the cultivator, though of much higher character than the trader, has few aspirations beyond the satisfaction of his daily wants. Not more than a tenth part of the soil is cultivated, and the population, dense as it seems to the traveller, does not extend far on either side of the public highways. The forests are full of magnificent timber, useless for want of roads, and minerals, such as sulphur and petroleum, abound, but are not exploited for the same reason.

In view of these resources on the one hand, and a stagnant condition of business on the other, the Europeans naturally clamour for the opening of the country. "Let

us travel freely," they say, "investigate the interior, judge for ourselves, and make the soil produce what it can. Give us power to hold property, equal rights with the natives, and a civil and commercial legislation such as that of Europe. Wants will follow the wealth which we will create, and Japan will then really march with the times." There is certainly nothing illogical in preferring such requests to a Government which poses before the world as a convert to the civilization and commercial ideas of the West ; but how are such appeals answered ? When it was a question, in 1874, of revising the treaties of 1858, the Powers formally asked for the "suppression of all the fetters on free relations in the interior of the empire," or, in other words, for the opening of Japan. The Government of the Mikado answered by a refusal, except upon condition that the consular jurisdiction in the concessions should be abolished—a proposition which, in the entire absence of justice, in our sense of the word, from Japanese courts, it would have been a waste of time for the Powers to discuss, and whose only effect, if it were carried out, would be to close every foreign house of business in the treaty ports. The negotiations consequently broke down, and, since that time, each party to the discussion blames the other for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. "Open the country," says the one ; "Accept our jurisdiction," says the other. It is a dead-lock.

The truth is that the Japanese Government has no

intention of opening the country to the foreigner on any conditions. It desires to have the moral equality of Japan with Europe acknowledged, and to preserve the national independence ; but does not want to see Japanese resources exploited, no matter how profitably to the population, by European, possibly by Chinese enterprise. If Japan has partially unclosed her doors, it is only because events * have taught her that the Powers could break them open at any moment ; but she dreads, as she always has done, lest intercourse with other nations may ultimately lead to foreign domination. An Oriental of Orientals, she took a necessary step, with an attitude of so much courtesy towards our superior knowledge, that Europe received the new member of the family of nations with compliments and open arms ; but she keeps her back as firmly as she dares against her half-open gates, though there are words of welcome on her lips. Meanwhile, that Aryan race, which will never be denied when material advantages are in view, knocks louder and louder, and no man can say what the end will be.

For my own part, I believe that the foreigner will yet have an ally within the gates. The Japanese people themselves have always been a docile and inert mass, too nearly slaves to have any political opinions, and ruled, as much since the abolition of feudalism as

* The bombardment of Kagoshima took place in 1863, and of Shimono-seki in 1864.

before, by the territorial aristocracy ; *Enfants charmants, gouvernes par des enfants terribles*, as they have been most aptly called. Society is divided into castes, now abolished in law but surviving in fact, at the head of which stand the "samurai," or feudal soldiery, followed by the farmer, the artisan, the trader, and the coolie. The samurai number about a million men, all of whom were practically ruined by the destruction of the clan system which followed on the revolution of 1868. It is true that they have been compensated for the loss of their lords' support by "pension-bonds," but the capital value of these does not exceed £40 per man, and even in Japan one cannot live on the interest of £40. These men know nothing of trade, which they consider the function of a despised caste, and, being still, although disfranchised, a privileged class, they crowd the Government offices, and terrorize the ministers by their cabals. For them the opening of the country means the supremacy of the "barbarians," and the fear of being ousted from their places by better men, and told to earn their own living.

The farmers, who form three-fourths of the whole population of Japan, are a hardy, intelligent, and industrious race, without ambition it is true, but not altogether blind to the main chance. Under the feudal system these men were the mere vassals of the daimios, who could rack-rent them at will, and whom they dare not approach except on bended knees. Now they are

tenants of the Government at fixed rents, owing homage to no man, and their sons, not unfrequently, enter the new and Europeanized imperial army, thus becoming the equals of the old military caste, and raising the sense of independence throughout the class to which they belong. For the Japanese agriculturists the advent of the foreigner means a better market for their produce, and payment in cash instead of in kind ; but, thanks in part to the absence of communications, in part to the inertia natural to the cultivators of the soil, they are slow to understand the situation or appreciate their new opportunities. They are taught that the Europeans are ruining the country ; causing the disappearance of silver and the depreciation of the paper money ; and, as yet, they make no demand for communication with the outside world and freedom to dispose of their tea, silk, and rice to the best advantage. But some of them have already felt the advantage of the railway ; native newspapers begin to distribute new ideas, in spite of a strict censorship, and self-interest will yet make the farmer a partisan of the foreigner, if human nature in Japan is the same as human nature elsewhere.

As for the artisans, traders, and coolies ; the great native town which has arisen around Yokohama sufficiently proves that they would benefit by the further opening of the country ; but these classes stand even further from the throne and nearer political nonentity than the cultivator. It is on the birth and growth of

public opinion among the latter class—healthy, honest, industrious, intelligent, and numerically overwhelming—that the foreigner must found his hopes for the future trade of Japan.

That the political welfare of the country depends upon the same condition, I shall hope to show hereafter, but the consideration of this question is out of place in the present connection, except so far as the character of the Japanese Government is concerned. This is a factor equally in the commercial and political state of affairs, but, for the present, it must suffice to say—what will, I hope, become clearer by-and-by—that the Government of Japan is an oligarchy, distracted by self-seeking factions, without any central authority, and having no unanimous policy beyond that of preserving the national independence. Meanwhile the people of this ancient and, in its own way, highly cultured nation, are simply a flock of sheep, driven by the same masters now as in the feudal times, which, indeed, have disappeared on paper, but not from the habits of the country. If the masses, hardly conscious as yet of their emancipation, ever come to have opinions—ever, in fact, become a nation, Japan may have a new birth. What she has passed through lately is only revolution.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRIP TO NIKKO.

November 1-7.

November 1.—Nikko is a village about a hundred miles north of the capital, situated on the slopes of the volcanic range, and containing tombs and temples of such beauty that the Japanese say, "Who has not seen Nikko, cannot say, 'Wonderful!'" Arriving early at Tokio, we found our guide, philosopher, and friend, Kobé, waiting at the station, prepared at all points for a week's trip, and our little train of four pair-horse jinrickishas started immediately. For the first half of the distance to Nikko the road is perfectly level, crossing the old sea-shelf, so often alluded to, which spreads very widely north of Jeddo Bay. Afterwards, it rises gently, approaching the range, which lies on our left, and striking it at Nikko, where the hills shoot up suddenly, like a wall, out of the plain. The flat country is one great rice-field, carefully cultivated, and teeming with people, now busy with the harvest. The plain is ruled all over with long lines of light bamboo frames, upon which the rice sheaves are drying, like towels on a clothes-horse; while

the cleared ground is a quagmire, dotted with the blue figures of reapers knee-deep in the mud. The wayside villages are not so numerous as on the Tokaido road, but much more prosperous in appearance, with better shops, and better-dressed inhabitants. We passed some good farmhouses, with large and pretty gardens, hedged with clipped camellias, forming great green walls, thirty feet high, which must look splendid when in flower.

While the fields along the Tokaido are universally tilled with a hoe, like that employed for the same purpose in Northern Italy, the farmers in this part of Japan use a large iron-tipped wooden spade, with which the soil is thrown out sideways, as if by the turn-furrow of a plough, to a depth of nine or ten inches. Up to the present time we have seen no carts, ploughs, or horses in Japan, farm operations of all kinds being carried on entirely by hand labour. The absence of cattle, sheep, and pigs is no less remarkable ; even dogs are scarce, if one excepts the wolf-like curs which haunt every village, but these creatures are not worthy the name of dogs.

The rice-stripper, winnowing-machine, and rice-pounder are busy, just now, in every village. The first is simply a comb, made of iron plates, and the grain is stripped by pulling the heads through it. Rice was formerly winnowed by a pair of large paper fans, but a simple winnowing-machine was introduced from Europe a few years back, and has run like wildfire all over the country. The rice-pounder is one of the most conspicuous

objects in Japan, and its whereabouts in a village is always indicated by a screen of cords which hangs in front of the rice-pounder's shop. Through this blind, one catches glimpses of a man, naked but for the waist-cloth, who steps perpetually backwards and forwards from the ground on to one end of a long lever, whose further extremity is armed with a pestle weighted with a heavy stone. This overhangs a large wooden mortar full of rice, into which the pestle falls every time the man jumps off the end of the lever, and thus, in the course of time, the grain is decorticated. This worse than tread-mill labour goes on day by day throughout the length and breadth of Japan, while any amount of water-power is running to waste ; but the Jap, though a skilful workman, is not a mechanic, and has no idea of labour-saving appliances.

À propos of handicraft, it should be said that a Japanese workman is almost as clever with his feet as with his hands. The tailor holds his thread, and the carpenter his wood while planing, with his toes. I have seen a file-maker using both feet, squatting with the soles apposed, holding one end of the steel blank with the toes of each foot, and sliding the work along thereby, while using the hammer and chisel with the hands. The blacksmith also squats at his work, and pushes a piston backwards and forwards in a square box with one foot instead of using bellows. It seems a pity that the Western nations have abandoned the industrial use

of the foot, especially as, in limiting its functions, they have also deformed its beauty.

We are now among those Japanese agriculturists about whom something was said in the last chapter. It seems doubtful whether these men are or are not the owners of the soil which they till. In the feudal times, they paid the lord a land-tax in rice, and this, when the crop failed, was either remitted, or its payment was spread over a number of years; but their tenures seem to have been indefeasible. Since the dispossession of the daimios, the farmer pays the Government two and a half per cent. per annum on the value of his holding, as determined by the State surveyors; rice-lands being usually assessed at £20, and unimproved lands at about £16 an acre. A rent of ten shillings per acre for rice-land sounds moderate; but it appears that as much as £20 an acre is sometimes paid for possession; fixity of tenure being so firmly established a custom, that the farmers deal in land as if it were their own, although there is every reason to believe it is, and always has been, the absolute property of the Mikado. *La petite culture* is the universal rule in Japan. A farmer rarely employs any labour beside that of his own family, and no one keeps more than three or four coolies at work. Yet this country, of whose hundred million acres not more than eleven millions are cultivated, feeds a population of thirty millions, and has rice to spare in good years. The land-tax furnishes three-fourths of the entire

revenue of Japan, while the farmers form three-fourths of the whole population, clinging closely to the soil, and setting a high value on their rights. There can, I think, be little doubt, the spirit of change having once taken possession of the country, that these are the men who will ultimately shape the destinies of New Japan.

November 2.—We slept last night at a village called Nakada, thirty-five miles from Tokio, leaving which, the road, hitherto perfectly level, begins to rise gradually, and is bordered on either side by pines and cedars. The former are fine trees, each a hundred feet or more in height ; while the latter are magnificent, having straight tapering stems, often a hundred and thirty feet high, and a dense foliage, almost exactly like that of the Californian big trees. The typhoon of October 3, whose tail touched us in the Pacific, did immense damage in this glorious avenue. Many pines were uprooted, and cedars, which stand better than pines, were broken off and twisted around in the most remarkable manner. We reached Utsonomiya, an old daimio town, in the afternoon, the coolies having run forty miles since the morning, apparently without fatigue. Europeans are evidently not everyday visitors in Utsonomiya, for we were followed through the streets by a little crowd of laughing children. The town was full of soldiery, quartered here to overawe some discontented agriculturists, and it sounded odd to hear familiar European bugle-calls while eating our dinner in a Japanese tea-house.

November 3-5.—This morning every one asked, "Did you feel the earthquake?" It woke us at 3 a.m., shaking the house violently, while a loud rumbling sound was heard, lasting two or three seconds. Shortly afterwards, came a second shock and rumble, and, after that, quiet. There was nothing alarming about the event, but we wished it had occurred when we were sufficiently awake to take notice of details; the natives seemed to treat the matter with complete indifference. I am told that Mr. Milne, an English professor at Tokio, has ascertained, by means of the seismograph, that earth-movements, which suffice to throw down Japanese houses, are of surprisingly limited extent, and do not exceed a quarter or three-eighths of an inch even in very severe shocks.

The avenue of cedars becomes still finer between Utsonomiya and Nikko, the trees completely over-arching the narrow road, their grand dimensions, straight shafts, and sequoia-like foliage, recalling to our minds the glorious pathways through the forest belt of the Sierra Nevada. By this route the Shoguns used to come in state to pay their devotions at stated intervals to the shades of their ancestors; and under these trees hundreds of Japanese pilgrims from the most distant parts of the empire still annually pass, to pray before the tombs. At Nikko, the volcanic range lifts itself suddenly out of the plain, rising into peaks from six to eight thousand feet high, separated from each other by

steep rocky ravines, carrying swift mountain streams. Hills and valleys are alike clothed with foliage, and among these picturesque solitudes lie the Shogunal shrines and tombs which are the boast of Japan. To describe in detail the Nikko temples, every square inch of whose surfaces is loaded with the most delicate art workmanship, is out of the question ; but, generally, the reader may picture vast groups of religious buildings, scattered among stately cedars, the growth of centuries, which clothe with sombre forests some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery in the world. While no single shrine at Nikko can compare with the Cologne Dome, Milan Cathedral, or indeed with any great Gothic pile, in the power of exciting religious emotion ; there is probably no other scene in the world which could furnish the imagination with such pregnant suggestions of a once splendid religious establishment and ceremonial. Every dark avenue in these solemn cedar groves, carries the eye to some gorgeous shrine, a perfect work of strange and delicate art, or lifts it upwards towards some hidden tomb, by wide flights of granite stairs, winding through the trees, till their summits are lost in the shadows of the foliage. Standing at the foot of the great staircase which leads thus, through mysterious aisles of red-brown shafts, to Yeasu's mausoleum, one expects, at every moment, to see a long procession of shaven, yellow-robed priests, approaching through the sun-spangled shadows of the cryptomerias, with swinging

censers and monotonous chants. But the silence of these mountain solitudes is unbroken, save by the sound of streams and waterfalls ; all the religious enthusiasm, if such it was, that built these high places and planted these sacred groves has departed, leaving us to wonder why a race, which covered its country with shrines only a few centuries ago, has become so indifferent to its old cults. The majority of the temples are Buddhistic, but there are some Shinto shrines, and both are kept in good preservation at the national expense. In one of the latter, which was pure of all Buddhist symbols, the "kagura," or sacred Shinto dance, was in progress during our visit. A white-robed girl sits all day on her heels before the mystic mirror, except at certain hours, when she rises, and begins a slow, graceful dance ; genuflecting and waving her arms, while in one hand she holds a fan, and with the other shakes a group of jingling bells. This lasts for a few minutes, and then she kneels again, motionless, before the symbols. Among the many artists who helped to decorate Nikko was a certain Hidari Jingoro, the Pygmalion of Japan, who once painted the picture of a lady so surpassingly beautiful that he fell in love with his own work. By the kindness of the gods, whom he implored to that effect, the canvas came to life, married the artist and lived happily with him ever after—of course. It was curious to light upon this old myth in the far East.

Although an artistic temperament is the common

heritage of every Japanese, art has passed its prime in Japan. It culminated during the seventeenth century, but its aims, even in its golden age, were never high ; while, now, it has ceased to create, and only reproduces. Architecture, with which, at Nikko, we are chiefly concerned, has, strictly speaking, never existed in Japan. Temples, castles, palaces, and private houses are all alike in general character, and the most sacred shrine, like the humblest shop, is built of wood. There is a raised floor, some vertical posts, and a heavy roof. The outer walls of the building are wooden shutters, and the interior simply an open space, divided by slides ; but that is all ; whether the dwelling be that of a god or a coolie. It is because of the exquisite decoration which the art-workman lavishes on buildings, in themselves only worthy of a camp, that Japanese architecture escapes condemnation for its want of constructive power. The eye looks in vain, in Japan, for the aspiring grace of Gothic outlines, the classic beauty of Greek construction, or the strong and sensuous work of Rome.

Japanese sculpture and painting are devoid of ideality equally with architecture. The great bronze images of Buddha, of which the Daibutz at Kamakura is the best example, have a certain sublimity, due in part to their great size, in part to the expression of ineffable serenity which characterizes the faces of these idols, but the figure is in all cases formal in treatment and conventional in

attitude. The native gods, whose statues guard the temples, are hideous monstrosities, designed apparently to terrify the multitude, but without any pretensions to art. It is extraordinary to find these ugly images tolerated among a people possessing so much natural good taste. In secular works, such, for example, as those at Asakusa, the human figure is treated with great power, but without the least feeling for the beautiful. Emotion is portrayed with the utmost skill, but always extravagantly, and in a humorous spirit. Tragedy itself is so highly accented as to seem cynical and untrue; it is as if a story of human agony were told by a man with a grin on his face. While the Greeks elevated the beauty of the human form into something half divine, giving the world statues which seem to link man with the gods, Japanese sculpture, with the nude always before its eyes, has had no similar inspiration. For it, the human body remains, like that of beast or bird, a thing to be reproduced, skilfully, it is true, but only better worth representation than the bird or beast because it lends itself more perfectly to vivid expressions of pleasure and pain.

Painting in Japan is of two kinds—the heroic and the familiar. The former represents feats of arms, and the chase, the figures being shown in violent action and unnatural contortions, while of grouping and perspective there is none. It is in the painting of familiar subjects, and in decoration, that the Japanese

artist is seen at his best. Without ideals, and sometimes with low aims, he covers screens, fans, and "kake-mono," the rolls of silk or paper which hang even in the poorest houses, with designs, either commonplace, humorous, or simply pretty, but always charming and effective. These may illustrate the operations of the rice-farmer and tea-grower, or exhibit a procession of pilgrims in the snow, a street crowd, a river scene, a solitary crane flying through infinite space over sea, a dragon whose coils envelope the screen, and must be sought, half on one side of it, half on the other, or a wary tortoise, baby on back. Be the figures what they may, they are designed with exquisite taste, are often extremely humorous, and always a little extravagant, but for delicacy of execution and happy choice of colours they are simply unrivalled. Landscape painting is not understood, composition, perspective, half-tones, and the play of light and shade being all absent from Japanese reproductions of nature. They pile houses on the sea, mountains on the house-tops, and clouds on the mountain-tops, without distinction of distances; while, in regard to composition, everything is thrown *pêle-mêle* upon the canvas, like dice from a box. The Japanese artist is positively perverse about perspective. Given a room, with company seated at table, which a European would naturally represent from the point of view of a spectator standing on the floor; he will regard the scene from the ceiling, and present a bird's-eye view of the table,

surrounded by heads and shoulders, the latter grotesquely contorted by the use of the knife and fork.

Art is assiduously cultivated by both sexes of the upper classes in Japan, not seriously, but as an accomplishment, having a few clever *tours de force* for its object. For the professional artist, there are neither schools, exhibitions, nor picture-dealers ; but painting, like sword-making or lacquering, is an hereditary occupation, whose traditions and methods pass without change or development from father to son. Japanese art, in fine, still wears the fetters which bind every form of human energy in a feudal country. As in Europe, during the Middle Ages, distinguished by a condition of society not unlike that of Old Japan, ideals do not exist ; man's life is bounded by his wants and pleasures, and the pursuit of the good, true, and beautiful is not only impossible, but inconceivable. That *renaissance*, whose gestation occupied centuries in the West, is now to be carried to Japan, so we are told, by the steamship and locomotive engine ; but the need of Japanese art, like that of Japanese religion and politics, is a soul, in whose absence the gifts of civilization are not benefits, but which cannot be packed in a boiler or sent along a telegraphic wire.

November 6.—Refreshed by a few days' rest at Nikko, our coolies offered to show us their powers on the return journey, and run back to Nakada, a distance of fifty-eight miles, in one day. As this journey

promised to be an interesting example of what these sturdy little fellows can accomplish, I took careful notes of their performance, with the following results :— Leaving Nikko at 7.45 a.m., the men ran twenty miles in two hours and fifty minutes without a stop. Then they rested twenty minutes, taking a bowl of rice and some weak tea. The rest of the journey was made by ten-mile stages, with stops of a quarter of an hour between each, and the fifty-eight miles were completed in ten hours, including stops, or eight hours and a quarter, exclusive of stops, being at the rate of 7.03 miles per hour while running, and 5.8 miles per hour including stops. The whole party arrived at Nakada in capital condition, laughing and chatting gaily. They ran, almost naked, at an even trot, with a long springy stride, and took nothing but rice, a little fish and tea by the way. Their feet were protected by straw sandals ; but if these wore out or gave way, they were not particular about replacing them with others. Their consideration for one another was remarkable. The man between the shafts has the hardest work, and the strongest coolies were always ready to take more than their fair share of this position, while the weaker never shirked it. It rained hard during the last third of the journey ; but whether they dripped with perspiration or with rain made no difference to these plucky little fellows, who, after completing fifty miles, ran the last eight miles into Nakada within an hour.

November 7.—The rain, which continued nearly all night, had made the roads very heavy, but our men started, apparently none the worse for their long journey of yesterday. The weather was fine and the air clearer than we had ever seen it in Japan, designing the outlines of the range with extraordinary sharpness against a sky of the tenderest blue. All the higher summits had gathered a mantle of snow during the night, and Asamayama, a high and still smoking cone, looked like a smaller Fusi-yama. But the sacred mountain, though more than a hundred miles distant, still dominated the view, and, together with the long serrated line of white peaks, delighted our eyes as we rolled almost noiselessly along the lake-like levels of the plain, with its endless rice-fields, prosperous villages, and simple, happy, industrious people. We caught the five-o'clock train at Tokio, actually beating a party who started from Nikko at the same time with us, in our old friend the Yokohama buggy, and took our departure for the settlement amid the bows and smiles of the eight fine fellows, our coolies, for whom we had conceived a well-grounded respect, and who were brimming over with satisfaction at receiving a sum equal to £7 10s. English money for their seven days' work, or 2s. 8½d. per day per man! nothing found, except a few well-earned bottles of saki as a *douceur*.

CHAPTER IX.

HIOGO—KIOTO—NAGASAKI.

November 17-23.

WE divided a week, after our return from Nikko, between our friends at Yokohama and Tokio, being always sure of a kind reception at the latter place, either from the German Minister or our friend Herr von Siebold, Secretary of the Austrian Legation. The time passed pleasantly in sight-seeing, sociality, and discussions, some of whose conclusions have already been noted, and it was with sincere regret that we drank our last glass of champagne with the friends who gathered round us for a farewell dinner at the Yokohama hotel on the 16th of November. The following afternoon we left the settlement for Kobé, in one of the Japanese "Mitsu Bishi" steamers, our parting view of Fusi-yama being lighted by a full moon, which seemed to shine upon the white ghost of the sacred cone. On the 19th we reached Kobé, as the settlement of the treaty port of Hiogo is called, situated on the western shore of Osaka Bay, another great land-locked inlet, like that of Jeddo. Opposite Hiogo is Osaka, the commercial capital of Japan, and seat of the

silk trade, built upon the Yodogawa river, but on the shallow side of the bay, where only boats of light draught can lie, although great steamers anchor within a stone's throw of Kobé.

The settlement is a little semicircle of European houses and gardens, prettily disposed around a charming bay, and overhung by bold waterworn hills, which rise almost immediately behind the town to considerable heights. The native town of Hiogo is much more Europeanized than that of Yokohama, and its shops contain the finest art-work we have yet seen anywhere in Japan ; but the prices asked are exorbitant. A railway, forty-five miles in length, joins Kobé with Kioto, and we only waited to obtain our passports before starting by this route for the old Mikadonal capital. Soon after leaving Kobé the hills recede, and the old sea-shelf, narrow at the site of the settlement, widens into a vast plain. This is crowded with villages, and cultivated with the utmost care, the fields seeming alive with people ploughing and preparing the land for crops to follow the rice. Here they use a wooden plough, drawn by a single bullock, and bullock-carts are common both in the fields and on the roads. Rice, as usual, prevails, but a good deal of cotton and "daicun," a kind of long turnip, is grown. For these "dry" crops the land is thrown up into carefully shaped, flat-topped ridges, in each of which two grooves are trodden for seed-beds, and served with human manure, which is carried in buckets depending

from a shoulder-yoke, and distributed by means of a bamboo dipper. No European garden is more minutely tended than a Japanese farm. The railroad crosses a number of streams, or rather their beds, whose great breadth tells of sudden and heavy floods in the wet season. Graceful groves of bamboo occur at frequent intervals, the villages are embowered in foliage, and have a substantial, prosperous appearance, in keeping with that of the country and people.

Kioto is said to have been the residence of the Mikado ever since the eighth century, and, before the recent transfer of the court to Jeddo, it held four hundred thousand souls, a population now reduced by one-half. The imperial palaces are in partial ruin, and the temples seem deserted by both priests and worshippers, but what remains of Kioto is probably more like Old Japan than even Jeddo, where, as we have seen, certain innovations have been made. The town is built on a plain, entirely surrounded by mountains, opening only towards the north and south to give passage to the Kamogawa, a small stream, which the Kiotans have widened by frequent dams and make believe to be a river. The streets are narrow, rectangularly disposed, and like those of Jeddo in appearance, but sad looking and emptier. Everywhere one sees tea-houses, theatres, shows, and the signs of pleasure, but nowhere the indications of work. Only foot-passengers are encountered, few jinrickishas and no horsemen are seen in the streets.

It is a kind of Japanese Paris, whose great world has gone away to Jeddo. But the little world which remains is more picturesque than that of Jeddo. Both men and women are handsomer, and, the latter especially, better dressed, wearing more silk, brighter colours, and having the hair more elaborately ornamented. These brilliant little persons come upon one in the street with all the dazzling effect of a great lady on a Japanese fan.

Kioto is the home of the best ivory-carving, bronze, and lacquer-work in Japan; yet one cannot find examples of either art in the shops. The *chefs d'œuvres* hide themselves in cabinets, and to see them one must pass many patient hours, waiting while the cherished pieces are taken one by one out of their wrappings. The prices asked are amazing, for every rich Japanese is an ardent and discriminating collector, and these Kioto things are especially beautiful. There is a Government silk-weaving establishment in the town, but we found very few looms at work, and none of them were employed upon those elaborate silk brocades which we had hoped to see growing in the native hand-looms. Instead of these, some very ordinary work was being woven on machines which, although primitive in their details, were European in principle, and therefore quite uninteresting to us. This place, like the Insetz Kioku at Tokio, is built on a grand scale, and full of polite officials, but is evidently not paying its working expenses.

At night we strolled through the street devoted to

theatres and entertainments, and, for about a shilling, visited a juggler, a conjurer, an exhibition of the magic lantern, and a theatre. The first two shows were remarkable from the fact that the feats and tricks exhibited were exactly the same as those commonly seen at home. The magic lantern, however, surprised us, by showing views of the Victoria Tower, Notre Dame, portraits of animals at the "Zoo," and a number of similar subjects, described by a voluble little Jap showman to a delighted audience; while, at the theatre, we saw repeated the same scenes and clever acting we had witnessed at Yokohama.

November 20.—Drove three hours in jinrickishas to Kameyama, the "Tortoise Mountain," through whose ravines the Oigawa river runs in a series of rapids to join one of the affluents of the Yodogawa. The natives shoot these rapids in large boats, and timber is rafted down by the same speedy route to Osaka. The cañon is narrow, and the hills are of gneiss, rising from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet on either side of the valley, whose steep sides are covered with trees, among which great patches of scarlet maple give extraordinary beauty to the view at this time of the year. Putting our jinrickishas on board one of the big, box-like boats, we pushed out into the stream, four coolies managing the craft, with two short oars on the starboard side, one long oar in the stern, and a bamboo pole in the bow. The water runs very fast in some places, while in others it is

sluggish ; but the transit became exhilarating now and then, when we ran down a long straight flight of steps, of which, indeed, we wished there were more. On the way we met many boats being laboriously towed up-stream by coolies, and admired the skill with which a practicable path has been exploited beside this wild and boulder-strewn stream, as well as the cleverly arranged bamboo guards which guide the tow-ropes past rocky peaks and prevent their being caught in inaccessible places. We landed at a point where the rapids merge into a wide and quiet stream, cumbered with boats and timber-rafts, and drove back to Kioto, barely catching the four-o'clock train to Hiogo, thanks to the stupidity of our new guide, the "Light of Asia," as we had too good reason to nickname this unenlightened heathen.

November 21.—The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Malacca* from Yokohama, bound for Hongkong, entered the port of Hiogo at noon, and, tarrying only just long enough to pick us up, at once commenced the passage of the far-famed "Inland Sea." The beauties of this voyage are, I think, overrated. The scenery is exactly like that of the rest of Japan, but enhanced in effect by its lake-like character. On one side of the traveller lies the mainland of Nippon ; on the other the coast, first of Shikok, and then of Kiusiu, now nearer together, now further apart, and sometimes approaching each other so closely as to form narrow straits. Conical hills, the corpses of extinct volcanos, rise on either shore above

rounded hill-sides, which are covered with foliage, except where they are terraced and cultivated. The feet of the mountains stand, as is so commonly the case in Japan, on a low shelf-like shore, and almost every indentation in the coast-line is occupied by a brown, toy-like village, the home of fishermen, whose boats are thickly scattered over the glancing water which forms the foreground of these rustic pictures from our decks.

November 22.—We threaded the Straits of Shimonoseki, famous on account of the bombardment of Choshiu's town and batteries in 1864, and entering the open sea, shortly afterwards changed our course to south-west and steered for Nagasaki.

November 23.—Nagasaki is a dead port. It is not so well placed for business as Yokohama or Kobé, and, while these settlements have injured their elder sister, the stagnation of trade has finished her completely. There are only four European merchants left in the place, and enterprise, either in despair, or to console itself, has taken refuge in keeping grog-shops. Everything in the foreign quarter looks decayed and lifeless, while even the native town is dull, dirty, and uninteresting. The harbour scenery is magnificent, forcibly recalling that of Dartmouth, but with a wider stretch of land-locked anchorage, circled by higher and steeper hills than in the case of the pretty little Devonshire town. The *Iron Duke*, the *Champlain*, a French war-steamer, a Russian man-of-war, and the *Sunda* (Peninsular and Oriental)

were the chief ships in the harbour, and as we arrived the band of the English iron-clad was playing "God save the Queen." The strain seemed like a memory of home.

Our first care was to visit "Desima," the artificial island, only a few square yards in extent, separated from the native town by a narrow stone bridge, where, after the expulsion of the Portuguese from Japan in 1637, their commercial rivals, the Dutch, were installed and practically imprisoned. Of the lives which the traders of Holland passed in Desima, so well described by Kämpfer, I shall not pause to speak; but the Dutch and Portuguese cannot be mentioned in connection with Nagasaki without a reference, however imperfect, to the short but bloody page of history which records the rise and fall of Christianity in Japan during the latter half of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries. It was here that this terrible little drama was played, and yonder in the harbour stands the wooded island of Papenberg, the scene of merry picnics to-day, but the place from whose sheer cliffs four thousand Christian natives were hurled into the sea after Japan had decreed the uprooting of the cross within her borders.

In 1542 a Portuguese ship, bound for Macao, already a Portuguese settlement, was blown out of her course and anchored with difficulty in the port of Bungo, in the island of Kiusiu. This was the first European vessel that ever touched the shores of Japan, but she was kindly received, and the occurrence led to the establish-

ment of a trade between the Daimio of Bungo and Macao. Seven years later, a young Japanese fugitive sailed on one of the Portuguese traders to Goa, where he became converted to Christianity, returning shortly after to his home, accompanied by some Jesuit fathers, among whom was the celebrated Francis Xavier. They were welcomed with open arms, and Xavier's devoted labours, backed by the pompous ceremonial of the Roman Church, which delighted the impressionable Japanese, brought immense numbers of natives under the standard of the cross within a few years. These converts, in their enthusiasm for the new religion, actually sent an embassy to the Pope in 1585, to assure him of their entire submission to Rome. An enormous ecclesiastical establishment sprang up in Japan, numbering hundreds of churches and hundreds of thousands of converts, while it has been said that the reigning emperor himself leant towards the doctrines preached by the Jesuit fathers.

But, sheltered in the first instance by a feudal lord, one of a coalition of clan-leaders who were struggling against the concentration of power in the hands of the Shogunate, then administered by Taiko Sama, the ablest man and greatest figure in Japanese history, Christianity became at length a political bond between certain rebellious feudatories, and a synonym with treason. The Portuguese clergy too became haughty with increasing success, mimicking the pomp of Rome and claiming

precedence over the native aristocracy, besides introducing the spirit of the Inquisition, a thing wholly repugnant to Japanese ideas of toleration. Christianity, in fine, seemed already threatening to become an *imperium in imperio* in Japan, when the State determined on its eradication. In 1587 the Jesuits were ordered to quit the country, and the Buddhist clergy, seeing their own wishes seconded by the power of the Shogunate, threw all the weight of their influence with a superstitious people into the scale against the new faith. Persecutions, deportations, and massacres followed, and for the first third of the seventeenth century the history of Christianity in Japan is a long record of bloodshed. Deprived of their leaders, menaced with torture and death, but still faithful to their creed, the Christians at last took up arms, and made a final stand in the stronghold of Simabara, in 1638.

Meanwhile the Dutch, who landed for the first time in Japan in 1600, had been allowed to establish a small factory on the island of Firando, near Nagasaki. They were careful to make the Government understand that their religion had nothing in common with that of the Jesuit fathers, and if, during the persecutions, one of them were asked by a Japanese if he were a Christian, the answer was, "No, I'm a Dutchman." But they were jealous of the commercial supremacy of the Portuguese and hated their religion, with which, in the person of Spain, they were indeed at deadly strife, and spared

no intrigues against their rivals, to the extent, as some say, of being traitors to the Christian faith itself. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Dutch aided the Japanese in subduing the stubborn remnant of Christians who made their final stand at Simabara, and it was by Dutch guns that the walls of this last stronghold of the cross in Japan were battered to the ground. In the massacre which followed the taking of Simabara, no less than forty thousand victims were slain, and Japanese Christianity perished in a sea of blood. It had grown up in a night, matured in half a century, and was utterly rooted out in less than a hundred years after being first planted in the country.

The Dutch gained little from their treachery towards the religion, loyalty to which had ruined their rivals. They were allowed to occupy the little island of Desima, being strictly confined within its limits, and watched by a special police. Once a year they were obliged to express their contempt for the Christian religion, and, it is said, to spit upon the cross; while they were only allowed to import two ship-loads of merchandise per annum. But the Dutchman knew how to transmute his chains into gold, and small as Desima is, it was big enough to hold some large Dutch fortunes in the seventeenth century.

At Nagasaki the *Malacca* took in a supply of Kago-shima coal, which looks like excellent fuel. It came alongside in great junks, and was discharged by means

of small straw baskets, passing from hand to hand in a continuous stream, along two lines of natives, among whom were many women and girls. On the other side of the ship, the steam crane was loading cases of dried fish, the machine being cleverly rigged with a snatch-block, so as to make it double-acting, hauling one case from the boat to the deck, while it dropped a second into the hold. It was a characteristic last view of Japan ; man *versus* science ; the East against the West. Which will win ?

Leaving Nagasaki harbour, one sees, for the first time in Japan, mountains rising directly from the sea, instead of from a plain. At the southern corner of the islands, the low terrace which marks an old sea-level and forms the present shore almost universally elsewhere, disappears ; and we take leave, not of a country strange in this respect, as in so many others, to all our former experiences, but of bold, familiar-looking sea-cliffs, against whose feet the great Pacific waves are breaking in sheets of foam.

CHAPTER X.

NEW JAPAN.

November 25-27.

THREE days on board ship, with fine weather overhead and a spanking monsoon astern, was just what we wanted to arrange our ideas of the curious land we had left. The chief interest of Japan for Europeans commences with the year 1853, when the American, Commodore Perry, arrived in the country, demanding the establishment of relations with the United States. This mission, which resulted in the opening of Japan after two hundred and twenty-five years of absolute seclusion, was the beginning of a momentous series of events, including the subversion of the traditional form of Government, the abolition of the feudal system, and the establishment of a so-called Europeanized Government upon its ruins. Neither the history of these occurrences nor the present political position of New Japan can be understood without some reference to Old Japan, while there still remains much that is inexplicable in recent events and great uncertainties in regard to the future of the country.

The notion that the Mikado was a spiritual power, while the Shogun—or Tycoon, as we erroneously called him—was a temporal ruler, is long ago exploded. Authentic Japanese history dates from the third century, since when, and probably for ten centuries previously, down to the present day, the Mikado has always been the supreme power, the Son of the Gods, invisible, speaking only from behind a veil, but absolute master of Japan. From the eighth century, he resided at Kioto, surrounded by his court, and, when he called them together, the daimios, or feudal lords of the empire; but his authority was exercised by the “Kwambaku,” (Keeper of the Inner Bolts) a kind of Grand Vizier, in whose hands were the army and the treasury, the Mikado himself having already become a mere idol.

Towards the end of the twelfth century these powers were snatched from the family in whose hands they had centred for hundreds of years, by the head of a rival house, who possessed himself of the richest part of Nippon, established a new capital, and, while theoretically commander-in-chief of the Mikado, became the practical master of Japan. This was the first Shogun, named Yoritomo, a vigorous monarch, who administered the power which he had usurped in the interests of the country, and governed it with honour and success for fifty years. Yoritomo's heirs, however, were feeble men, who soon became reduced to a dependence, like that of the Mikado, on powerful ministers, occupied

with family aggrandizements and feudal quarrels ; and, for nearly four centuries after the death of the first Shogun, the country was covered with blood and ruins by the struggles of the clans. Japan became a prey to military supremacy ; every bond between man and man, except that of lord and vassal, was snapped ; religion and the arts almost perished ; and, though the Shogunate still existed, anarchy reigned.

Then a great man, named Taiko Sama, originally a groom, arose and was followed by great heirs. The Shogunate again became the controlling power in the state ; and, by the opening of the seventeenth century, Yeasu, the successor of Taiko and builder of Jeddo, found himself absolute master of Japan, though nominally the vassal of the half-mysterious emperor. At this time the dual Government was in its apogee, the Mikado's divinity and supremacy were fully acknowledged, foreign commerce began to develop, the arts reached their culminating point, and the country was wisely administered by a powerful monarch. The immediate successors of Yeasu were also vigorous men, who continued his politic rule, and nothing of much moment occurred during their reigns except the Christian persecutions already alluded to, the final expulsion of the Portuguese, and the absolute closing of Japan to foreigners.

But even a strong central power could not vitally alter the character of a feudalism, the outcome of four

hundred years of clan fighting, or destroy plotting on one side, which came to be met by surveillance and control on the other. The feudatories were played off one against the other, but every man was watched. The daimios were forbidden to see one another without leave, and forced to live at Jeddo during half of every year, their wives and children being left there as hostages when they visited their estates. Although disaffection was always latent, the clans, being without cohesion, were powerless during strong administrations ; but there was no stable equilibrium in the situation, and the feuds of families might become dangerous at any moment under a weak ruler.

Such was the condition of Old Japan when Commodore Perry arrived in 1853, asking for a treaty of friendship with the United States, and prepared, if need be, to enforce his request. Perry's arrival profoundly disturbed and alarmed the whole country, one of its first effects being to unite the clans in a policy of resistance to the admission of the foreigners. The feudatories, indeed, began at once to cast cannon and build forts, loudly demanding of the Shogun the immediate expulsion of the foreigners. Meanwhile Perry, ignorant, like all the rest of the world, of the Mikadonal supremacy, had addressed his demands to Ii Kamon-no-Kami, the regent for a Shogun still in his minority. Ii Kamon-no-Kami was a man of powerful character, who, finding that Perry was not to be put off, and fully convinced of his

power to insist on what he demanded, finally gave way, and signed a preliminary convention with the United States, without any reference to the court at Kioto, giving similar privileges to England and Russia later in the same year, equally on his own responsibility. Four years later, at the close of the China war, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros appeared with a naval force in Jeddo Bay, and demanded an extended and definitive treaty. Convinced of the hopelessness of resistance, aware that reference to Kioto was only a farce, involving delays which might be dangerous, and with recent events in China before his eyes, the regent again gave way, and made the required agreements with the chief European Powers in 1858.

Upon this, the anger of the feudatories broke forth, and clans which had nothing in common but disaffection to the Shogunate found themselves firmly united under a banner inscribed with the words, "Honour the Mikado, and death to the barbarians." Powerful as this watchword proved to bring the scattered feudal elements together, it was nevertheless a sham in the mouths of the four great southern clans, Satsuma, Choshu, Tosa, and Hizen, who now put themselves at the head of the popular movement. The real object of this ambitious coalition was to raise itself to power on the ruins of the Shogunate, which had at length supplied the desired opportunity for effective attack by its disregard of the two strongest prejudices of the military caste, viz. veneration for the

Mikado's divine power, and hatred of the foreigner. It must be remembered that the aristocracy and military caste have always formed the public opinion of Japan, the people being, as we have already seen, a mere inert mass, without any interest or influence in political affairs.

It was in the midst of a perfect tempest of excitement against the foreigner, and when the Mikado, at the instance of the coalition, was sending urgent orders to the "Bakufu," or Shogunal Government, for the expulsion of the "barbarians," that settlers began to establish themselves in Yokohama, where the first godown was opened in July, 1859. Then began a series of cowardly and murderous attacks upon Europeans by samurai and "ronins," or outlaws, belonging to one or other of the disaffected clans. Ii Kamon-no-Kami himself was one of the first victims, and such were now the relations between the Bakufu and its vassal clans, that the regent's successor was powerless either to check the evil or to punish the assassins. The foreign ministers made reclamation after reclamation, but without result, and, pressed on both sides, the position of the Shogun became daily more critical. At length the daimios openly refused to pay their contributions to the treasury, or live at Jeddo as they had been accustomed to do, but withdrew to Kioto, which city became a hotbed of intrigues against the Shogun.

While such was the attitude of the southern clans, the northern feudatories, and especially the Aidzu clan

remained faithful to the Shogunal interests, and at this time it happened that the capital and person of the Mikado, always in charge of one or other of the daimios, was defended by Aidzu. But the Mikado was a talisman whose possession was necessary to the success of the allied clans, for his edicts had the weight of divine authority, though he himself was a powerless mouth-piece in the hands of his guardians for the time being. An attack upon Kioto was accordingly made by Choshiu, with a view to securing the Mikado's person, but he was beaten by Aidzu, who, together with the Shogun, remained masters of the situation for the moment, and dragged from the Son of the Gods an order to punish Choshiu's attempt.

Two events now occurred which, for the first time, gave the Japanese incontestable proof of European power, and had great weight in the decision of important issues a few years later. Unable to obtain redress at the hands of the Bakufu for the murder of a Mr. Richardson, cut down, without provocation, and in broad daylight, by the retainers of Satsuma, the English bombarded Kagoshima, belonging to this prince, in 1863; while, in 1864, a combined squadron destroyed the batteries of Shimonoseki, whence Choshiu had fired upon foreign trading vessels entering the straits.

The defeat of Choshiu's attempt on Kioto had not disheartened the coalition of southern clans, but it now became evident that their military preparations, although

ostensibly directed against the barbarians, were really aimed at the Shogun. The civil war, so long impending, between north and south, the partisans of the Shogun and Mikado respectively, at length broke out, and ended, after some years of conflict, in the overthrow of the former and death of the Shogun in 1866. Stotsbashi, the last of these rulers, unwillingly took up the reins, no longer of power, but declared himself ready to lay them down as soon as the daimios in council had fixed the bases of a new constitution. For this purpose he convened the princes of the empire at Kioto, when the four clans, now supreme from a military point of view, and prepared with a programme for the division of the spoils, proposed the abolition of the Shogunate and a return to the primitive constitution, or single rule of the Mikado, such as it was before the creation of the dual power by Yoritomo. Stotsbashi was forced to resign, but Aidzu, who was still in charge of the palace at Kioto, would not abandon the cause of the Shogunate without a struggle, and prepared for resistance. His troops were, however, surprised and replaced by those of the allied clans, himself and the Shogun retiring hastily to Osaka, and, in January, 1868, the Mikado, then a boy of twelve years, issued notices declaring the re-establishment of his sovereignty throughout the empire. The resistance of the northern clan was soon crushed. Aidzu marched on Kioto, but was defeated in a bloody battle at Fujimi, about five miles

from the capital, while the deposed Shogun, whom he had persuaded to share his policy, was pursued to Jeddo, and forced into retirement. Such, after a duration of seven centuries, was the end of the Shogunate.

The foreign ministers, who were settled at Jeddo, observed a strict neutrality during the civil war, but a murderous attack on the British legation caused the retirement of all, except the American diplomats, from the capital to Yokohama. The settlement itself lived in constant fear of attack, until, upon the native governor having declared himself powerless to defend the Europeans, a number of French and English troops were quartered at the Bluffs as a matter of precaution, though happily their services were never required. The triumph of the four clans, however, was no sooner achieved, than the men who had proclaimed "Death to the barbarians" hastened to assure the foreigners of their friendship and peaceable intentions. The assassinations suddenly ceased. The representatives of the Powers were invited to present their credentials to the Mikado, and, for the first time in history, Europeans were admitted to an audience with the Son of the Gods. Japanese ambassadors were accredited to the more powerful foreign states, and, to the astonishment of everybody, Japan abandoned quite suddenly her old exclusive attitude, and presented herself for admittance into the family of civilized nations.

The hatred, or, more accurately perhaps, the fear,

of foreigners was, however, none the less a reality in Japan; and if its new rulers were ready to ratify treaties which they had recently denounced, the explanation must be sought in the lessons which Satsuma and Choshu had learned from the bombardment of Kagoshima and Shimonoseki. When, the restoration of the Mikado being effected, the samurai asked to be led against Yokohama, their instructed leaders said, "Wait; there is something to do first. We must borrow the arms, methods, and discipline of the barbarians before we can hope to expel them. Remember China." We deceive ourselves if we suppose that the rulers of Japan love us any more now than they did then. They have always dreaded lest foreign intercourse might result in foreign domination, and now bide their time—safeguarding as best they can the independence and integrity of the country, and looking forward to becoming the equals of European states in the powers of offence and defence. As for the people, they know and care nothing about politics, but remain, what they have always been towards Europeans, polite, tolerant, and indifferent.

Scarcely was the revolution accomplished than the four clans begged the Mikado to take their territories and soldiers. It was apparently an act of suicide; but, while the whole world wondered, the request was granted, and the fall of the Shogunate was almost immediately followed by the destruction of the feudal system. The daimios were dispossessed and indemnified

by pensions, which represented only a tenth part of their former incomes, while the Government charged itself with the support of the feudal soldiery who had hitherto been dependent on the lords. The samurai, as we have seen, were compensated, very inadequately, for the loss of their rice by pension-bonds, while, in place of a number of separate feudal forces, an imperial army was organized on European models. The great princes, from whom these astounding proposals came, were already masters of the empire, and obeyed or disregarded their own edicts as they pleased ; but the smaller men were helpless and could not resist. The disestablished and disendowed daimios were once more obliged to live at Jeddo, and their fiefs were converted into provinces, of which they became simply revocable and non-hereditary governors, subject to the Imperial Council. Thus, within ten years, the coalition had destroyed the Shogunate and abolished the feudal system, and it now only remained for them to rule.

The new constitution consisted of the youthful Emperor and an Imperial Council, the mandatories of the four clans, who, with empty promises of representative institutions, took up the reins of power as the mere proxies of the coalition. But these men soon found that the throne of the Shogun was no bed of roses. They were obliged to satisfy not only the *parvenus* of the coalized clans and old functionaries of the Shogunate, whose reactionary influence they feared ; but many

followers of the dispossessed daimios, who, while they claimed a share of power, looked, in accordance with their ingrained feudal instincts, to their own lords for orders. Iwakura, Sanjo, Kido, Okuma, and Itagaki, the able leaders of the movement, apart, every minister in the Government represented the claims of his own clan, and the old aristocratic rule was replaced, not by a controlling central will or powerful public opinion, but by a factious and sometimes distracted oligarchy. The coalition was fettered from the outset by its coadjutors, men who could not be dispensed with, and whose discontent it was dangerous to brave. The situation was dominated by cabals. At one moment, Satsuma, the greatest of the princes and a cabinet minister, was in full rebellion, and, at another, some almost equally great man defied the edicts of the Government, whose energy was wasted in adjusting difficulties and making concessions. Public business in such an assembly could never be a steady, forward movement towards a definite goal, but was characterized by uncertainty and vacillation. They decided only to repent, began but did not finish, schemed but did not execute. It was a state of things having all the disadvantages of despotism without its power of following a definite line of action.

Such is the Government which signalized its accession to power by plunging into the path of European civilization with an ardour that astonished the world.

This step meant, and still means, spending much money. The pensions of the feudal soldiery, wretched as they are, cost Japan one-fourth of its whole national income. The new naval and military expenditure forms one-fifth of the annual budget, and it is impossible to say how much money is laid out in the ostensible Europeanization of the country. But, headlong as the reform has been, its superficiality strikes the most unobservant traveller. There are two costly railways, which, however, do not tap the wealthy districts, and are comparatively valueless in the absence of roads. Timber cannot be felled, metals and minerals cannot be mined, petroleum wells cannot be sunk, rice even becomes a drug sometimes, for want of roads ; while hothouse manufactories make a show of fostering the industries of the West on a soil which is unprepared for their reception. Only in naval and military reforms is any solid character to be discovered ; the remaining Government enterprises are for the most part expensive playthings, which dazzle and deceive Europe without benefiting Japan. Meanwhile, the country which has started such a costly establishment has very little money, and the stock of that is rapidly diminishing. Japan parted with her gold "kobangs," ignorant of their value, many years ago, at ruinous prices, to the Dutch. There is nothing to indicate the existence of private hoards at the present day, and the Government, while claiming to have a reserve of ten millions sterling, is shrewdly suspected

of empty coffers. On the other hand, there is more than twenty millions of paper money in circulation, an amount which is being daily increased, notwithstanding the depreciation in its value. The balance of trade is against the country to the extent of nearly a million pounds annually, and the exports of treasure have exceeded the imports by five millions during the past four years.

While such is the state of the national exchequer, the people begin to complain of their burdens. The agriculturists ask why the taxation should fall almost exclusively on land. All classes are clamouring for the abolition of the samurai pensions, and the Government is inundated with petitions pointing out the uselessness of this class, and begging for its immediate disendowment. Japan, indeed, constantly approaches a financial crisis, which must be met sooner or later, either by a new foreign loan, which, other sources of revenue being hypothecated, would demand material guarantees; the renunciation of an unprofitable external commerce, and a return to the old exclusive system; or the opening of the country to foreign enterprise. With regard to the first of these remedies, a foreign loan, involving a breach of national integrity and danger to the national independence, will be resisted to the last by the Government. The second is impossible, not only on account of the attitude which Europe would certainly take towards any proposals to close the country, but because her views

would probably be backed by native objections. For, extravagances apart, Japan has spent some modest sums in effectively educating a number of her young men in the arts and sciences of Europe, thereby introducing a leaven whose influence might be found very powerful in deciding such a question, while the traders and artisans are, as we have already seen, decided gainers by the presence of the foreigner. There remains the question, whether the oligarchy which now rules Japan, incoherent in structure, weak in action, and afraid of European domination, will ever willingly consent to the complete opening of the country. This is the only means by which its resources can be developed or its present expenditure met, and towards this end the chief forces of the situation are working. A public opinion is arising even among the inert and docile masses of Japan. Already it makes itself heard in the popular outcry against the unfair incidence of taxation, and in the petitions against the burdensome samurai pensions. Time, self-interest, and the spread of European education all favour its growth, which a native press will foster in spite of the muzzle. Feudality has committed *hara kiri*. Will the public voice of Japan, speaking through representative institutions, hereafter decree the death of class rule, and this strange, cultured, and interesting country enter, in fact as well as in word, on the path of modern progress? It is a question which no man can answer.

CHAPTER XI.

HONGKONG—CANTON.

November 28-30.

November 28.—After seven months of absence from England, we were once more on British soil. Hongkong, seized by the English in 1841, is a second Gibraltar, the most advanced of a line of outposts which, commencing with the Rock, extends through Malta, Aden, Ceylon, Penang, and Singapore, to Hongkong, dominating the south of Asia, and making the power of England felt in the extreme East.

The harbour of Hongkong is magnificent. The island itself is so disposed with regard to the mainland as to give the roadstead the appearance of a land-locked lake, surrounded by steep hills, bare and rugged, but tinted at sunrise and sunset with magical colours of rose and crimson. Victoria itself might be a Mediterranean town, so picturesquely do its embowered white houses cling to the hills which rise abruptly from the sea ; but the place on near approach has an intensely English air. The town is full of handsome houses, which climb to the cool summit of the Peak, eighteen hundred feet high,

becoming widely scattered at the higher elevations, where, however, there are many charming retreats from the heats of summer. A narrow strip of level land borders the sea, and is covered with fine offices and godowns, having wide Continental piazzas. The streets are well paved and well kept, furnished with capital English shops, shaded by trees, and full of sedan-chairs, carried on the shoulders of coolies by means of long bamboo poles. Here and there are handsome club-houses, which would not discredit Pall-Mall; while the hill-side rising above the town has been terraced and transformed into beautiful sub-tropical gardens, where the military band plays, and all the world strolls in the afternoon. The street crowd is a very motley one; Chinese, English, French, Germans, and Parsees elbow one another, while here and there is a Sikh policeman or a Portuguese from Macao. Everybody is intent on his own business, and moves briskly, as if time were precious. The native quarter is like Chinatown, San Francisco, but dirtier and more odoriferous, and both its streets and people repel one after the cleanly and polished Japanese. European society is entirely English in character, being formal and exclusive; while the luxury of the wealthy classes far exceeds that of persons similarly situated at home. Balls, races, regattas, and *fêtes* of all kinds help to lighten the *ennui* of life, and the toilette is a cult commanding the enthusiastic devotion of the ladies.

The commercial supremacy of Shanghai allots a secondary part to Hongkong in regard to the Chinese trade ; but its importance, though chiefly that of a naval and military station, is nevertheless considerable as a port. Here, however, as elsewhere, the days of immense profits are gone, never to return. A few great houses, the "merchant princes" of the East, once monopolized the China trade, and, before the native wants were accurately known, often made lucky hits which brought in enormous gains. There were then no banks or lenders, and everything was thrown into the hands of large capitalists. How these men lived, and how they entertained in the old days, all the world knows ; but open houses are no longer kept in China, and the princely way of life is changed. Native requirements have been gauged. Money can be borrowed. German and Chinese traders have entered the lists, and, with the growth of competition, has come a corresponding diminution of individual gains, although the total returns are larger than ever. The Europeans kick against this state of things, and, while new-comers and old firms alike bewail the good old times, there are strong spirits who would like to drive Manchester and Bradford goods farther up the country at the point of the bayonet. Commercial discontent is indeed a dangerous element in the relations of Europe and China.

No Englishman can visit Hongkong without experiencing a feeling of pride in his native country. The

flag which floats above our antipodal Gibraltar is within signalling distance of home through a series of similar British stations ; and gives, not only security to our exiled compatriots, but protection, justice, and prosperity to the native races who gather beneath its folds.

November 29.—We left Hongkong in one of the great river boats, built on American lines, which run up the shallow Pearl river to Canton daily. This is the first time we have ever sailed with loaded rifles in the saloon, and the bulk of our fellow-passengers secured below and guarded by an armed sentry. One of these steamers was attacked some years ago by a band of pirates, who, coming on board as passengers, rose upon and massacred all the Europeans, and made themselves masters of the vessel, since which time, the second-class Chinese have been stowed below, locked down, and guarded, while arms are put within reach of the whites.

There is nothing striking about the approach to Canton, except the immense extent of the low, brown-roofed town, from which rises one large building, the French cathedral, and a number of high square towers scattered among the houses. The last are pawn-shops, a sure sign of prosperity in a Chinese town, where articles of value are not so much pledged, as deposited for safety against theft and fire. Nor, as it seemed to us, without reason, for, at the moment of our arrival, a great conflagration was raging in Canton, and streets of flimsy

houses were being burnt down almost as fast as a man could walk. The river is lined with little boats, each the home of a family, where one sees the mother, baby on back, giving an eye to another child or two, tethered by a piece of string to the gunwale, while she is cooking or otherwise attending to her domestic duties. A crowd of these boats, steered by women, surrounds the steamer on arrival, holding on to her sides as best they can, while her paddles are still at full speed. The boatmen jump on board, snatching at baggage right and left, and hurrying it into their skiffs, followed by distracted owners, who disembark at the imminent risk of drowning, amid jostling boats and the wild cries of the helmswomen.

We landed at Shamien, a small island, ceded to the British after the destruction of the old Canton factory in 1841, where all the foreign merchants reside. The well-kept quay is planted with banian trees, and the little colony, numbering less than fifty, live in charming houses, surrounded by gardens, and approached by good roads. Kind friends received us here, and, after a most agreeable tiffin, we began our exploration of the city, each in a sedan-chair, and in charge of a Chinese guide. Canton is a labyrinth of passages—one cannot call them streets—about eight feet wide, bordered by high houses, and covered in above by screens, “glazed” with thin laminæ of oyster-shell, which admit light, but exclude the sun’s fierce rays. The shops are very high,

and open to the street, and beside each hangs a long vertical plank, lacquered, and gilded with some chosen device, such as "Great and Good," "Peace and Honour," by which, instead of his own name, the proprietor is exclusively known in all his business relations. Within, is a little altar, dedicated to the god of wealth, and before it, burns a fragrant joss-stick. The well-dressed shop-keeper is a picture of official decorum, and, with his two or three serious-looking clerks, bows with solemn politeness as customers enter. One street is devoted to silks, another to jade ornaments, a third to coffins, a fourth to butchers, and so on. The narrow alleys are paved with granite slabs, foul with slime, and choked with a flood of unclean men, through whom the chair-carriers make their way unceremoniously enough. All idea of locality is soon lost in these labyrinths, closely walled in as they are by high and sombre houses, and the ear is distracted by the strange raucous cries of street-sellers, which strike discordantly through the general drone of sound that rises from the crowd.

Returning from this scene to Shamien, across a bridge guarded by an iron gate, was like entering heaven after leaving pandemonium. On one side of the canal were the wide quays, leafy avenues, and well-appointed houses of the concession, the last already lighted for the decorous dinner ; while, on the other, rolled a turbid stream of Chinamen, whose cold, unfriendly eyes we were glad to escape, and whose sinister murmur sounded

like a perpetual "beware!" addressed to the confident and careless ears of the settlement.

November 30.—Our chairs carry us rapidly from one sight to another. We visit the shops of the merchants who deal exclusively with Europeans, where, thanks to the introduction of our hosts, the finest silk embroideries, ivory carvings, porcelains, and a thousand other things are shown us by shopkeepers having the manners of diplomats. We see the delicate processes of lacquering in progress; a pair of great elephant's tusks under the graver, which has already been busy upon them for more than a year, and exquisite decorations in feather-work growing under skilful and pliant fingers. Then we are carried to a silk-weaver's, where magnificent brocades are produced, in a miserable little shop which one enters with disgust, by looms of the most primitive construction. These have no Jacquard cards, such as we found in use in Japan, but, in their place, a boy, who, by means of strings tied in a set order to the warp of the fabric, pulls up in sequence the threads proper for each passage of the shuttle. Hard by, is a glass-house, where we find our modern system of blowing an elongated bubble instead of spinning a flat plate centrifugally, in full operation; and finally we visit a street which is full of lapidaries' shops, where they are cutting armlets and earrings from hard green jade with rude wheels.

There are any number of temples and pagodas in

Canton, notable for nothing but their filthy, ruinous condition, and entire want of architectural interest. The most famous of these is the "Temple of the Five Hundred Gods," gilded statues of Buddhist sages and apostles, remarkable for the expression of the faces, but otherwise conventional and uninteresting figures. In one of the pagodas hangs the Bell of Canton, concerning which a popular superstition declared that the city would be lost when this bell should sound. A fracture now indicates the spot where a cannon-shot struck it by accident during our attack in 1842, and from that moment the defence of the city was considered hopeless.

The "Examination Hall" is a very curious place. The mandarins, or Chinese Government officials, are all appointed after competitive examinations, which are held once in every three years, and, if the country remains stationary under a system from which we expect advance, it is because the test of merit is mere scholasticism. The hall is a huge building containing several thousand cells, each only a few feet square, where sit the candidates, and at one end is an open space for the examiners. Our guide spoke English imperfectly, and before I had mastered his explanation, I took the place to be a yard for holding cattle shows. The famous water-clock of Canton is a dismal arrangement of four wooden tubs, standing one above the other on a dwarf staircase, each dripping slowly into the one below it, the last being

furnished with a float, whose rise is measured on a graduated scale, and read in units of time. It is a device unworthy even of a barbarous country.

There is a Tartar Canton as well as a Chinese Canton. In the former, live the ruling race, who do not trade; their houses are scattered along wide, deserted streets, without shops, and hidden by blind walls, behind which no European ever penetrates. The latter is the home of commerce, while the suburbs are occupied by various industries, housed in the wretched way already noted in connection with silk-weaving. Both towns are surrounded by half-ruinous walls, armed with a few rusty old carronades, more like scrap-iron than artillery. One high temple on the walls gives the traveller a good general view of the city, exhibiting a confused medley of wooden and bamboo roofs, dominated by the mass of the French cathedral, the square towers of pawn-shops, and occasional pagodas, from whose crumbling eaves spring shrubs and waving grasses. Beyond the city, the level and cultivated valley of the Pearl river spreads widely, hemmed in by the "White Cloud" Mountains, and the whole landscape is drowned in pearly mist.

In one of the streets we met the *cortège* of a mandarin, on his way to administer justice. He was a fat man, with a pale yellow face, expressionless as a bronze, and occupied a pompous chair, shaded by umbrella-bearers. Before and behind him, clattered a

barbaric military rout, and woe to the poor coolie who did not make way quickly as the great man threaded the crowded footways at a rapid walk! We did not follow him to the court, but turned aside to see the notorious prisons of Canton. Outside the walls lay half a dozen men, or rather living skeletons, fettered in such a way that change of attitude was impossible. Their looks were those of tortured animals—we could scarcely believe them men; and in view of an abyss of human degradation, hitherto utterly inconceivable, our pulses quickened and our cheeks burned with almost unbearable shame and indignation. Yet the crowd of natives took no notice of this spectacle “exposed to public derision.” The boys squatted under the trees of the courtyard, gambling with all their souls for “sapèques;” and the restless, anxious life of the city went by, without a glance, either of pity or disgust, at the terrible exhibition. Next, at the end of long, obscure and filthy passages, a heavy gate admitted us to a court, reeking with the sickening odour of the foul humanity—humanity!—which lay, sat, or crouched, in such positions as its fetters permitted, behind a grating of strong wooden bars. Moving their manacled limbs we knew not how, a crowd of fierce grinning creatures threw themselves towards the grill, with hands outstretched for alms. Instinctively we recoiled, as if from a physical danger, in presence of these horrible, unhumanized men. Were these things ever men, with

mothers, perhaps wives and children? It was difficult to believe it; so deformed and so degraded were they that even sweet pity was for a moment lost in fear, as we watched these worse than wild beasts in their filthy lair. Justice in China has but one weapon, viz. cruelty. The court is a torture-room, the prison is a hell, and the execution-ground a field of inhuman carnage. Captain Cooper, one of our fellow-guests at Shamien, told us that, having once occasion to watch a case of piracy in court, he saw a witness (not a prisoner) bastinadoed until his testimony was made to tally with the judge's ideas of what it ought to be, and worse tortures are always at hand waiting the magistrate's orders.

The execution-ground is a long, narrow alley, where about thirty criminals a week are decapitated. A line of condemned men files before the judge, by whose side stands the executioner, who, with a single stroke of a sword, takes one head after the other, the whole thing occupying only a few minutes. Such a scene was described to us by a European eye-witness, who had seen seven men thus beheaded. For ourselves, we could not find courage to face a similar tragedy. We had supped full of horrors at the prisons, and were glad when evening found us once more seated at the bright Shamien dinner-table, where we tried to forget that, within a few yards of us, nearly a million of our fellow-men were living under conditions which would make existence intolerable for us, and dying, when semi-starva-

tion has driven them to crime, by legalized torture. We left Canton without regret, watching from the deck of the *Powan* steamer a beautiful sunset folding its crimson wings over the seething city, already dim and silenced by distance ; and hardly able to realize, when the low brown roofs had slid into obscurity, that such a human ant-heap existed anywhere on the banks of the still and peaceful-looking river.

The Chinaman is a serious man of affairs, gifted, like the Jew, for commerce, and, like him, determined to make money. His commercial morality is high enough to keep him from cheating when cheating hurts his interests, or may endanger future transactions, and he is industrious, exact, and punctual. But no kindly smiles light up his set, yellow face ; there is no welcome in his eyes as the foreigner passes, no *bonhomie* towards his compatriots. The Muses are apparently quite neglected in China ; the oldest temples in Canton exhibit no traces of architectural power, and such art as now flourishes is minute and slavishly imitative. Its professors are little better than coolies, who pass their lives lacquering, embroidering silk, or carving ivory, imprisoned in the narrow shops of densely crowded streets, without a possibility of contact with nature, and reproducing set patterns for a remuneration of twenty-five cents a day. Of music we heard none, while the "literary classes," as they are called, know how to turn ingenious couplets or write sophistical essays, but are

ignorant of all useful or exact knowledge. The appearance of the Chinese is unprepossessing, the few women one sees are repulsively ugly, and the people are without the Japanese cleanliness, whether in street, house, or person.

Although for so long a period in contact with Western civilization, the Chinese still refuse to make use of its material advantages. But if they will have nothing to do with the railway and telegraph, it is not because they do not appreciate the value of these inventions. Their adoption of our ideas, in all that relates to naval and military works, sufficiently proves how competent they are to appraise the value of practical science, but, while they trade with the foreigner, they resent his presence, and would rather make communication more difficult than easier. They understand our civilization well enough, but they will adopt it only when they choose to do so, and meanwhile every Chinaman lives in hope of the day arriving when the last foreigner shall be cleared from the soil of his country.

It is a pity that a people with many excellent, if few amiable qualities, should stagnate under an alien, tyrannous and corrupt rule. The administration is founded on falsehood; the public funds are diverted to official pockets; justice is bought and sold; the miserable condition of the people is disregarded, and the country is at the mercy of rapacious and venal mandarins. But China may even yet strike

a blow for national freedom ; and the day which gives this country a powerful and enlightened Government will introduce to the Western world one of the most dangerous commercial competitors she has ever yet encountered.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

December 1-10.

December 1-6.—The Pacific and Oriental steamer *Teheran* received us on our return from Canton, and, on the afternoon of the 1st, we saw the coast of China, painted in splendid sunset hues, fading in the distance. We had enjoyed an evening fire in Hongkong, but were glad to be under the punkah before night fell. From the warm waters of the China Sea rise masses of vapour, which condense in the north-east monsoon, forming a pall of grey cloud overhead, or distilling in a thick "Scotch mist." The air is hot and "muggy," everything is clammy to the touch, and everybody searches his wardrobe for lighter clothes. It is a foretaste of the tropics.

December 7.—And this is tropical Singapore? A little island about one-third larger than the Isle of Wight, of low rounded hills, with narrow valleys, and a surface which presents the aspect of one continuous forest. The ship was scarcely at anchor when she was surrounded by a fleet of small, dug-out canoes, each carrying two or

three brown Malay boys, naked except for their waistcloths, who shouted, "All right, sah, have a dive! have a dive!" until we threw overboard some small silver coin, when they turned quickly out of their crazy craft, and struggled for its possession under water. The wharf was crowded with "Klings," or Tamils, immigrants from the Madras coast, who far outnumber the Malays, and run them hard as competitors in every occupation. These are some of the finest fellows I have ever seen, tall, well-made, and handsome, their smooth dark skins set off by a bright cotton garment wound around the waist, and exposing sometimes only the lower leg, sometimes the whole thigh. It was a pleasure to look at their comely bodies after those of the ungainly Chinese. One of them came on board, offering change from a bag of dollars on his shoulder. It was really startling to see this fine, fat, white-haired, and white-whiskered man of business, with a face like a Lombard Street banker's, but—without any clothes to speak of.

Singapore is three miles from the harbour, and we walked across the wharf to a "gharry" (one-horse cab) between rows of brilliant parrots, baskets of pine-apples, mangustans, green cocoa-nuts, and bananas, all exposed for sale. The wayside is bordered with palms and tropical trees, but brilliant flowers, saving the lovely crimson hybiscus, are not numerous. Here, for the first time, we saw the cocoa-nut palm and the still more striking "traveller's palm," a graceful vegetable fan, some twenty

or thirty feet high. The native cottages are raised on piles, a "survival" from times when the Malays lived exclusively afloat, and built over the water.

In the settlement we found, as usual, a kind welcome following on the presentation of our introduction, and excellent company at the club, where we took tiffin. Singapore is something more than a port at which steamers touch for coal on the way to China. It has a population of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand souls, an export trade of four millions, and imports of equal value. The former are so various that trade fluctuates but little, while the latter are large, because Singapore has become the centre whence Bangkok and Saigon, together with all the smaller ports on the coast, are supplied. The most striking feature of the settlement is the numerical and commercial predominance of the Chinese, who are far more prosperous under British rule than in their own corruptly governed country. There are a hundred thousand of them in the town, and, to quote our host, one of the leading merchants, a member of the Colonial Council, and, above all, a cautious Scotchman, "the prosperity of the Straits Settlements, and especially of Singapore, is based on the Chinaman." They are the cultivators who grow tobacco in Sumatra and pepper in Penang, the miners who dig tin in Banca, and the tradesmen, *par excellence*, of the Straits. The whole of the coasting trade is in their hands, and they own land and houses

as largely as they do ships. Contrary to what is said of them in America, and too often repeated by Englishmen, they settle permanently in their adopted country, become freeholders, and educate their sons to follow in their footsteps. Many of these men are very wealthy, and live in luxurious style, earning the respect of all unprejudiced Europeans by the good sense with which they dispense their riches. Next to the Chinese in numbers, are the Tamils, who ply every trade, from that of boatman to huckster. These picturesque fellows squat in the streets, selling pine-apples or betel, or keep dirty little shops, where cheap hard and soft wares are sold at ridiculously low prices. Their lips and teeth are stained with betel, and they like to lie in easy attitudes in the shade, being satisfied with little, and destitute of the Chinese commercial spirit. As for the native Malays, they are a short, dark race, without much enterprise or energy and without arts. They make good coachmen and personal servants, but seem to be altogether swamped by the Chinese and Tamils.

After tiffin, we strolled through the native town and markets, where we found Chinese in all the best shops. The town is European in appearance, with white stone houses and green jalousies, reminding us of Italy. On the market stalls we found a fauna and flora entirely new to our experience. Strange and brilliant fishes; vegetables whose names we do not know, together with mangustans, cocoa-nuts, pumelos, sugar-cane, and durian

—the prickly fruit which Mr. Wallace cannot praise too highly, but which few European noses can tolerate.

The foreign merchants live out of town in fine houses, surrounded by large and well-kept gardens. Sometimes one sees a house that might have been transported from Wimbledon Common, but with a lawn shaded by cocoa palms, up one of whose tall smooth stems, perhaps, a native servant is climbing, knife in hand, to cut green nuts for the curry which forms part of every dinner in the East. The English will certainly carry their athletics to the warmer of the two next worlds, for here are cricket and tennis in full blast at three o'clock in the afternoon, under an almost vertical sun! Thanks to the daily drenching rain, Singapore has excellent turf, and this is how our energetic countrymen turn it to account.

The botanical gardens are a great feature in the settlement. They are laid out in landscape style, with undulating grounds of brilliant turf and well-arranged groups of trees. It seemed strange to see large bushes of *stephanotis* and *alamanda*, covered respectively with their fragrant and yellow blossoms; while *vincas*, *dracænas*, and *caladiums* thrive in the open more perfectly than they do under glass with us.

We dined with our friends in one of those spacious and charming houses wherein these exiled merchants so well know how to bring together comfort, luxury, and agreeable society. In the East all the world is young,

and married men are the exception ; but the bachelors certainly manage their houses well, and, if some graces are absent, entertainment lacks neither order nor refinement. The table was a *parterre* of what we should call "rare exotics," common flowers here ; evening costume consisted of a becoming suit of white jean ; the servants were Chinese, silent and perfect as usual ; and the dishes, especially the curries, delicious. Overhead swung the great punkahs. Now and then a pretty lizard made a rapid run along the wall, hunting insects which we could not see ; or a great moth circled slowly around the wax lights. The evening sea-breeze filled the room with oversweet odours, robbed from the garden without, and the talk was of colonial interests, politics, and gossip. It was tropical home life, full of new colour and charm for us, but colourless enough to these exiles, who throughout the East never cease to suffer from *ennui* and homesickness.

December 8-9.—Once more we were afloat, and upon a sea which has been made classical by Mr. Wallace's researches on the distribution of animal life. It was Mr. Earl who first pointed out, in a paper read before the Geographical Society in 1845, that "a shallow sea connects the islands of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo with the Asiatic continent, with which their natural productions generally agree ; while a shallow sea also connects New Guinea and some of the adjacent islands to Australia, all being characterized by the presence of

marsupials." Following up this clue, Mr. Wallace, a few years later, drew his famous "line" among the islands of the Malay Archipelago, dividing them so that, in regard to their zoology, those on one side of the frontier belong to Asia, and those on the other to Australia.

"Wallace's line" coincides with a sea of great depth, which cuts diagonally north-east and south-west across the archipelago, and has so well defined a boundary that it passes in one instance between two islands, Bali and Lombok, only fifteen miles apart, of which the first, situated in the shallow sea, possesses an Asian fauna ; while the animals of the latter, rooted in a profound ocean, are purely Australian in their affinities. The wide expanse of sea which divides Java, Sumatra, and Borneo from each other, and from Malacca and Siam, is so shallow that ships can anchor in any part of it, and it is supposed that the continent of Asia extended over the whole of this area at a very recent geological period. The islands east of Java and Borneo, on the other hand, were probably never connected with India, but formed part of a former Australian or Pacific continent. It is indeed remarkable thus to find islands in the same archipelago, constructed on the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and washed by the same oceans, yet exhibiting the greatest possible contrast in their animal productions. "Nowhere," to quote Mr. Wallace, "does the ancient doctrine—that differences or similarities in the various forms of life that inhabit different countries

are due to corresponding physical differences or similarities in the countries themselves—meet with so direct and palpable a contradiction. Borneo and New Guinea, as alike physically as two distinct countries can be, are zoologically as wide as the poles asunder ; while Australia, with its dry winds, open plains, stony deserts, and temperate climate, yet produces birds and quadrupeds which are closely related to those inhabiting the hot, damp, luxuriant forests which everywhere clothe the mountains of New Guinea.”

A similar line separates the races of the archipelago into Malays and Papuans, who are radically different, physically, mentally, and morally ; but this boundary lies somewhat east of the zoological frontier—a circumstance which, taking into consideration the power that man possesses of traversing the sea, “appears very significant of the same causes having influenced the distribution of mankind that have determined the range of other animal forms. . . . It is certainly a wonderful and unexpected fact that an accurate knowledge of the distribution of birds and insects should enable us to map out lands and continents which disappeared beneath the ocean long before the earliest traditions of the human race. Wherever the geologist can explore the earth’s surface, he can read much of its past history, and can determine approximately its latest movements above and below sea-level ; but wherever oceans and seas now extend, he can do nothing but speculate on the very

limited data afforded by the depths of the waters. Here the naturalist steps in, and enables him to fill up this great gap in the past history of the earth." *

December 10.—We reached Penang at daybreak, and, as the ship was notified to leave again at noon, hastened ashore after a hurried breakfast. Penang, or the "Areca Palm Island," is smaller than the Isle of Wight, and consists of a mass of granite, with peaks rising to elevations of three thousand feet, the whole bordered by an alluvial flat, only a few feet above sea-level, and covered for the most part with virgin forest. We took possession of it in 1786, the British Government of India having long desired a naval station on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. It was then an uninhabited island, belonging to Queda, a tributary of Siam, and a romantic story says that Mr. Francis Light, who first brought the station to the notice of the East India Company, married the daughter of the King of Queda, and received with her as a dowry the island of Penang, which he sold to the British. As matter of fact, however, the Rajah of Queda did not give his desert island to any one, but sold it to this country for a quit-rent of ten thousand Spanish dollars per annum, Francis Light being the agent in the transaction and the first governor of the settlement.

A splendid crew of Tamils took us off the ship in a queer boat, having painted eyes at the bow and

* "The Malay Archipelago," by A. R. Wallace.

ending in two horn-like projections astern. The Tamils and the Chinese together appear to have crowded out the Malays, of whom one sees few in the town, though some of their boats lay around the steamer. Here we discharged a deck cargo of some sixty or seventy Chinese coolies on their way to the tobacco plantations of Sumatra. The "coolie traffic" is now at an end. When a planter wants men he contracts with a "coolie broker" in Hongkong or Macao, who gets the required number of labourers together, puts them on board a passenger steamer, and pays their fare to the Straits. Upon their arrival, the planter advances from thirty to forty dollars per man, which pays the passage money, broker's commission, and a small remittance to relatives in China, leaving about eight dollars in the coolie's hands. The latter signs an agreement to work for one year, advances in kind being made him, and a dwelling found. He clears land and plants tobacco, which the planter takes off his hands at a fixed price, and, at the end of the year, if the advances are not worked out, another contract is made, the man being free to go as soon as he is out of debt, or at the end of three years if still in debt. In the latter case he is of little value to his employer, but generally speaking Chinese coolies free themselves in the first year, after which industrious men can save a hundred dollars per annum. For the careful cultivation which tobacco requires, Chinamen are preferable to the Tamils, who

grow coarser crops well, and are excellent managers of horses and bullocks, about which the yellow man knows but little. The planters are careful of the men's health, insisting on cleanliness and sanitation, notwithstanding which they lose a good many coolies, the sun and newly cleared jungle being the chief sources of mortality, though loose living carries off not a few.

The vegetation of Penang is more strikingly tropical than that of Singapore. There are real "palm groves" here, and the drier atmosphere fosters plants which cannot stand the perpetual rains of the latter place. The harbour is full of shipping, all owned by the Chinese. Tin and pepper are the chief exports, but the trade of this port is on a much smaller scale than that of Singapore.

We cannot help admiring as we proceed the conquests of British commerce, and the splendid spirit of our race, which is daunted neither by climate, distance, political and natural difficulties, nor absence from the things men prize the most. At all the important posts on the way to the far East stand these fragments of England; free ports, administered in the interests of free trade, and with great incidental advantage to native and immigrant races, who, while they prosper under our flag, are working, without knowing it, for the aggrandizement of Britain.

CHAPTER XIII.

CEYLON.

December 11-24.

December 11-13.—We have been on board the *Teheran* for nearly a fortnight, and although society in a Peninsular and Oriental ship, being more exclusively British, is always stiffer and less agreeable than that of a Messageries steamer, the days, as usual afloat, seem too short. There is a sweet tranquillity and ease about life on board ship in the absence of bad weather, which suit tropical heat and physical languor very well. Our cabin is a snug private room, where everything is always ready to hand. There is neither packing nor unpacking. Our little library is nicely arranged on an empty berth, and we can join the world, or retire to sleep, read, or write when we like. On deck are long chairs, whose arms support our languid legs; and if the society, being English, is very dignified and a little dull, we have been fortunate enough to find a few congenial spirits with whom to discuss questions of interest or talk nonsense at will. Of course it is hot, moist air at 80° in the tropics being more exhausting

than a dry heat of 90° in Western America. The morning tub is a momentary heaven, but a printed edict restricts the enjoyment of this paradise to ten minutes, and there is always a queue of impatient men waiting outside the door of the bath-room. The sea is as smooth as a mirror and as blue as a dye-vat; if she were not a steamer, the *Teheran* would be like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean;" yet we see no strange water creatures, of which we supposed the tropical sea would be as full as the tanks of the Brighton Aquarium are of sea-anenomes. There are plenty of "bonitos," however, flying away from the bows, and we try to understand their "mode of motion." They rise from the sea and launch into the air, at a very low angle, the final strokes of the tail leaving a series of undulations, like the last ripples of a successful "dick, duck, drake," on the smooth surface of the water. Their longest flights seem about two hundred yards in length, and are sometimes straight, sometimes zigzag and very swift. Notwithstanding the bird-like motion of flying-fish, it is very unlikely that organs which are effective for propulsion in water can be used to much purpose in air, and we conclude that they probably leap rather than fly, leaving the sea with astonishing velocity, and presenting very little surface to aerial resistance. When in mid-ocean we passed through several large patches of floating organisms, which gave the water an ochreous red appearance. They were, doubtless,

"salpæ," the small associated molluscs which form the "whale-food" of other latitudes ; but the quarter-master, who promised to get us a sample in a bucket, proved faithless, and we lost the opportunity of a microscopic inspection.

December 14-15.—Ceylon was sighted at noon, and a few hours later the pilot boarded us from one of those queer boats of which every one has seen models—a simple wooden tube, hollowed from a palm, and steadied by a floating spar lashed to the ends of two long outriggers. We asked in dismay how we were going ashore with our baggage in a craft where there is only just room for a man to stow his legs between the gunwales ; but our anxiety was premature, as there were plenty of big boats waiting for passengers. Galle harbour is a semicircle, half enclosing a small anchorage, full of coral rocks, and imperfectly protected from the southern swell, which rolls in with great force when the monsoon is strong. The crescent-shaped shore is covered to the very margin of the sea with cocoa-nut palms ; the blue water is alive with outriggers, and the shallows are carpeted with the brilliant tints of living corals.

We stepped ashore into blazing heat, and were followed to the doors of the Oriental Hotel by a crowd of loafers, peddlers, and mendicants. The hotel piazza was occupied by merchants of precious stones, silver jewellery, inlaid boxes, and ivory carvings, chiefly rubbish ; and debilitated loungers looked languidly at

the display, while a motley throng of snake-charmers, jugglers, blind and other beggars, filled the road. The most striking element of the crowd is the Cinghalese himself, whose white wraps, effeminate looks, and long black hair confined by a crescent-shaped tortoise-shell comb, make him look exactly like a woman. Native costume consists of a cotton sheet wrapped round the waist, with one end thrown gracefully over the shoulder, but civilization has changed the upper half of the Cinghalese man very much for the worse. When one shouts "Boy!" in the hotel, it is ludicrous to be answered by a grave, white-whiskered old gentleman, with a grey chignon and great comb, petticoated as to his nether end, but otherwise clad in a black cloth jacket, white waistcoat, and spotless shirt-front, like a Paris *garçon*. Women retain the native costume, a white wrap for petticoat, and a short white jacket which falls from the shoulders almost to the waist, exposing a narrow band of dark skin, looking like a brown silk sash. The men are far better looking than the women, but the children, and especially the boys, are superb—clean limbed, with skin like satin, and faces like cherubs, having large, lustrous, and intensely black eyes, and a smile such as Greuze painted; they look like lovely girls, and wear very little to spoil their beauty. The crowd is composed of many races. The Tamils are here in force, ousting the indolent Cinghalese, as they do the apathetic Malays, from all the hard-working employments, and are notable

for their erect carriage, fine forms, handsome faces, and fondness for brilliant colours. Then there are Afghans, the travelling money-lenders of Ceylon, tall, Jewish-looking, and handsomely dressed, carrying their hooked noses high among races whom they evidently despise. And here is the "Moorman," big, sleek, and well-to-do, a Mahometan by religion, and the trader, *par excellence*, of the island. The folds of his ample robes are full of precious stones, for any of which, if he asks fifty pounds, he will take fifty shillings, and make cent. per cent. on the transaction.

The town of Galle is entered through an old brick archway, still carrying the arms and monogram of the Dutch East India Company, "Vereenigte Oost Indische Co.," and the date, 1669; while to the right and left of this not very imposing relic of mercantile supremacy some queer old fortifications skirt the shore. Behind these "defences" straggle a few poor streets, whose houses are European in aspect, very small and dirty, and inhabited by the lower classes, who seem to make up the chief population of Galle. The town, indeed, is only a point where ships touch; there are not more than a hundred Europeans in the place, and trade centres at Colombo, for which place we started by stage on

December 16.—The road, seventy-two miles in length, follows the coast all the way, being sometimes nearer and sometimes farther from the sea. The way is lined with cocoa palms and bananas, with here and there a

breadfruit tree, conspicuous by its large, deeply notched leaves and hanging fruit. The cocoa-nut thrives best close to the sea, and sometimes actually overhangs the water, whence the fringe of tropical foliage which is such a striking feature of Ceylon. The villages are small and scattered, with low, smoke-begrimed houses, or rather huts, built of palm ribs smeared with mud, and with roofs of palm leaves. Shops alternate with dwellings, their open fronts displaying peppers, betel, and dried fish. Inside, squats the shopkeeper, while his wife is cooking in a grimy earthen pot over a tiny fire. The people lie about on the thresholds or within the houses, and are evidently neither industrious nor clean, while the pretty children run quite naked from house to house, or hide behind their mothers' skirts as we pass. There is no cultivation along the road, which is bordered by palms and rank undergrowth, the natives depending entirely on the cocoa-nut. Every man who lounges about one of the wayside mud huts owns perhaps twenty or thirty of the trees around it, and these he protects from thieves by wrapping the trunks with dry palm branches, whose rustling will warn him of night intruders. The milk of the green nuts is his drink, their flesh is his food, the palm flowers bleed "toddy" for him, the midribs of the leaves form his house, and from the leaves themselves he makes every household vessel except the earthen pot. The fibre furnishes material for his only industry, the making of coir rope, at which we

see the women working, their wrists covered with silver bangles, and their ears and great toes adorned with silver rings.

The road is alive with foot-passengers and vehicles, the latter drawn by the pretty little humped oxen (*Bos indicus*), which are trained to trot between the shafts of light spring carts. The bullocks' hides are scored with ornamental designs, sketched with a branding-iron, and one meets some spanking turn-outs, both in single and double harness. The heavy traffic is carried on large bullock carts, drawn by teams of much finer animals, the driver sitting on the pole between his beasts, and guiding them partly by rope reins passed through the nostrils, and partly by signal-blows of a stick. All the children and many of the men we meet are beggars ; the former throw a flower or bunch of sweet-smelling grass into the coach, saying, "That my present," and wait for acknowledgments in coin, while adult peddlers of sticks, green nutmegs, cocoa-nuts, precious stones, and cinnamon bark, worry the traveller at every step. Now and then the road skirts the shore, a stretch of white coral sand, strewn with big beach stones, also of coral, which the villagers collect and store for building purposes. Great waves of blue-green water break on the coast even in the calmest weather, and the high-tide mark is lined with cocoa palms, whose crowns hang so far seaward that nuts sometimes drop into the water. The country traversed is gneiss, overlaid by a deep soil of red clay,

a kind of laterite, locally called "cabook," derived apparently from the decomposition of the underlying rock, and thick in the lowlands, where it has been brought down by rain, but thinner on the uplands. It is hard and tenacious enough to be dug out in blocks, which are dried and then used as bricks for building.

From Kalutara, forty-two miles from Galle, there is a railway to Colombo, the line skirting the coast like the road, and passing through similar scenery. Colombo is a great square white town, the head-quarters of trade, and centre of a large European society. Its harbour is more exposed than that of Galle, and is in course of being protected by a pier, when it will become the rendezvous of all the steamers, as it is already of the ships of the Messageries Maritimes. The "Pettah," or native town, is extensive, but dirty and uninteresting, with wooden houses, dark, crowded, and unsavoury. The costumes are brighter than at Galle, thanks to the prevalence of Tamils, who are here so numerous that the native Cinghalese are lost sight of altogether.

December 17.—Four-fifths of Ceylon consists of flat land, bordering the ocean, and called the "maritime provinces." The remaining fifth of the surface is occupied by the "hill country," a complicated system of mountain ranges, whose highest peaks rise to heights of seven and eight thousand feet, and upon whose slopes lie the coffee plantations. Among these hills, a hundred and twenty miles from Colombo, and fifty miles from

Kandy, lies Nuwara-Eliya, one of the most beautiful stations in Ceylon, six thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, situated in the heart of a coffee and cinchona district, and within reach of Pederotallagalla, the highest peak in the island.

We left Colombo for Nuwara-Eliya by the Kandy Railroad, which traverses nearly ninety miles of our route ; and passing rapidly through a level country, densely covered with palms, and cleared here and there for rice, soon began to scale the hills by a series of sharp inclines. Palms now gave way to jungle, which clothes the mountains to their summits, except where the forest is broken by "patenas," open parklike expanses of grassy country, sparsely sprinkled with large rhododendrons. It is generally believed that the whole surface of the hill country was once covered with grass, and that the jungle is gradually encroaching on the patenas ; but the soil of the latter seems perfectly well adapted to the growth of trees, and cannot, in fact, be distinguished from that of the forest. It is more likely that the jungle once covered all the country, and patenas are formed when, from some cause, the land will no longer carry trees.

The railway ends at Gampola, whence we staged to Rambodda, the road rising all the way. At an elevation of about two thousand five hundred feet the jungle is, for the first time, broken by coffee plantations. White bungalows and great coffee stores began to dot the hill-sides, and we were soon in the heart

of the chief coffee-growing district of the island. The road is a fine piece of engineering, winding along hill-sides and skirting ravines, with a wide well-made track of macadam, from which excellent by-ways diverge to the various coffee estates. We constantly met, or passed, trains of bullock-carts, either taking rice up to, or bringing coffee down from the plantations, and always in charge of Tamil drivers. Rambodda is about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and from this place to Nuwara-Eliya the road rises nearly three thousand feet in fourteen miles; so we were now shifted into a light trap, and our bags packed on the heads of coolies. We got new views of a broken and wooded mountain country with every fresh zigzag of the ascent, and found it very cold before we reached the top. As we rose, the flora changed noticeably from that of the plain, blackberry, bracken, and other familiar European plants making their appearance at the higher elevations. Presently, coffee plantations began to give way to cinchona clearings, and a little tea occurred after coffee had been left behind. The summit of the hill was enveloped in a cold mist, and we were glad to see a wood fire burning on the hearth upon our arrival at the hotel. The hotel garden was bright with gladioli and geraniums, and its pretty grounds were planted with pines and cedars which thrive in our own climate, while the hedges were draped with the "datura," a beautiful flower, like a long white lily, called the "devil's trumpet" in Ceylon.

December 18.—Nuwara-Eliya stands on a wide, undulating plain of patena, covered with short turf, sprinkled with rhododendrons, and surrounded by hills, whose sides are either newly planted with cinchona trees, or in course of clearing for their cultivation. The grassy meadow; the little stream; the wide, white road; and cattle grazing here and there, gave the scene such a thoroughly English air that it was difficult to believe we had left bananas and cocoa palms behind us only a few hours ago. At seven o'clock we started to make the ascent of Pederotallagalla, eight thousand three hundred feet above sea-level, and the highest peak in Ceylon. Leaving the hotel, we found the country covered with hoar-frost, and the air was keen. The trail led through jungle, composed almost exclusively of "kina," a kind of small live oak, like a conifer in appearance, springing from a dense undergrowth, quite impenetrable without an axe. Our first acquaintance with a tropical forest was a disenchantment. The trees were insignificant in size, and the foliage monotonous in colour. There were no flowers, animals, or sounds of birds and insects. We disturbed one jungle-cock on the way, but that was all the game we saw. We are told that elephants roam the patenas around Nuwara-Eliya, and frequent the jungle for the sake of the bamboo grass. They know perfectly well where this grows, and make regular rounds of the country, eating it down in place after place successively, and returning over the same

ground when the grass has grown again. Elk and cheetah are sometimes found in the forest, where the cobra, the whip-snake, and brown snake harbour, together with the harmless rat-snake, which grows to a length of nine feet. The "wanderoo" monkey lives among the tree-tops; but we were not fortunate enough to see one, neither did we observe an insect of any kind. The trees were draped with orchids, none of which had brilliant flowers. Blackberry, trefoil, dandelion, daisies, buttercups, violets, barberry, and briar grow in the neighbourhood of Nuwara-Eliya, and we found several of these familiar plants on the summit of Pederotallagalla, silently suggesting the dark question, "How did *we* come here, across those torrid plains below?" The view from Ceylon's highest peak is of high ridges, sloping suddenly down to lower grounds of tumbled, wooded hills with patches of open patena here and there. No streams are seen, and everything is tinted with a monotonous green.

December 19-20.—The coffee raised in Ceylon is chiefly "Arab," which flourishes best at elevations of from three to five thousand feet. It grows in bushes, which are usually topped about four feet from the ground, for the sake of convenience in picking. The fruit, when ripe, is cherry-like in appearance, and, after being gathered, is soaked for a time in water, and then "pulped," or stripped of its fleshy envelope. The berries, which are covered with a closely adherent

membrane, called the "parchment," are dried in the sun upon asphalt floors, or "barbecues," and passed through a machine, which shells off the parchment, leaving the coffee ready for market. Jungle land, fit for coffee-growing, used to be sold by the Government at prices averaging £5 per acre. Clearing costs £2, and planting £15 per acre. The annual cost of cultivation, after the first two years, is £10 per acre, and the yield of coffee varies from five to eight hundredweight per acre, while its price fluctuates from £3 to £5 per hundredweight. It will be seen that a planter, settled on fertile soil, raising good crops, and realizing high prices, must make large profits, and many fine fortunes have indeed been realised in Ceylon. But, at the present moment, the coffee plant is suffering fearfully from the attack of a fungus (*Hemileia vastatrix*), and the yield of coffee, in the districts most affected, has been reduced by two-thirds. Although the life history of the pest has been made out by experts, no effectual remedy for its ravages has yet been suggested. It seems probable, indeed, that the true cause of the mischief lies in slovenly cultivation. For forty years, the unterraced hill-sides of Ceylon have been losing soil in the rainy seasons, while, during the same period, there has been practically no manuring of the land. Coffee, in fact, has been allowed to wear itself out in Ceylon.

Alarmed at this serious state of things, planters are looking about them for a second string to their bow, and

at the present moment every one is planting cinchona. This tree flourishes at elevations where coffee dies out, and immense areas of jungle are now being cleared at heights of from four to six thousand feet. The cinchona seeds are sown in "nurseries," and, at a few months old, the seedlings are planted out, making a fine growth in five years, and yielding bark in eight years. There is scarcely a cinchona tree of this age in the island yet, but if all the plants already in the ground should prove successful, there will probably be a startling drop in the price of quinine a few years hence.

The fear of *Hemileia* has also led to the introduction of Liberian coffee, an African species which grows on the low grounds. A great deal is hoped from the new comer, but very little is definitely known about it at present. The plant has hitherto escaped attack by the leaf-disease, but its produce is said to be of inferior quality, and only saleable when mixed with other coffee. Indiarubber and cocoa have also been planted, the former experimentally, the latter on a larger and paying scale, but it will be many years before Ceylon can establish a successful rival to coffee.

December 21-22.—Kandy, the capital, was our next objective, to reach which we retraced our steps from Nuwara-Eliya to Gampola, whence a few miles of railway brought us to our destination. On the way we visited the Government botanical gardens at Peradeniya, where we were very kindly received by Dr. Trimen, the director.

The object of this establishment is to cultivate a variety of tropical plants, those of commercial value receiving most attention, and to furnish planters with useful information concerning them. Here we saw specimens of nutmeg, cinnamon, vanilla, cinchona, cocoa, cloves, cardamoms, and all the varieties of coffee, besides a splendid collection of palms, and many interesting plants of minor commercial value. One of the most striking features of the gardens was a group of immense bamboos, a hundred and twenty feet high, and from nine to ten and a half inches in diameter. These great grasses were only three months old, and their rate of growth, which sometimes attains a speed of half an inch an hour, can actually be watched. The white ants build curious covered runs up the palm trunks, little tunnels, which look exactly like the stems of creepers, and give the ants perfect protection from the attacks of birds on their journeys from the ground to the foliage. We ought to have been tormented with the Ceylon "land-leech" at Peradeniya, but the weather was too dry; on damp days the creatures are a perfect pest, listening for footsteps, throwing themselves forward on the approach of a passer-by, and fastening themselves in numbers around his ankles, or even crawling all over his body.

"Lady Horton's Walk" is a fine road, running quite around one of the hills overlooking Kandy, constructed by a late governor of the island, and called after his wife.

Viewed from this eyrie, the town lies embosomed in steep, forest-clad mountains. A large lake, circled by a wide road, fills a portion of the hollow in which Kandy stands, and upon this sheet of water the chief European houses are built ; while the native town stretches away behind them. The roofs are almost buried in foliage, but here and there are open spaces of lawn, surrounded by trees and palms. It is a well-ordered, well-finished English town in the midst of tropical surroundings.

It was evening when we visited the famous temple where Buddha's tooth is enshrined. This sacred relic, long preserved in India, but transferred to Ceylon when that country was in a disturbed condition, is only shown on special occasions. It is, really, a great lump of ivory, but so idolatrous has the once pure religion of Buddha become under the corrupting influence of superstition, that the "tooth" is worshipped like a god. A service was in progress as we entered the building, which was dimly lighted by oil lamps, filled with the clamour of tom-toms and bagpipes, and pervaded by an overpowering odour of flowers. From time to time a native came in ; prayed for a few moments before the shrine ; took a bloom from a dish full of fragrant flowers, and left a trifling offering behind. Presently some shaven and yellow-robed priests arrived, whom we followed to the inner temple, where, surrounded by gems, gold, and tinsel, the tooth lies under seven golden covers. Thence we were conducted to the library, containing the Buddhist

scriptures written in Cinghalese, on palm leaves. Each sacred book is a bundle of narrow sheets, held between carved plates of gold or ivory, and tied by silk cords. As the leaves are liable to perish from the attacks of insects, a number of young priests are always engaged in transcribing new copies; exquisitely traced with a finely pointed style on the membranous palm. Leaving the temple, with its wild music and powerful odours, we came out through obscure aisles upon a wide lawn, bordered by magnificent palms, into the splendid tropical night, lighted by glowing stars, while the clear, dark air was spangled with slowly moving fire-flies. It was altogether one of the most beautiful and characteristic scenes we had witnessed in the tropics.

December 23-24.—Colombo seemed almost red hot after the delicious coolness of the hills, and even the pier, against which great waves were dashing under the influence of the monsoon, was a warm promenade. This breakwater, which is built of large concrete blocks, will cost the colony a great deal of money, while, unlike road-making, it is not a reproductive undertaking. It will bring all the ocean steamers, now touching at Galle, to Colombo, and thus facilitate the operations of the merchants. On the other hand, it is questionable whether Galle harbour could not be improved, at a small expense, by blowing up the worst rocks, when the railway might be extended, with advantage to the intervening country, to the southern port, which is less open to

the monsoon than Colombo, and in a more direct line between England and the far East.

We dined with the German Consul at Colombo, who, on the strength of a chance introduction, received us with a courtesy we can never forget, and, with his charming wife, gave us a most agreeable evening. It was pleasant to sit once more, after so much travelling, at a refined European dinner-table, and listen to well-instructed talk about Ceylon, while the punkah swung overhead, and, through the open windows of the dining-room, we could see the tiny fire-flies sailing about in the obscure verandah. Mr. and Mrs. Freudenberg were good enough to ask us to spend Christmas Eve, the greatest German festival of the year, with them, but the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Poonah* was inexorable, and we were obliged to bask all that day in the stage-coach, retracing the road to Galle which I have already described. By sunset we were on board our new ship, looking, probably for the last time, at the crescent of cocoa palms lining the shore of Galle harbour, and longing for the screw to turn and create a breath of air in the hot, still, and steaming atmosphere.

Ceylon, as already mentioned, is divided into the "hill country," occupying a position somewhat south of its centre, and the "maritime provinces," which form four-fifths of the surface, and everywhere border the ocean with wide level plains, for the most part unoccupied by, and little known to Europeans. It produces

coffee, tea, spices, cocoa-nuts, pearls, and gems. The native arts are cotton and silk weaving, rope-making, and goldsmith's work, but the last has little or no merit.

The Portuguese were the first of European nations to establish regular intercourse with Ceylon ; and they made themselves masters of the maritime provinces early in the sixteenth century, retaining possession of them for a hundred and fifty years. True to their national policy, they pushed religion and business together, but, finally, behaved with such inhuman cruelty in the course of their proselytizing efforts, that the Kandians called the Dutch to their aid, and, after a struggle lasting nearly a quarter of a century, the Portuguese were expelled. This happened in 1656, when the Dutch occupied the maritime provinces, the King of Kandy being supreme in the hill country. During the war with the French, the British took possession of Trincomalee, which was, however, retaken, the sea-coast remaining in the hands of the Dutch till 1796, when we wrested it from them, obtaining formal possession of the country by the Treaty of Amiens. In 1803 we conquered the King of Kandy, but were soon afterwards driven out of the hill country ; and it was not till 1815, when the tyrannies of the king had brought about his deposition by his chiefs, that England, on the invitation of the latter, took possession of the capital.

British rule has been of immense advantage to Ceylon. It has given the natives justice, security, and

trade, while their proprietary rights have been respected ; only jungle lands without owners having been annexed, and a share in the local administration of justice being reserved to the Cinghalese. The country has been covered with excellent roads, and a considerable mileage of paying railroad constructed. During the Dutch occupation, coffee was not grown, partly because the Dutch were not masters of the hill country, partly because they did not wish to create a rival to Java ; but, upon its introduction by the British about forty years ago, coffee soon became the most important product of the island. Jungle lands were rapidly cleared to a height of five thousand feet ; main roads were pushed into the hill country at Government expense, planters' roads connected with these, and Tamil labour introduced on a large scale, with the result that the coffee trade reached a yearly value of five millions sterling, being half of the whole imports and exports of the colony. In the early days, jungle sold at £1 an acre, but as the colony grew prosperous, it was eagerly sought at prices which, a few years ago, reached £15, and, in special cases, even £30 an acre. The money produced by land sales was wisely spent by the Government in roads and works of improvement, including irrigation, which had been so neglected by the apathetic native cultivators that the island depended almost entirely upon importation for the rice which planters required for their coolies.

Thus, for many years, coffee-planting and Ceylon flourished together, until the annual product reached a million hundredweight of berries. Meanwhile the planters were seldom able to work their estates without the aid of borrowed money, which was furnished on easy terms by the banks and merchants of Colombo; plenty of money being always obtainable in England for advances on such excellent landed security. Prosperity and the abundance of capital stimulated a spirit of speculation among the planters, a sanguine but not commercially able class, who bid against one another for uncleared land, until prices rose, as we have already seen, to unnatural heights, and the acreage under cultivation was increased by nearly seventy-five per cent. Suddenly, the leaf disease appeared, and, within six years, reduced the total yield of coffee by nearly fifty per cent., in spite of the greater area of the plantations, stopping at the same time the hitherto ready advances of capitalists. Commercially speaking, Ceylon is in a bad way at present. If there were a market for estates, probably three-fourths of all the plantations in the island would be advertised for sale; but, as matters stand, mortgagee and cultivator can only hope for better times, and plant Liberian coffee and cinchona in the mean time. Little benefit, however, is to be expected from the former plant, which appears to have already degenerated in the soil of Ceylon. Its yield per acre is small as compared with that of *Arabica*; the berries are of inferior quality, and

the tree will only grow in the unhealthy low grounds. Cinchona-planting, on the other hand, promises well, but is still in the experimental stage, and many years must elapse before the full results of trials now in progress can be known. Forty years of careless cultivation have produced a crisis in the affairs of the colony, which is at present acute, and promises to be long-continued. The difficulty has, however, been faced, not by despondency, but by courageous efforts to introduce new industries, and British energy will probably prove too much for *Hemileia vastatrix* in the long run.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADRAS—CALCUTTA.

December 25—January 4, 1881.

CHRISTMAS DAY! and we lie on deck, torpid with the heat, while our relatives at home are sitting round the fire, cracking nuts and drinking claret, with the snow covering everything outside. The *Poonah's* passengers are on their way out; and as they have been together for four weeks, while we have newly joined the ship, we feel rather out in the cold, spite of the "festive season." But the season is not festive on board our steamer. Not one of these people, who have known each other for a month, has the courage to suggest some common festivity. There are lots of children, but no one proposes a Christmas game even for them. We have had no Christmas Church service, and the bough of mistletoe, which some frolicsome steward has hung from the awning, might be a life-belt for all the notice we take of it. Never have I spent so dull a Christmas Day. Never have I thought my countrymen so stiff and unsocial.

We have now seen the last of settlement life in the East, and shall learn in India how England rules, rather

than how she influences a native population. It is time, while the palms of Ceylon are fading on the horizon, to arrange our ideas of the remarkable series of commercial outposts which we have passed since leaving Japan.

The Portuguese ; then the Dutch ; and lastly the English. It seems to have been the rule throughout the East. The first came with commerce in one hand and religion in the other, caring less for business than for the supremacy of the Church, and advocating her interests with the sword. The second forgot religion for the sake of trade, but was fond of large profits, and exploited new countries in his own interests, without caring much for those of the natives. The Englishman is in the East, first and foremost to trade ; next, to make native races accept Western ideas of civilization, at least as far as is needful for the conduct of business. He builds roads, introduces autonomy into the settlement towns, administers justice, enforces order, and erects churches, the last, apparently, for the sake of his beloved "respectability," and not at all because he is anxious to proselytize. Rich societies, indeed, send him out missionaries, whom he distrusts, not because they are ministers of religion, but from the fear that they may embroil his nation with native power or prejudice, and thus put hindrances in the way of trade. His relations with the flag are admirable. The power of England is always regarded as something to fall back upon in case of emergency, never as a governing agency. He himself

provides for the maintenance of order and the administration of justice, while the minister, or consul, supports rather than overrules his authority. French settlements, on the other hand, are not autonomous, and expect to be governed rather than upheld by their officials ; while the Germans always operate under foreign flags, and that so well, that they are everywhere our most dangerous commercial competitors. It seems probable, however, that a German Hongkong or Ceylon would have its energies seriously crippled by bureaucratism.

Whether England has bought her commanding position in the East too dearly is a great question. We talk with pride of a national trade of two thousand millions sterling per annum ; but America does the same amount of business without having spent a dollar on conquest, and Germany turns over thirteen hundred millions a year for which she has paid practically nothing. If we regard the increase of trade in the last ten years, a period during which we have spent large sums on "little wars" waged on behalf of commerce, while America and Germany have laid out nothing for similar ends, we find that England has added three hundred millions to her returns, but Germany has increased hers by only thirty millions less, and America by two hundred millions more than ourselves. To count the cost of England's commercial position is impossible. We know that the bill is inconceivably big, but other nations, who do not care to pay as dearly as we do for

trade, are doing well enough to make it doubtful whether the vast sums we have spent on commercial wars is money well invested.

December 27.—European Madras lies spread along an extensive bund, backed by a level and uninviting country. The curved arms of two unfinished piers received the *Poonah* on our arrival, and these, in their present state, hardly break the violence of the great waves which, driven by the monsoon, fall in heavy surf upon the exposed shore. The beach is lined with large buildings—custom-house, godowns, and merchants' hongs, while, at some distance southward of the town, is Government House, half hidden in a mass of green foliage. The ship's anchor was hardly down before she was surrounded by surf-boats, big, flat-bottomed craft, made of planks, without ribs or framing, and sewn together with fibres. Ten Tamils, naked but for their waistcloths, form the crew of each boat, and an eleventh man steers. Their oars are long poles terminating in large wooden discs, and the rowlocks are wooden pins to which the oar is tied by a fibre rope. No sooner was a boat alongside than its headman clambered up the ship's side and began touting for passengers. "Master want boat?" "How much?" "Seven rupee, go ashore, come back." "Seven iniquities! We shan't go ashore at all unless you'll take us there and back for four rupees." "All right, master. Take ticket!" Therewith he shoved a bit of tin stamped with the number of his boat into

our hands, and disappeared to make bargains with other passengers. How well those ten naked and muscular black fellows looked as they pulled for the shore! They rowed the stroke out till their bodies were horizontal, recovered quickly, and kept well together. We rode easily over the big swells, and as we approached the broken water the men shouted and pulled like demons; but we got through without a wetting, and were carried ashore each by two strong fellows, who demanded a rupee for services not included in our original contract.

Madras has a dilapidated, almost ruinous appearance. The best buildings are out of repair; even the churches are spotted with dark mossy stains, and the plaster is peeling from their walls. Second-class houses are falling to pieces, and the mortar has disappeared from the joints of brick walls. Private bungalows are usually surrounded by large gardens, but these are rarely well kept. A house is often approached by pretentious entrance-gates, standing alone and unsupported by any wall or fence. The residences are low, spreading over considerable areas, and placed very far apart, so that visiting is almost out of the question if people do not keep horses. The native town, which hides behind the European bund, contains several hundred thousand inhabitants. Its streets are narrow, ill kept, and dirty, bordered on either side by mean houses, built of mud, and displaying no trace of ornament or beauty. The people are all Tamils, and the bazaar, a large open space surrounded

by poor shops and stalls, is crowded with these people, buying fruit, rice, and a thousand and one small European articles. I am always wondering how many matches are made in the world ; it is the one product of civilized life which every country has learned to appreciate. Of course the fellow who had sold us our tin tickets declared they were not good for the return journey, and asked a fancy price to take us back to the steamer. A few flourishes with a walking-stick, and the thunder of some good German oaths, however, soon changed his tone, and shortly afterwards we were once more on board. We lay in the roads all night, and I went on deck at five o'clock a.m.,

December 28, to see the Southern Cross, this being our last chance of a peep at the famous constellation. It is far less beautiful than the Great Bear, or Orion, and not more striking than Cygnus, which it slightly resembles. The heavens look strange in these low latitudes. The Bear was upside down, and almost unrecognizable in this position ; Orion stood right overhead ; Sirius was high above the horizon, and below it hung other stars which were entire strangers to us.

December 29.—Although the sun is very hot, the air is already much cooler than when we were nearer the line ; the sea is perfectly calm, and we are again surprised at the absence of life from these tropical waters. We begin to get a little more friendly with our fellow-passengers. The captain is a pleasant, musical man,

who brings people together in the evening around the piano, under the lighted deck awning, where we form little groups and listen to the singing. We are strong in young civil servants, who appear to pass their spare time in discussing the chances of promotion, or, in other words, the health of the officials above them. All these men are socially very agreeable, but cramped in their ideas and interests. They possess in an eminent degree that refinement which we missed so much in the States; yet we are constantly forgetting that America lacks cultivation in our admiration of the greater adaptability and force of character which distinguish the Yankee. The friends of English lads, without capital, are tempted by the £300 or £400 a year with which their sons can make a start in life, by passing the Indian Civil Service examinations. Ten years later, when these boys are men, and perhaps married, they find themselves with an income of about £800 a year, with impaired health and energies, a wife to keep and family to educate in England, the sense of self-reliance weakened, and with no outlook but continuing to tread the official mill in anticipation of a pension. In compensation, they have the satisfaction of belonging to a service which gives them a good "position," but the commercial men, whom they envy for their success, but cannot emulate in enterprise, are far better off and perhaps the more valuable national servants of the two classes.

December 30—January 4, 1881.—Since we left

Madras, my *vis-à-vis* at table had been a well-looking, well-dressed, and well-informed man, whom, from his appearance and conversation, we took to be the head of some commercial Calcutta firm. This morning he was missing, both at breakfast and tiffin, and in the course of the afternoon I recognized him on the bridge of the steamer, in the smartest of uniforms, and in charge of the ship. Our supposed merchant was the Hooghly pilot. Calcutta lies at the head of a great delta, called the Sunderbund, hundreds of square miles in extent, through which the Ganges seeks the sea by a vast network of rivers. The Hooghly is one of these streams, having a channel flowing through low banks of alluvium, and obstructed by numerous shoals. The shoals shift so rapidly that their positions require to be surveyed from day to day, and their latest changes of place telegraphed to the head-quarters of the pilot service. The tide up and stream down the Hooghly run so fast that if a ship touches ground she is lost, and there are a hundred and twenty miles of this ticklish navigation between the open ocean and Calcutta. The very difficulties of the situation have created the most perfectly organized system of pilotage in the world, and to understand the perils of the Hooghly was to know why our pilot is as well paid as a Peninsular and Oriental captain, and looks such a tremendous swell on the bridge.

Some time before reaching Calcutta, the river narrows

considerably, looking rather like the Thames at Putney, but being three times as wide, with low banks of mud, overgrown with palms, and sprinkled with occasional villages. After seven hours of slow and cautious steaming, we saw a forest of masts rising before us, and a little later, were boarded by the harbour-master, who came off from shore in a boat propelled in a very curious way. Three natives sat on each gunwale, facing *across* the craft, and rowed from this position with very long, disc-ended oars. It looked like a game of "pull baker, pull devil!" but the stroke on each side, being delivered in a direction slightly oblique to the course, resulted in a forward movement. Approaching the city, we passed the palace of the King of Oudh, an immense mass of buildings without any architectural pretensions, on the left bank of the river. Here the dispossessed monarch lives, surrounded by his concubines, retainers, and menageries, we paying him a lakh a month in compensation for the loss of his former territory. Then came jute-mills, ship-building yards, and engineering works, the fine botanical gardens, still called the "Company's Gardens," and, opposite these, Garden Reach, once a favourite suburb, whose splendid bungalows have been invaded by works and wharves, and are now deserted by the fashionable world. A jungle of masts lines the left bank of the stream for the last three miles of the journey. The ships are for the most part of the finest class; it does not pay to send small ships

into a harbour where such heavy pilotage dues have to be paid. A hundred thousand tons of shipping often lies in the port at one time, and almost every vessel is English. The general aspect of the river is thoroughly industrial in character, reminding us of the Thames again and again.

Calcutta is so European in appearance that, on stepping ashore, we could have thought ourselves once more at home, but for the heat, the natives, and the tropical vegetation. The left bank of the Hooghly is bordered by a wide quay, called the Strand, beyond which is the "Meidan," a vast expanse of grass, crossed by many wide roads, and dotted with statues of public men. At one end of this open space stands Government House, at the other, great barracks, and the intervening space is bordered by shops, offices, and warehouses. About a quarter of a mile below the city stands the citadel, built by Clive soon after the battle of Plassey, and near it are remains of the famous ditch, dug in 1742, to protect the English factory from Mahratta attacks. The servants of the East India Company in Calcutta were too busy making money in 1756 to think of properly entrenching themselves in the settlement, and when, on the 17th of June in that year, the young Mahratta tyrant, Suraj-ood-Dowlah, sat down with fifty thousand troops around the wealthy factory, the garrison—a hundred and seventy-four in number, not ten of whom had ever seen a shot fired—after a gallant defence, was

obliged to surrender. Then followed the tragedy of the Black Hole, which has made the name of Suraj-ood-Dowlah infamous. A hundred and forty-six European prisoners were thrust into a chamber, not twenty feet square, with only a single window, and locked up for the night, in one of the hottest months of the year. When the door of their prison was opened next morning, only twenty-three ghastly forms were dragged out alive. It is the one incident connected with Calcutta which no Englishman can fail to be reminded of as soon as he lands on the banks of the Hooghly.

The streets, squares, private residences, and public offices of Calcutta are more imposing than those of most European cities, and the bungalows, which extend to considerable distances in the neighbouring country, are many of them little palaces. The fashionable world of Calcutta is to be seen every evening for a couple of hours before dinner, driving on the Strand, which is crowded with carriages like Hyde Park in the season. On the one hand is the river with its forest of tall masts, on the other the palms and lawns of the beautiful Eden Gardens, and overhead, at this time of the year, a sky flushed to the zenith with the crimsons of sunset. At six o'clock, the band plays and the world of well-dressed men and women leave their carriages and promenade while listening to the music. But for its frame of tropical foliage, the scene would be entirely European in character. It is not the East, it

is London transported to the East. At seven o'clock every one goes home to dinner and the river-side is deserted.

North of Calcutta lies the native bazaar, a vast extent of narrow streets, and squalid-looking houses of tumble-down brickwork. Each house is a shop, where the native trader squats, with his hookah beside him, surrounded by piles of bright cottons or miscellaneous European wares. To a stranger's eye the whole bazaar looks as if it might be bought up, shops, stocks, and goodwill, for a song. Certainly no outsider could ever suppose himself standing upon the foundations whereon rest the great mills and stately warehouses of Manchester. But such is the fact. These dingy shops, only a few feet square, supply the most populous districts of India with all their foreign requirements, and send British textiles across the Himalayas, and as far as Afghanistan; while, among the natives who squat within, hams on heels, are solid men, whose bills at forty days are taken by the European merchant for sums which vary from £100 to £10,000, according to the circumstances of his customer. The streets of the bazaar are full of importunate touters, who run alongside every passing gharry, offering all sorts of trifles for sale, and the same thing occurs, in a modified degree, in the chief street of the European quarter.

Once more, to our utter astonishment, we found the ubiquitous Chinaman, settled this time in a Calcutta

Chinatown, and the carpenter and shoemaker *par excellence* of this great city. Elsewhere, we have seen the Chinese competing with white races at lower rates of pay, but a Chinese artisan in India demands twice as much wages as a native, and is thankfully welcomed by employers at that price. One knows not where this child of industry will not appear. Certainly it would be a great improvement if the foreign community of Calcutta could replace their lazy, caste-ridden Hindoo domestics with one-tenth their number of capable Chinese servants.

The "mild Hindoo" makes an unfavourable first impression on a stranger. His Aryan type of face is agreeable enough, especially after long sojourning among Mongolian races; but he is evidently a born loafer, happiest when squatting idly on his haunches, and overpaid by the scanty wages he commands. Take, in illustration, the unnecessary swarm of native servants in private houses. Scarcely had we arrived in our hotel before two white-robed and turbaned fellows presented themselves at the bedroom door for hire. Each sahib must, of course, have a man—a cumbrous arrangement, for which we were by no means prepared, until we found that, without a body-servant, we could not get a bath, or have a bed made, and might even starve amid plenty at the *table d'hôte*. The scene at dinner in the Great Eastern Hotel is something perfectly ludicrous to a new-comer. There are more waiters than diners; but none

of them belong to the house, every guest having one, sometimes two, gorgeously clothed private attendants, who stand with folded arms, each behind his master's chair, watching his every mouthful, and elbowing through a noisy crowd of rival flunkies for every new dish which the sahib demands.

The dress of the common people varies a good deal both in material and colour. In its most characteristic form it may be described as consisting of a cotton sheet worn over the head, with one end wrapped around the body and the other thrown over the left shoulder. The women's "sarong" is simply a strip of cotton, which they have the art of draping very gracefully about their slender figures. There is, however, no limit to the splendour of well-to-do natives. Calcutta was *en fête* on New Year's Day, and we had an opportunity, both on the racecourse and at a fancy fair held in the Zoological Gardens, of seeing far more brilliant crowds than we had ever yet beheld in the East. The grand stand was crowded with fat, rich natives (a wealthy native is always fat), gorgeous in violet velvet, scarlet silk, and gold embroidery, while the wide space within the course, where the people congregate, was a moving mass of white and red. More than ten thousand natives were present at the fancy fair, and the kaleidoscopic crowd was dressed in robes of violet, scarlet, green, and gold. All the hues of the rainbow, and all the tinsel of the East glittered before our bewildered eyes, mixed, in

endless colour groupings, with the white garments of the people.

The crows are one of the most striking minor features of Calcutta. Fed to a great extent by the leavings of European meals, which the natives will not touch and the climate would spoil, these birds haunt the city in immense numbers. Hindoo consideration for animal life makes them so tame that one can tempt a crow into one's bedroom with a bit of bread. They roost at night, so thickly crowded among the trees of the Eden Gardens, that the boughs are bent, nearly to breaking, by their weight, while their even-song, when assembling for rest, almost drowns the music of the band playing on the Strand.

Private life is very luxurious, and private houses are very splendid in Calcutta. We dined at one "chummery," or establishment of associated bachelors—a common form of housekeeping here—and were entertained in a palace, fed with dainty dishes, refreshed by fine wines, and waited upon by obsequious slaves, our hosts being simply a knot of young men engaged in commerce, who gave us a most agreeable evening, and an exalted idea of the energy and intelligence which distinguish our merchant compatriots in the East.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

January 4-8.

THERE is no station in the Himalaya Mountains more accessible from Calcutta than Darjeeling. Kinchinjanga, once believed to be the highest mountain in the world, is in full view, and Everest, now known to be its superior in altitude by a thousand feet, is also within sight from this point. The district is interesting as a centre of the tea cultivation, and Darjeeling itself can be almost reached by rail and tramroad. These considerations determined our wavering choice of the spot for making acquaintance with the snowy range of India ; and four days after our arrival in the Hooghly, we started for the north.

Leaving Calcutta by the Eastern Bengal Railway, we reached the banks of the Ganges in five hours, traversing a flat country, covered for the most part with rice-stubble, and diversified, but not ornamented, by mean mud villages, widely scattered palms, and stunted trees. The holy river, a swift muddy stream, about two miles wide, running between high banks of

alluvium, was crossed in a steamer ; and, on its farther side, we took the Northern Bengal Railway, about sunset. This is a "famine railway" of metre gauge, built in a great hurry five years ago, in anticipation of a scarcity in Northern Bengal, which happily did not occur. It compares most unfavourably with the American narrow-gauge railroads, which are for the most part mountain lines, having steep gradients and sharp curves, but whose trains, equipped with powerful engines, and capacious carriages, run at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The Northern Bengal, on the other hand, traverses a perfectly level country ; but its engines and carriages are toy-like, and the shaking at a speed of only sixteen miles an hour is terrible. I once travelled at the rate of forty miles an hour on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, an American metre line, but it would be impossible to attempt such a thing on the Northern Bengal. "It's awfully snaky work at twenty-five miles an hour," said a young engineer, who knew a great deal about Indian railways. We passed a wretched night in our "sleeping-car," a comfortless, dirty carriage, with only a narrow bench for a bed, no bedding ; a cupboard, without soap or towels, for a lavatory, and no attendant ;—this in a country where men are worth threepence a day. Sleep, except by snatches, was out of the question, on account of the shaking ; and we reached Silligouri, the end of the line, just as the sun was rising, dirty and broken-backed, having compassed

•

a hundred and ninety-six miles in twelve hours, at the reckless speed of sixteen miles and a third per hour.

At the present moment the Indian Government is distracted by the question of rival gauges. It has already constructed many miles of metre-gauge line, which is cheaper to build, and better suited to general Indian requirements than the five feet six inch gauge of the trunk lines. But some of these railways have failed to do what was expected of them, and the authorities are now said to be in favour of a return to the broad-gauge policy, which in my opinion would be a serious blunder. The metre gauge is a magnificent success in the States, under much more difficult conditions than exist in India generally; and I fully believe it is only Indian locomotives and rolling stock which are at fault. These are much too small, and, as the question is a most important one for the country, nothing ought to be decided in the matter without the Government being fully informed of all that has been achieved by metre lines in the western states of America.

January 5.—We rose very slightly in traversing the two hundred miles accomplished during the night, and are now in the "Terai," a plain of malarious land out of which the Himalayas rise quite suddenly. The Terai has the reputation of being the most deadly part of India; it is densely covered with vegetation, and it is supposed that portions of the streams flowing from the hills sink in its soil, and, percolating through the deep

vegetable mould which covers it, produce miasmatic exhalations, which cover the country like a fog to the depth of several feet. It was at one time dangerous for a European to sleep for a single night on low ground anywhere in the Terai, but much of the country has recently been cleared for tea-planting, to the great improvement of its sanitary condition. This work has been done, under white direction, of course, by the natives, or "metchis," who are said to suffer no ill effects from the malaria, but become ill on leaving a district which is deadly to Europeans. As the sun rose it revealed the near spurs of the Himalayas outlined on the pure morning sky, while a neighbouring military camp came also into view, and a number of tame elephants carrying great loads of timber for works in process of erection. A steam tramway, occupying one side of an excellent road, runs from Silligouri to within eighteen miles of Darjeeling, and in the course of a few months—in the States it would be days—the line will be finished. The Himalayas are too steep to be directly scaled, and the road now skirts great ravines, now zigzags upwards. At one point, where the ascent is very sharp, the tramway actually passes under a certain bridge, makes a wide circle, rising all the time, and finally crosses over the same bridge it went under only a few minutes before. It is like travelling up the spirals of a great corkscrew.

The tropical forests which cover the flanks of the

Himalayas are no less disappointing than those of Ceylon. The jungle consists of small, spindly trees, crowded together, with a dense undergrowth of bamboo and tall grasses in the lower grounds, while, about a thousand feet above the level of the Terai, all the trees are tied up, as if with ropes, by great climbers, whose foliage hides that of the branches from which they hang. The stems of these lianas seldom cling to the tree-trunks, but rise from the earth into the boughs just as a stay from the bulwark rises to the mast of a ship. It is evident that the epiphytes cannot have grown like this originally. Each has probably climbed the trunk of its host in the first instance, and one of its many air-roots, having reached the soil, has become the main support of the creeper. If, after this had occurred, the first liana stem decayed, the air-root would look like an original stem. The jungle at this elevation is rich in orchids, whose flowers are for the most part inconspicuous, and, wherever an open space occurs, it is occupied by great tree-ferns. The character of the vegetation changes with the elevation, but not in a marked manner. Palms, banians, fig, orange, and peach trees, prevail up to a thousand feet. At four thousand feet the palms die out, and oak, chestnut, maple, and hydrangea appear. At eight thousand feet laurels and limes are seen, and we are told that oaks and chestnuts disappear at ten thousand feet, giving place to fir, holly, rhododendron, and pear, while

raspberries, primroses, violets, and anemones flourish at the same elevation.

Thirty miles from Silligouri we reached Kursiong, the present end of the steam tramway, about four thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, where we took a "tonga," or small two-wheeled trap, drawn by a pair of swift Thibetan ponies, in which we drove the remaining distance of eighteen miles to Darjeeling, the whole journey of three hundred and sixty miles from Calcutta having occupied twenty-eight hours.

January 6.—Darjeeling is situated on a spur of the Himalayas, and is seven thousand feet above sea-level. The district was originally obtained by the British from the Rajah of Sikkim, for the purpose of erecting a military sanatorium. A glance at the map of India shows that Sikkim, British and independent, projects like a tongue beyond our general northern frontier, dividing Nepal on the west from Bhotan on the east, and stretching northward to the summit of the Himalayas. The southern half of this tract once belonged to the Rajah of Nepal, from whom it was taken by the East India Company in 1817. In the same year we ceded it to the Rajah of Sikkim; but, in 1828, the surveyors who were engaged on the boundary line between Nepal and Sikkim reported so favourably on the district around Darjeeling for a sanatory station, that, in 1835, the Company took it back from the rajah, paying him three thousand rupees a year for it, a rent which was

ultimately withdrawn on account of the unlawful detention of Drs. Hooker and Campbell many years later. British Sikkim includes all the land south of the Ranjit, east of the Balasun and west of the Mahadana rivers, while independent Sikkim stretches northwards to the snows of the range, on the other side of which lies the elevated plateau of Thibet, inhabited by Tartar races, and ruled by China. With such a geographical position it is not surprising that a conspicuous mixture of races should form the most striking feature of Darjeeling in the eyes of new-comers. There are nearly a hundred thousand people in the district, of whom four hundred are Europeans, and the rest either Lepchas (the aboriginal hillmen), Bhoteas (immigrants from Bhotan), Nepalese, or Thibetans. Both Lepchas and Bhoteas have distinctly Mongolian faces, wear pigtails, and are debased Buddhists by religion. The Nepalese, who form a third part of the population of British Sikkim, are a short, agile race, with nothing of the Mongol in their features, yet altogether different from the plainsmen in appearance. They are Hindoos by religion, good agriculturists and artisans, and largely employed as coolies in the tea plantations, or, called Ghoorkas, after the ruling race and dynasty of Nepal, become some of the best soldiers in the native army of India. The Thibetans only appear in Darjeeling once a year, when they bring yaks (oxen) and ponies for the tea-planters, and fine woollen cloth for the native bazaar. They come across the Himalayan passes from

Lassa, and are three months on the road ; stay two or three months trafficking, and then return. These people are thorough Mongols in appearance, Buddhists by religion, and, though nominally ruled by China, subjects of the Dalai Lama. They are here now, and, between them and the numerous Bhotas, Darjeeling seems full of Chinese faces, almost every one we meet having high cheek-bones, a yellow skin, and oblique eyes. We slept in Hindostan, and have waked in Mongolia.

Degraded as Buddhism appears in Japan and Ceylon, it has been reserved for the Indian races to sink it to the lowest depths of idolatry and superstition. Near our hotel is the Bhotan Buddhist temple, a mean wooden building, decorated with gaudy colours, and containing three gilt figures of Buddha, together with drums, cymbals, conchs, and copper horns used in the ritual. At the entrance are several "praying-wheels," including one two feet in diameter and six feet high, and about twenty small ones. These all stand on vertical axles, and are full of prayers printed on long slips of paper. A hideous old woman turns the big cylinder with a crank, and a projecting stick, striking a bell once in every revolution, announces that ten million prayers, the number which the wheel contains, have been offered up. The wheels are like large canisters, painted red, and adorned with gilt characters. Private persons use small praying-cylinders furnished with a handle, and whirled around by the aid of a weight attached to the

cylinder by a chain. When a great function is going on, the Lamas, or priests, wear hideous masks, and blow conchs and long copper horns ; but the whole service is quite meaningless, and prayer consists only in endless exclamations of the Buddhistic formula, "Om mani padme om !" (the jewel of the lotus leaf), to multiply the repetitions of which mystic adjuration is the object of the praying-wheel.

It is difficult to say which is the dirtiest race among those enumerated above, but I think the palm must be given to the Bhoteas. These fellows are great porters, and very useful for all sorts of heavy outdoor work, provided it is not regular. Put a case of beer, weighing three hundred pounds, on a Bhotea's back, and he will carry it cheerfully anywhere up or down these hills, but give him a hoe or a shovel, and he soon quits. The women are as good carriers as the men. They say that a lady, who was moving house in Darjeeling a few years ago, was astonished to meet her grand piano, going up the hill to the new bungalow, on the back of a Bhotean woman. Nepalese, Bhoteas, Lepchas, and Thibetans wear each distinctive dresses, and even a new-comer soon learns to distinguish between the races, whether by their clothes or faces. Their houses, however, are very much alike, being mere shelters made of mats, run up in a few hours and struck like a tent ; the dwellings of nomads who have ceased to be nomadic.

We meet the Bhotean women on every hill-side

path, always spinning as they walk. The wheel is a stick about the size of a pencil, with a wooden disc at one end. The wool is carried in a hank on the right wrist, and the machine is set whirling by a swift movement of the hands. It hangs supported by the thread in process of forming, which, when sufficiently twisted, is wound bobbin-wise round the stick. This is a very pretty and skilful operation, which looks as if the spinner were playing at cup and ball the wrong way about.

The native bazaar at Darjeeling is a large square, surrounded by shops, where, mingled with rice, beans, sweetmeats, and betel, one sees Reading biscuits, canned fruit, Day and Martin's blacking, yellow soap, glass beads, dip candles, braces, penny ink-bottles, pocket-combs, mixed pickles, tin-tacks, pocket-mirrors, nails, peg tops, square-iron, marmalade, oil-cans, jams, memorandum-books, and a thousand other things. The ground is covered with heaps of various grains, and here the mixed races I have endeavoured to describe meet and bargain, with cowries and bits of flat copper for money. There is no Indian element in the scene. It is the market-place of Tartars on the march.

January 7.—Darjeeling is almost always in the clouds, and the snowy peaks of the Himalaya are rarely visible at this time of the year, except for an hour after sunrise, and then very capriciously. We were fortunate enough to get one good view of the range during our stay, on the only day when the mists had risen for three

weeks previously. Seen from Darjeeling, Sikkim presents the appearance of a number of high, consecutive, parallel ridges, running east and west. These are all densely wooded, and their outlines are broken here and there by gaps, which indicate the points where rivers, flowing from the snows of the watershed, break through on their southward course to the distant Ganges. Behind the ridges, and overtopping them, is a beautiful range of snowy peaks, among which Kinchinjanga, the loftiest mountain in the world—Everest only excepted—rears its pointed summit to a height of twenty-eight thousand feet. From Kinchinjanga, an immense spur, called the Singalila range, stretches south to the plains of India, separating Sikkim from Nepal on the west; while a similar but smaller ridge, called the Chola range, running southward from a peak named Dankia, fifty miles east of Kinchinjanga, divides Sikkim from Bhotan.

We reached the "Observatory" this morning shortly after sunrise, and found about one-fourth of our southern horizon clear of clouds. The view in this direction consisted of numerous spurs, similar to that upon which we stood, partly jungle-covered, partly cleared and planted with tea. White, thread-like roads wound around the steep hill-sides, and numerous white bungalows, looking like toy houses, were scattered here and there among the plantations. Darjeeling itself, a widely spread group of more or less handsome dwellings, lay at our

feet ; and the lieutenant-governor's summer residence, crowning a hill near our position, formed a prominent feature in the foreground. Northwards, however, everything was covered with mist, which filled the valleys below our feet with an unbroken sheet of vapour, and rolled slowly in great cumuli along the flanks of the wooded ranges. Behind these billowy masses, and extending, as it seemed, a considerable distance towards the zenith, lay a thick horizontal layer of stratus, above which was the blue. We stood, for a long time, looking at the topmost cloud-beds, hoping they would lift, but they did not. Suddenly, however, a tiny white peak peeped *above* their level surface, at a height where we should have looked only for a star ; and, while we could scarcely believe our eyes, the summit of Kinchinjanga was slowly unveiled before us. During the following hour and a half, thirty degrees of the northern horizon cleared, bit by bit, in the same way, bringing into view some forty miles of snowy summits, of whose great elevation, however, we could form no idea, because everything below them was hidden. But, presently, the mists cleared from the valleys, and we saw both the peaks and the low grounds at the same moment, all the intervening space being still covered with clouds. Then, for the first time, the stupendous character of the scenery revealed itself, and we realized, with some emotion, the sublimity of the Himalayas.

Tea and cinchona are largely grown around Darjeel-

ing ; the former spreading widely over the whole surface of British Sikkim, while the latter, which was introduced in 1862, by Dr. Anderson, of the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta, on Government account, already occupies more than two thousand acres, planted with over three million trees. *Cinchona* flourishes at the same elevations as in Ceylon, but its cultivation has passed out of the experimental stage in India, the Government gardens already supplying great quantities of a cheap and excellent febrifuge both to the army and the public.

Tea flourishes in India from the plains of the Terai up to elevations of five thousand feet, but the best qualities are grown at heights of from two to three thousand feet. The plant matures in three years, and continues yielding until it is about thirty years old. The trees are pruned in the "cold weather," and, a month afterwards, they "flush," or put forth leaves, and, these being picked, "flushes" succeed each other at intervals of a few weeks throughout the rainy season. The leaves, after picking, are allowed to wither, and, when they will roll without breaking, are compressed into balls and slightly fermented. The balls are next opened out, the leaves dried in the sun, and finally "fired," by shaking in iron trays over burning charcoal. When quite crisp, they are run through sieves of six different meshes, yielding as many different qualities of tea, to which the Chinese names of Pekoe, Souchong, Congou, etc., are given.

We hear constant complaints that tea-planting does

not pay in India, and "dear labour" is always cited as the cause of this by the planters. But, in Darjeeling, there are plenty of Nepalese labourers, whose wages are only 2s. 8d. per week ; although, in Assam and Cachar, the largest tea-growing districts of India, there is no native labour, and the planter has to depend on immigrants from Bengal. The cost of moving these men, making due allowance for losses by death and desertion, is ninety-seven rupees each. The coolie engages for three years, receiving five rupees wages per month during that time, which brings his value to 3s. 8d. per week. At the end of three years he gets a trifling bonus on re-engaging, and thenceforth costs only five rupees a month, or 2s. 3d. per week. These prices justify neither the planters' outcry nor the charges which are so constantly made against Government of overcare for the immigrant's condition. The true reason why India competes at a disadvantage with China has really nothing whatever to do with this cheap-labour cry. In the latter country, tea is grown around the hut of every peasant. He picks his few pounds of leaves, as do tens of thousands of others like him, and takes them to the village curer and sorter, who sells direct to the European merchants in Shanghai, Whampoa, and other ports. From the garden to the wharf there is a minimum of expenses, while the merchants' profits are of course regulated by the market.

In India, on the other hand, great companies, with

boards of directors, sitting very often in London, own large estates in the foot-hills of the Himalayas. The local superintendent, in each case, is an important and highly paid official, with an expensive European staff, and a number of native "sirdars," or foremen. The company has its agent in Calcutta, who, in addition to receiving consignments of tea, and charging brokerage, supplies everything required on the estate, down to the nails, sheet-lead, and hoop-iron of the tea-chests, on all of which articles he gets a good commission.

In a race between the thrifty Chinese peasant proprietor, who works for a bare subsistence, and the great company, with its well-paid directors and many expenses, there is no question which will win. If tea-growing does not pay in India, it is not because Nepalese and Bengali coolies are living in luxury on half a crown a week. To hear planters talk on the burning question of coolie importation, one would think that the Indian Government is bent on destroying tea-culture in India, by a sentimental immigration policy, dictated by Exeter Hall, which makes labour inordinately dear; but, like a good many other people with grievances, these gentlemen shun figures in their philippics, and find it easier to rail at humane provisions for the proper treatment of labour, than to make themselves acquainted with the true economical reasons of their failure to compete with China.

January 8.—Darjeeling, as we left it, was wrapped

in a fog so thick that we could hardly see twenty yards before us. It was very cold, and we were glad of heavy wraps for a long time after we began the descent of the Himalayan flanks. Presently, however, we emerged into sunshine, and saw the plains of India below us stewing in tropical heat. In the course of a few hours we slipped by insensible degrees from a chilly to a hot climate, and, arrived at Silligouri, prepared ourselves for another awful night in the "sleeping-carriages" of the Northern Bengal Railway.

CHAPTER XVI.

BENARES.

January 10-13.

ALTHOUGH the East Indian Railway is the chief line in India, its sleeping-carriages, like those of the Northern Bengal, give the traveller only a bench to sleep on, lavatories without soap or towels, and no carriage attendants. Anglo-Indians carry their own bedding, and so many other comforts, that a man getting into a night train looks as if he were changing house and travelling with his furniture. This is all very well for people who move about with a bed-maker, a soap-bearer, a toothbrush tender, and a human towel-horse ; but travellers like ourselves are obliged to camp out as best they can on Indian railways. We begin to loathe the swarms of servants with whom Europeans surround themselves in India. When the fellow whose business it is has lighted his master's pipe, or another has brushed his clothes, each squats on his haunches and sleeps till he is wanted for similar services. Caste prejudices prevent Hindoos from waiting at table, so that, in addition to the little army of Hindoo servants required

for the most modest establishment, a Mahometan or two must be kept for the dining-room. A man, indeed, can neither eat, drink, sleep, ride, nor drive without first putting in motion a ridiculously elaborate machinery of service. The English are to blame for fostering a system which the native abuses in the interests of his natural indolence. In Bombay, we are told, domestic service has been brought very nearly into accordance with European practice, and it seems undignified on the part of the English in Bengal to continue the extravagances of a practice which arose in the old, ostentatious days of the Company's rule.

Leaving Calcutta, the East Indian Railway follows the Hooghly for about a hundred miles, and then strikes north-west to the Ganges, pursuing the course of this river as far as Cawnpore. There it turns west, and, in another hundred miles, reaches the left bank of the Jumna, which stream it follows to Delhi, the terminus of the line. About half-way between Calcutta and Delhi is Benares, lying on the left bank of the Ganges, and reached by a bridge of boats, which will soon be superseded by a railway bridge, now in course of construction. The country traversed is without any marked features, the Ganges valley being an apparently level plain of fine detritus, whose enormous extent and thickness recall to our minds the Bluff formation of the Mississippi. The piers of the new bridge at Benares are sunk a hundred feet into this alluvium, and there is

still an unknown depth of it below. Engineers in India do not attempt to get down to the bed rock for their foundations; they only go deep enough to avoid the scour of the river. The plain is well cultivated, wheat at this time of year being the predominant crop, while clumps of trees and palms give a slight relief to what would otherwise be a monotonous scene. Wood is so scarce, or ants so destructive, that the telegraph posts are made of stone, and the line is fenced with cactus, a capital frontier for all kinds of animals. We were struck with the number and beauty of the Indian birds, especially after birdless Japan. The crows are no less numerous in the country than in Calcutta, and live on the most familiar terms with both man and beast. It is curious to see them perched upon the quiet oxen, or antediluvian-looking buffaloes, waiting for such treasures as may be found in their droppings. Lovely little green parrots, with long tail feathers, flew from tree to tree, flashing in the sunlight, while many other brilliant birds, whose names we do not know, are common, and, all alike, are tame.

Benares is the "Holy City" of India, the most formally religious country in the world. Every circumstance in the life of a Hindoo, from his birth to his death, is closely connected with religious observances, and the most insignificant as well as the most important acts cannot be performed without being accompanied by religious rites. Indian theology is pro-

fessedly founded on the Vedas, of which there are four, the oldest, or "Rig-Veda," containing a collection of hymns and invocations, which formulate—if such a word may be used in the case of matters too chaotic for formulation—the religion of the primitive Hindoos. Originally, Vedism was pure nature-worship—the firmament, fire, sun, moon, the air, and the earth being the objects most frequently addressed, although a few doubtful references to monotheism may be detected here and there among the hymns. Vedism seems to have been accompanied from very early times by what may be called old Buddhism, forming a kind of intellectual protest against mere nature-worship, which could not altogether satisfy the best minds even of the primitive Aryan peoples. This belief was in an Almighty Creator, who, having made the world, withdrew Himself from His work, only keeping the knowledge and worship of Himself alive among men by the teachings of successive Buddhs, or prophets, of whom Sakya-Muni, the Buddha of all succeeding time, is said to be the twenty-fifth and last. Early Buddhism and Vedism, or Brahmanism, were always at war ; their contests being essentially of the same character as those of superstition and reason in all ages ; but the appearance of Sakya gave such an impulse to intellectuality as opposed to idolatry in religion, that, for a time, India deposed her Vedic deities and accepted those pure but sad doctrines of Buddha, which have already been set forth in connection with the theologies of Japan. The

practice of Sakya's teaching was, however, too difficult ; and his "eightfold path" of self-renunciation too hard to tread, so that, within a few centuries of its introduction, Buddhism became Pharisaic in character, monastic in practice, and ritualistic in worship, falling finally to the mere adoration of relics and idols. Whether or not Buddhism in India was destroyed, as some think, by actual Brahmanical persecution, is an open question ; only the obscure and doubtful evidence of certain temple sculptures seeming to indicate that the religion of Sakya died a bloody death at the hands of its rivals, the Brahmans. Be this as it may, we know that, since the tenth century of our era, Buddhism has been replaced in India by Puranism, a religion based on an immense extension and perversion of the early Vedas, and invented by the Brahman, to suit the idolatrous tastes of the masses. Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahadeva, or Siva, are the triad of this theology, taking the lead in a chaotic polytheism, which makes a god of every animate and inanimate object, and connects religious rites with the most trifling as well as most important acts of life. Of the Hindoo trinity, Brahma, the supreme deity, is no longer worshipped, but only devoutly contemplated. Vishnu, or rather Rama, is Krishna, a deified hero of the national epic "Ramayana," while Siva, worshipped by the great mass of the people, represents the reproductive powers of nature, and is symbolized by the "Lingam," or Phallus. Siva's devotees are divided into

two sects, the Saivas and Saktas, of whom the latter adore only the Sakti, or female counterpart of the phallic symbol. To enumerate the lesser gods of the Hindoos is impossible, for everything is a god, and for the most debased and trivial object of worship a hidden meaning is claimed. Transmigration is the creed of all the sects, as it was that of the Indian Buddhists, and the chief aim of Hindoo worship is to obtain a deliverance from future existences—an object which is supposed to be effected by a reunion of the purified souls of men with the primitive spirit pervading all nature.

Benares stretches for some miles along the north bank of the Ganges, exhibiting, as seen from the river, an immense number of temples of Hindoo architecture ; the tall and slender minarets of Aurungzebe's Mosque, a monument of Mahometan supremacy planted in the very heart of Brahmanism ; and a number of great buildings, the houses of rich, religious rajahs, who visit the holy city as a matter of piety, and sometimes dedicate their mansions to the use of pilgrims. The river-bank is a terrace from which wide flights of steps descend to the water, where the Hindoos prepare themselves for worship by ablutions. These "bathing ghats" are occupied by a brilliantly coloured crowd, and the river itself is thickly fringed with red and white figures, while its banks are sprinkled with men and women either going to or returning from the stream. A nearer view shows that the bathers observe a prescribed ritual in their

ablutions, the mouth, eyes, nose, and ears being first washed, and then the limbs in a certain order; some prayers are repeated, kneeling on the ghat; and the "lotah," a vessel of brass, is filled with Ganges water, to be carried away for home use. Thus prepared, and taking the utmost care to avoid anything which might defile him on the way, the devotee passes to the temple. Women have ghats of their own, which are scarcely separated from those used by the men. They purify with the same ceremonies, retaining their dress in the water, and changing it for clean robes on leaving the bath. It is surprising how skilfully they substitute a dry skirt and sarong, or overwrap, for their wet things without any exposure of themselves.

Among the many holy places in Benares, visitors are usually shown the Temple of Nepal, the Golden and Monkey Temples, and the Mosque of Aurungzebe, together with the pit—one cannot call it a temple—where snake-worship, introduced by Tartars six centuries before Christ, but never eradicated among this superstitious people, is carried on. Hindoo temples are characterized by an architecture which has nothing in common with that of Europe. The arch was unknown in India before the Mahometan conquest, and the native builder capped his closely grouped columns with spreading brackets, on which he placed bearers or architraves, and covered in by doming over the space between any four columns with gradually diminishing horizontal courses

of flat stones. These domes are sometimes low, sometimes spire-like, but always decorated, as indeed is every portion of the building, with carvings whose originality, variety, and beauty have perhaps never been excelled. Mosques, on the other hand, are distinguished by the Saracenic arch, tall minarets, and a more sparing use of ornament. We shall see by-and-by, at Agra and Delhi, the matchless buildings which resulted from the union of Saracenic with Indian art ; works which were justly the pride of their creators, the Mogul emperors, as they are still the glory of India and the wonder of the world.

A European must set aside all his preconceived ideas of worship on entering a Hindoo temple. We visited one which was full of great monkeys, who lolled in corners, or scampered at large about the shrine ; the priests being apparently mere keepers of a zoological house, and the god an idol-monkey, to whom worshippers offered a few grains of rice or a libation of Ganges water. The Golden Temple was crowded with people, some making offerings, some praying at the shrine, while others were kneeling before low stands carrying volumes of printed prayers, which were recited in a sort of chant. Holy cows were numerous, and the mixture of their sanctified droppings, Ganges water, rice grains, and crushed flowers which befouled the floor, suggested to our minds that a broom and a bottle of Cond's fluid would be a welcome gift to the god.

Our temple visits impressed us strongly with the intensely idolatrous character of the Hindoos, and especially with the prominence of phallic worship in their cult. Not only are the temples of Siva sown broadcast with the Lingam and Sakti, but the same symbols are found in every stone-cutter's shop in Benares. It is probable that the worship of Siva is as conventional in character as these are in form, and that when a man halts for a moment at a wayside shrine, pours a few drops of Ganges water from his lotah over the stone, and gives a *pice* to the priest, he does nothing more than satisfy the religious instinct which is part of every Hindoo's nature. But it must not be forgotten that it is only since India has come under British rule that the worship of Siva has ceased to be accompanied by obscene rites, and if these are no longer observed, it is due, not to Brahman purity, but English repression.

The streets of Benares exhibit considerable artistic feeling on the part of the native builders. They are narrow and tortuous, but the houses, which are two and three storied, are clean and white. The open ground floors, are occupied, as usual throughout the East, by shops, each of which is flanked by stone or wooden columns, carved in the Hindoo style, and connected above, either by a decorated Saracenic arch or carved architrave. Little verandahs of stone, pierced with geometrical or flowing figures, and carried upon carved stone brackets, relieve the house fronts, and, here and

there, the crooked streets give suddenly on wide open spaces, where the business of the bazaar goes briskly forward, and brightly coloured groups of people are buying and selling. At almost every street corner is a small shrine, where men and women pause for a moment in passing, to throw yellow flowers or pour water from the lotah upon the symbol, leaving a few small coins with the priest, who squats lazily within the little alcove.

Benares is famous for its chased brass-work, and certain streets are wholly devoted to this manufacture. The brass is beaten up out of sheet metal into trays and vases ; brazed by one man, turned in the lathe by another, and chased by a third, each art craftsman having his own shop, where only one of the three operations is carried on. The tools employed are very few, and of the simplest character. A hammer and anvil, and a little charcoal fire, urged by the breath, in an earthen pot, is all the first man wants. The lathe of the second is only a mandril wound around with a strap, which a boy pulls, giving some half a dozen turns, first in one and then in the opposite direction. The third, with a few small hammers and chisels, outlines the design and finishes the work at one and the same operation, the decorations growing up on the metal under his skilful fingers without previous sketching.

Native merchants of importance do not display their wares in shops, and their houses are almost as difficult of access as a fortress. Wishing to buy some of the

gold brocade for which Benares is famous, we called on one of the chief dealers in silks, who is also a banker. After passing through many passages and guarded doors, we reached a room buried deep in the house, where the merchant sat in state, surrounded by his book-keepers, and servants. Even here, no goods were to be seen, but the brocades were fetched, one at a time, from a neighbouring apartment by assistants. Meanwhile, the great man remained motionless and impassive, not deigning to speak except when the most costly things were shown, but ordering everything to be brought for our inspection, with the manner of a prince. When my companion had made a purchase, the money was taken by a cashier, and only in greeting us and saying farewell did the merchant's manner pass from dignity to cordiality ; then he was as polite as a Japanese. The natives of India are very fond of privacy. Their houses, like those of Pompeii, show blank walls to the world, while the family life goes on within and unseen. They hate to be overlooked, or to have their business known, and it is this instinct, as much as security, which makes the trader withdraw his operations from the public eye.

In an incidental way we had already seen the famous Eastern conjurer several times. He ate swords and charmed snakes in Ceylon ; swallowed stones and reproduced them from his stomach in Madras ; and showed a variety of feeble tricks in Calcutta ; but we

were anxious to see some of the wonderful feats of Indian magic about which one hears so much, and sent for a great man. He was no better than all the others. He played thimble-rig, showed string puzzles, breathed fire, and finally exhibited the often-described mango trick ; planting a seed in the ground, and inducing its magical growth to a tree. We have seen this wonder half a dozen times in India, and nothing can be more clumsy than its performance. One can actually watch the magician manipulate the mango branch, concealed in the bag with which he covers the seed while the growth is supposed to be taking place. Third-rate European conjurers are far superior to any Indian magicians we have met with, and I am disposed to think that the travellers' stories about these men are written by people who know nothing about legerdemain.

The "burning ghat" of Benares lies by the river-side, and a funeral procession is a common sight in the streets. First comes a band of people, wailing, led by a man who swings an earthen pot filled with live coals. The kinsmen follow, with heads newly shaved, and their garments flying loose, crying, "Rama ! Rama !" After them, the bier, a stretcher of woven bamboo, on which lies the corpse, sprinkled with red and yellow dust. A great wood pile receives the body, fire is applied, and when the whole has burnt to ashes these are scattered on the surface of the holy river. Returning from the burning ghat, we met a picturesque array. Some half-

dozen elephants, a couple of camels, and a little body-guard of native soldiers, all glorious in tinsel and bright colours, were drawn up in the street, waiting for a rajah, who was bathing in the Ganges preparatory to visiting the shrine. Presently the great man returned, purified and gorgeously attired. The howdah of a kneeling elephant received him ; the drivers said a few words in a low tone to their beasts, and the barbaro-religious procession got under way for the temple, where, a libation having been poured, and a few yellow flowers thrown over the Lingam, the pious work of the day would be completed.

Our last view of Benares was like our first. In the foreground was the yellow Ganges, and on the bank a picturesque crowd of bathers, behind whom rose, with broken and beautiful outlines, the white walls of great religious buildings, massive, like the centuries through which the Hindoo theology has endured, and as profusely fanciful in their decorations as the strange polytheism which still binds the mind of India with the fetters of degraded superstitions.

CHAPTER XVII.

LUCKNOW—CAWNPORE.

January 14-15.

ONCE more, our time being precious, we ventured into an Indian sleeping-carriage, leaving Benares by the Oudh and Rohilcund Railway, another metre-gauge line, which carried us, rather more comfortably than usual, to Lucknow, a distance of two hundred miles, in twelve hours, or at the rate of nearly seventeen miles an hour. Oudh, of which Lucknow is the capital, was annexed by the British in 1856. The country forms part of the alluvial valley of the Ganges, on one of whose tributaries, the Gumti, Lucknow is built. The northern part of Oudh is covered with forest, cleared here and there, and supporting a scanty population, who live by pasturing cattle. For the rest, the soil on the left bank of the Gumti is arid and sandy, while that lying between the Gumti and the Ganges is a fertile delta irrigated by wells. The province contains eleven million people, of whom ten millions are Hindoos.

About the middle of the last century, a Persian mercantile adventurer, named Saadat Ali Khan, went

to seek his fortune at the Mogul court of Delhi, and, being a man of ability, he obtained the administration of Oudh, then part of the Imperial dominions. His son succeeded him, but though, in the growing weakness of the decaying Mogul empire, Saadat's office may appear to have become hereditary, Saftar Jung, his successor, was in no sense an independent ruler. In the course of time, however, a provincial governor succeeded in becoming a feudatory prince, with virtual independence, and at his death, in 1798, a struggle for the succession occurred, which ended in the British seating a half-brother of the late ruler's on the throne, under the title of Saadat Ali II. This man ceded nearly half of Oudh to the English in 1801, since which time the kings, having no real ruling to do, took to dancing girls, cock-fighting, drinking, and building stucco palaces for their women. Saadat Ali's immediate successors went deeper and deeper into the mire, so that our Resident at the court of Lucknow hardly ever saw the monarch, who was plunged in the lowest vices. In 1837 there was another struggle for the succession, when England again interfered, a step which terminated in a treaty providing for the partial introduction of British civil administration. Two more kings followed, during whose reigns the condition of the country went from bad to worse, until England, after much hesitation, annexed the country in 1856, transferring the king to Calcutta, where his great palace on the banks of the Hooghly is one of

the first objects to strike the eye of the traveller arriving at the capital of Bengal.

Such are the circumstances, and such were the men under whom the "City of Palaces" arose, and it is not therefore surprising to find that among all the vast buildings reared by the kings of Oudh, there is scarcely one which commands respect or admiration. The city stands on a great plain, on the right bank of the Gumti river, extending over thirteen square miles, and having a population of two hundred and sixty thousand people, six-tenths of whom are Hindoos. The European portion of the town is characterized by broad roads, beautiful houses and grounds, and abundant turf and trees; while the shops are unusually handsome. The native bazaar is picturesque, but its houses are inferior to those of Benares. An arched gateway opens upon a long, narrow, and crowded thoroughfare, lined upon either side by small shops for the sale of gold and silver brocade, silver chasing and inlaying, and precious stones, besides the usual miscellaneous goods. The shops exhibit little artistic taste in construction, although they are all flanked by carved wood columns, which support Saracenic arches.

As for the court suburb, the best that can be said of it is that it is vast and sumptuous, while the worst is happily embodied in the phrase, "Lucknow is a city of stucco nightmares." Its seraglios and palaces, which cover several square miles of ground, are built of brick

and stucco, and were designed by ill-educated Europeans, who gave the last touches of ostentatious vulgarity to a debased Saracenic style. Bad as it is, this dash of European art among Oriental buildings makes Lucknow unlike any other Indian town, and it must be confessed that the very number and size of its palaces give an air of magnificence to the city, which only disappears when the buildings themselves are examined in detail. To describe these palaces would be a thankless task, their only interest for us resides in the fact that some of them formed serious obstacles to the advance of the troops whom Havelock, Outram, and Campbell led to the relief of the dauntless garrison which held the Lucknow Residency so tenaciously against terrible odds during the dreadful days of 1857.

When Lord Canning landed in Calcutta in 1856, India appeared to be profoundly tranquil. The annexation of Oudh had been peaceably effected, and the deposed king was residing near Calcutta. The chief commissionership of Oudh had, however, unfortunately, been given to a man who, instead of endeavouring to reconcile the chiefs and people to a foreign rule, interfered unwisely with the tenures of estates belonging to the native aristocracy, and in so doing sowed the seeds of disaffection among classes which he should have tried to conciliate. The bulk of the sepoy army was recruited from Oudh, and all the soldiers of this country lost certain privileges, which gave them importance in their

native villages, when the province was annexed. Delhi, too, the old Mahometan capital of India, had been allowed to retain its king and a mock court, although the former had been authoritatively informed that the royal title would lapse on the death of its existing owner. The king's favourite wife was, however, bent on the succession of her son, and not only did her influence cause Delhi to become hostile to the Government, but Southern India, and even Persia were excited to enmity against the British by her intrigues. Further, a man named Nana Sahib, who lived near Cawnpore, and was the adopted son of a rajah to whom the British Government paid a large annuity, had the impudence to demand a continuance of this payment after the rajah's death. On this being refused, he vowed vengeance against the dominant race, and, at a later stage of events, became one of the foremost leaders of the Mutiny.

It is doubtful whether the smouldering disaffection in Oudh and Delhi would have culminated in the revolt of the whole native army but for an unexpected incident. The Enfield rifle had lately been introduced, and its cartridges were greased for the lubrication of the barrel. While the touch of beef in any shape defiles a Hindoo, and causes the loss of caste, the Mahometan has a pious horror of pork. An alarm was raised among the sepoys at Dumdum, a school of musketry near Calcutta, that Government had caused the new cartridges to be smeared with ingredients which would defile both

Hindoo and Mahometan. A sudden excitement arose and spread like wildfire among the sepoy of both creeds, and, in the course of a few days, almost every regiment in India was infected with alarm and passion.

Such was the state of things in April, 1857, a month which passed without disturbance, only because, afterwards transpired, a general conspiracy had been organized for the simultaneous revolt of every regiment at every station in Hindostan on the last Sunday of May, at the hour of church service, when all Europeans, without regard to age or sex, were to be massacred. An unexpected transaction, however, at Meerut, near Delhi, led to a premature outbreak. The 3rd Native Cavalry at that station refused to touch the new cartridges, and were put in irons by the captain commanding. On the following Sunday, the 10th of May, the troops broke out, liberated the prisoners, massacred all the Europeans in the station, and started for Delhi. There, they were joined by the 38th Regiment, on duty in the city; the Europeans were overpowered and shot, and sovereignty offered to the king by the mutineers. The news of the outbreak and establishment of a Mogul throne was at once telegraphed to Calcutta, but, in consequence of the Persian war, Lord Canning had no troops at hand, and sent to Madras, Bombay, and Ceylon for every available white regiment, while a steamer was despatched to intercept Lord Elgin, then on his way to China with troops.

At this time, the Punjaub was administered by Sir John Lawrence, with a large body of able civil servants under him, and these men lost no time in disarming the native regiments at Lahore, Umritsur, Peshawur, and elsewhere. A regiment at Jhelum succeeded in escaping with their arms, and some regiments at Sealkote followed their example, but they were cut to pieces on their way to Delhi by John Nicholson, afterwards one of the greatest heroes of the Mutiny. These measures were so skilfully conceived and boldly executed, that they gave security for a time to the Punjaub; but, meanwhile, there was scarcely a regiment, from Allahabad to the Sutlej, which was not in revolt; Delhi became the seat of a revolutionary government, and its capture became every day more urgent and more difficult.

In Oudh, as we have seen, the aristocracy were disaffected to English rule, and the people followed the suit of their natural leaders. Sir Henry Lawrence was the Resident at Lucknow, where he soon found himself surrounded by the disloyal retainers of the old native court, and numerous sympathizers with the revolted sepoy. There were at this time nine native regiments in the town, and only seven hundred Europeans. One of the regiments revolted, but, on being attacked by Lawrence, the sepoy threw down their arms and fled. Three weeks later, on the 30th of May, five other regiments broke out, murdered their officers, and fired the cantonments, and, by the middle of June, every

regiment in Oudh had mutinied. Lawrence was shut up in the Residency by the end of June, with a garrison of nine hundred Europeans and eight hundred natives, and the siege began. The house, a mansion built by one of the kings of Oudh, stood in its own grounds, surrounded by a low mud wall, closely girdled by the native town. It is now a mere ruin, pitted all over with shot-marks, but the mud wall no longer exists ; the native quarter has been cleared away, and the grounds have been converted into an ornamental garden, the position of every battery erected by the defence being marked by dwarf columns carrying inscribed slabs. All this has been done with unostentatious good taste ; but the Residency and grounds, while they properly remain a memento of a great national peril gallantly met, now give but little notion of the space wherein hundreds of persons, combatant and non-combatant, women and children, were cooped up and rained upon with shot and shell for fifteen weeks, in the middle of an Indian summer. The mutineers occupied the houses of the native town, while the besieged threw up detached works at more or less advanced points around the house. One of these, named the Cawnpore Battery, was so desperate a post that it was always held by volunteers, no officer being placed in permanent charge of it. Near it, was a work defended by sixty-five boys from the "Martinière," a foundation school in Lucknow, while other batteries are known as Duprat's, Anderson's, and the

Redan. Sir Henry Lawrence was killed by a shell only a few days after the siege began, and, before the garrison was first relieved by Havelock, in September, it had lost four hundred men, eleven ladies, and fifty children ; while, between that time and the final relief by Sir Colin Campbell, a hundred and twenty of the original garrison, and four hundred of the men whom Havelock threw into the place, had died. Of the relief itself I shall speak as the story of the Mutiny progresses.

Cawnpore was another station in the north-west, garrisoned by three native regiments, who revolted on the 5th of June, dismissing their officers, plundering the treasury, and marching off to Delhi. General Wheeler, who was in command, had only two hundred European soldiers on the spot, and, fearing an outbreak, had already entrenched himself in the open plain. Into this little work the whole European population was crowded, and here, for three weeks, the feeble garrison, with their sick and dying all round, without hospital stores, and short of both ammunition and food, were sapped, bombarded, and starved. By the third week, a hundred of them were dead, and the rest nearly starving. The attack was conducted by Nana Sahib himself, who had fomented the spirit of revolt among the Cawnpore troops. On the 26th of June, the Nana offered to treat, promising the protection of his escort to the garrison. The terms were accepted ; boats were provided for the conveyance of the survivors to Allahabad, and, on the morning of

the 27th of June, they moved down to the river. No sooner were the boats in mid-stream, than they were deliberately fired upon by the Nana's order. Grape and musketry opened on the defenceless whites from both sides of the river, and, of those who got to shore alive; the women and children were taken to the Nana's house, while the men were shot in the water, only four of the latter escaping.

The perilous condition of the garrisons of Lucknow and Cawnpore formed the chief cause of anxiety at Calcutta. The Punjaub had been saved by the masterly movements of Sir John Lawrence and his officers. At Benares, the commissioner and his associates succeeded in warding off the danger until a small reinforcement arrived under Colonel Neill, who then moved on to relieve the important fort of Allahabad, which was besieged by the mutineers, who had possession of Allahabad itself. In this he succeeded, re-establishing order in the city, and making a terrific example of the revolted sepoys. Meanwhile, Colonel Havelock had returned to Calcutta from the Persian expedition, and formed a movable column, from reinforcements which now began to arrive in dribblets, to proceed upwards from the lower provinces to the scenes of the revolt. Reaching Allahabad on the 30th of June, he was met by the news of the surrender of Cawnpore. In his anxiety to relieve this town, Neill had despatched a small force only a few days before Havelock's arrival, and upon

this little band the Nana had turned immediately after the surrender of Wheeler. Havelock hastened after the handful of white soldiers, overtook it at Futtehpoore, at which place he commenced his victorious career. The enemy, nearly four times his number, was completely routed, and the Nana's brother, who was in the field, hastened back to Cawnpore, with the alarming news that the British were in full march on the town. The Nana at once massacred all the women and children, survivors of the scene on the river, and threw them, dead and dying, into a well ; after which he marched against Havelock, but, being decisively beaten, fled across the Ganges into Oudh. Next morning, when our troops marched into Cawnpore, the sight of the well told them the story ; after that there was no more quarter given to sepoys.

Colonel Neill was now left in charge of Cawnpore, while the victorious Havelock pushed on to Lucknow. Whereas, in Hindostan generally, the people were neutral, and many of the native aristocracy remained loyal to the British, both the landed class and people of Oudh were hostile, and the whole country in revolt ; a large army of sepoys, strong in the sympathy of the country, was ready to dispute every inch of ground, while Havelock's force did not exceed fourteen hundred men. On the 25th of July, however, he worsted the enemy, twelve thousand strong, and, on the 4th of August, defeated twenty thousand mutineers at Busserut. Then the cholera

broke out in his camp. Neill was again threatened in Cawnpore, and Havelock was at length obliged to suspend operations and wait for reinforcements. While waiting, he again fought the enemy on the 16th of August, and then, after ten successful engagements, lay unwillingly on his oars for aid from Calcutta.

On the 16th of September, Outram reached him with fourteen hundred men, raising his force to two thousand five hundred, and, gracefully leaving the command in the hands of Havelock, who was his junior officer, accompanied him as a volunteer. On the morning of the 25th of September, the two succeeded in forcing their way into the Residency at Lucknow, after a whole day's desperate fighting, in the course of which the little force lost over four hundred and fifty men, and Neill was unfortunately killed. Even after the garrison was thus relieved, they were too weak to escort the women and children to Cawnpore, still less to recover the city, now occupied by a large rebel army abundantly furnished with military stores. Further reinforcements, however, reached Calcutta in November, and marched, under Sir Colin Campbell, up to Cawnpore. Thence, this general started on the 9th of November, with five thousand men, and forced his way into the Residency, after three days of continuous and heavy fighting. A skilful retreat to Cawnpore was effected by part of the garrison, in charge of the women and children; but the gallant Havelock, worn out with his labours, died of diarrhoea. Outram

was left with a sufficient force in charge of the Alum Bagh, one of the "stucco nightmares," on the outskirts of the town, to keep open communications with Cawnpore, and Sir Colin Campbell returned to the latter place, just in time to save the general in charge from a disaster. The Gwalior contingent had mutinied in October, and marched to attack Cawnpore, but were met by Campbell before they reached the town, and completely overthrown.

To turn to Delhi, which had become the headquarters of the revolutionary movement. This city was invested by our troops by the end of May, the small besieging force taking up a commanding position on "the ridge," a chain of low hills, whence the town is overlooked from a distance of a mile. The impossibility of taking a vast place like Delhi with the weak force under the command of General Barnard, was self-evident, and, during fourteen weeks from the commencement of the siege, the besiegers were really themselves besieged. More than thirty attacks were made on Barnard's lines, but Lord Canning stuck to the position through all difficulties, wisely seeing that, as Delhi had become the rallying-point of the mutineers, the retirement of the army from before it would stimulate the spirit of revolt.

Meanwhile, Sir John Lawrence was raising Sikh regiments in the north-west, and, on the 14th of August, Nicholson arrived at Delhi with a force that brought the numbers of the attack up to seven thousand men. On

the 3rd of September the siege train arrived, and then, for a month, fifty guns poured shot and shell into the town. On the 14th, an assault was delivered, and Delhi recovered, though at the price of Nicholson's life, and a loss of three thousand five hundred men. It took six days' fighting before the whole town was in our hands, but on the 20th resistance ceased. The king fled, but was captured by Major Hodson, at Humayoun's tomb, a few miles outside the city, and the same officer, in pursuit of the king's sons, found them surrounded by so great a crowd of armed and unarmed men that, fearing a rescue, he shot them in the road, and with them perished the last heirs to the throne of the Great Moguls.

The outbreak had already been crushed in Central India, and by the end of December, 1857, the Company's authority was re-established everywhere but in Oudh. Early in 1858, Sir Colin Campbell found himself at the head of a force of nearly twenty thousand men, with which he advanced to the capture of Lucknow. Outram, left as we have seen at the Alum Bagh, had been twice attacked by a force six times his number, but had held his own, and now, after ten days' incessant fighting, the city was completely recovered. The Mutiny was practically at an end, although, here and there, bands of rebels continued to resist. Nana Sahib escaped the closest pursuit, but died in the jungles of Nepal, in 1859. All the other leaders were either killed, captured, or executed. The Sepoy Rebellion was the death-warrant

of the East India Company, and, on the 1st of November, 1858, the Queen was proclaimed Sovereign of India. Such, in brief, is the story of the Great Indian Mutiny, a national disaster which was retrieved by the efforts of a few heroic men, many of them civilians by profession, but who became brilliant soldiers because they were capable of rising to the height of a great occasion, and burned with the same desire which finds expression on one of the noblest among many noble tombs at Lucknow: "Here lies the body of Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

Cawnpore is a town of nearly a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, lying in the midst of a flat alluvial plain on the banks of the Ganges. There is no sign left of Wheeler's entrenchment, which was only a low mud wall thrown up in the very midst of the plain, and open to attack from all sides. Wheeler has been much blamed for choosing such an indefensible position, especially as there was an old building by the river-side, which would have sheltered his front, while his rear would have been protected from attack by the stream. A little north of the site of the entrenchment stands the memorial church, a fine Romanesque building, within which are many monumental tablets, recording dreadful deaths with a simplicity that is at once touching and terrible. The "Well" is about a mile from Wheeler's entrenchment. On the 15th of July the news of Havelock's victorious advance reached the Nana. Of the prisoners who had

escaped from the boats, four were men, and they were taken out and shot. The women and children were confined in a small room, and fired upon from the windows, and, when all were either dead or wounded, the bodies were thrown into the well. This infamous spot is now enclosed by a marble structure, and the exact site of the well is marked by an angel figure, while a large and tasteful garden surrounds the sad memorial of England's darkest Indian tragedy.

Cawnpore is the greatest market town in India. All the produce of the north-west finds its way to the bazaar, which is of enormous size and crowded with merchandise, especially grain and cotton. The last is extensively grown in the neighbourhood of the city, and is now being profitably manufactured into twist and cloth at mills which have been established by Europeans within the last few years. The increase of manufactures in India is a matter of the highest national importance. Hitherto, the natives have subsisted entirely on agriculture, and, so great is the pressure of population on the acreage, that the cultivators in many parts are always only a little way removed from hunger, while a dry season inevitably produces scarcity, and sometimes famine. The statesman of our time is never allowed to forget this permanent danger to India. In the days of the Company, as in those of the Mogul emperors, famine was looked upon as an irresistible foe, whose course could not be checked, although, as often happened, whole

districts were depopulated by dearth, and the soil returned to jungle for want of tillers. England no longer folds its hands in the presence of such calamities, but every Indian statesman feels that his responsibilities are sensibly lessened by the growth of industries which, by employing labour, diminish the pressure of the population on the soil.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGRA.

January 16-18.

AGRA lies on the west bank of the Jumna river, which makes a great horse-shoe bend immediately below the city. The population is a hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom one-third are Mussulmans. The walls include eleven square miles, only half of which area is inhabited; the remainder consists of ruins, ravines, and dusty patches of desert. Agra was the creation of Akbar, the Great Mogul, who established his metropolis and palace here in 1566. Before his day, Delhi had always been the Mahometan capital of India, but this city ceased to attract any attention from Akbar's successors for eighty years, when his grandson, Shah Juhan, built modern Delhi, which then, again, became the capital of the conquerors. These towns, and the splendid architecture which distinguishes them among all other cities of the world, are so identified with Mogul rule that, in view of descriptions to follow, it will be convenient to introduce a short but necessary sketch

of this brilliant dynasty, which raised India to the greatest prosperity she ever attained under native rule, and the art of building, in particular, to a height of excellence which has never been equalled elsewhere.

In 1526, certain disaffected Hindoo princes persuaded Baber, the sixth in descent from Timour the Tartar, to undertake the invasion of India. Baber was a Mogul, or member of that nomad Tartar tribe whose incursions had harried India ever since the end of the thirteenth century. Hindostan was in an anarchic condition, and the kingdom of Delhi had become restricted to a very small territory when Baber attacked and captured the city in 1526. He only reigned four years, but during that time he extended his conquests until he became master of all Northern India. He was succeeded by his son, Humayoun, in 1530, who soon lost the kingdom to a revolted soldier of fortune, named Shere Khan. Sixteen years later, the weakness of this man's successor gave Humayoun an opportunity of recovering his throne ; but he did not long enjoy the crown, being accidentally killed by a fall only six months afterwards. Humayoun's son, Akbar, who succeeded him at the early age of thirteen, was destined to become the greatest of all the Mahometan rulers of India. He was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, his reign having begun two years before and ending two years after her's. He never fought a battle which he did not win, or besiege a town which he did not take, but he preferred administration

to war, and the glory of his reign depends less on his conquests than the admirable institutions by which they were consolidated. Akbar was entirely free from Mahometan bigotry or religious bias. He treated Hindoos and Mussulmans alike ; married a Hindoo princess ; made Hindoos his counsellors, and developed Indian nationality to the utmost of his power. Under him there arose a new creed and a new architecture, of which, while the former has decayed, the works of the latter remain, the boast of India and the wonder of the world. Akbar died in 1605, and was succeeded by his son Jehangir, who, though an able man, was a sot. In 1627, Shah Juhan, son of Jehangir, ascended the throne, and proved the most magnificent of all the Moguls. His reign embraced the most prosperous period of native rule in India ; the country and finances were well administered by him, and, though he spent immense sums in gratifying his love of splendour, especially in architecture, he left large amounts in the national treasury. He was succeeded, in 1658, by his son Aurungzebe, a bigoted Mussulman, and the last of the line worthy of notice. During these reigns, the empire was extended over nearly all India, and the numerous towns, palaces, and mosques which were erected by the Moguls testify to their enterprise and magnificence. Mogul rule existed, but did not flourish, throughout the eighteenth century, but, in 1803, the British possessed themselves of Delhi. They did not, however, destroy the Mogul dynasty, but,

as we have already seen, allowed a mimic royalty to disport itself in the city until 1857, when the king, who had identified himself with the cause of the Mutiny, was exiled to Burmah, and his sons were slain.

The chief buildings in Agra are the Fort and Palace ; the Taj Mahal, or Tomb of Shah Juhan's wife, and Akbar's Tomb at Sikandra, four miles from the city. Our first visit was to Sikandra, the road to which has been called the " Appian Way " of India, being bordered by tombs, originally ambitious structures, but now in partial or complete decay. If Benares breathes the spirit of Hindooism, Agra and its neighbourhood bespeak Mahometan supremacy in every building that meets the eye. The bizarre spires and colonnades of the native artist, profusely decorated with pantheistic carvings, are seen no more, but their places are taken by the scalloped arches, swelling domes, and aspiring minarets characteristic of Saracenic architecture.

Akbar's Tomb was raised by his son in 1613, in the midst of a large garden enclosed by high quadrangular walls, whose sides are pierced by massive gateways of red sandstone. From each gate a causeway leads to a central platform, about four hundred feet square, on which the mausoleum stands, the intermediate spaces of garden being filled with handsome trees. The tomb itself is three hundred feet square, and rises in five terraces, pyramidally arranged to about a hundred feet in height. Around each of these ter-

paces runs an arched gallery, surmounted by rows of kiosques. The topmost story, which is of white marble, is an open court about seventy feet square, surrounded by narrow vaulted cloisters, whose sides are formed of pierced marble screens, while, in the centre of the court, stands a sarcophagus of white marble, exquisitely sculptured. This is only a duplicate of the stone under which the dust of Akbar lies, in a lofty vaulted hall, occupying the centre of the pile and lighted only by a few small openings. The main gateway of the garden is a massive red sandstone structure, covered externally with inlaid Arabic inscriptions, geometrical figures, and floral arabesques. Within, it is a lofty vaulted chamber, decorated with coloured arabesques, which are seen to great advantage by the light of sunbeams straying through pierced stone screens. On either side of this room are mortuary chambers, containing the remains of Akbar's sisters, who repose under marble sarcophagi of exquisite design and execution.

Already Sikandra had given us very exalted ideas of Mogul architecture, and it was with high expectations that we next turned to the Fort of Akbar. This is the central object in Agra ; its walls are seventy feet high, and about a mile and a half in circuit, surrounded by a deep moat filled from the river Jumna. Within these commanding walls is the Palace of the Great Mogul, comprising halls of public and private audience, the king's private apartments, the zenana, or women's

quarter, the famous Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, and other less important buildings.

"The Pearl Mosque," says Bayard Taylor, "is in truth the pearl of all mosques of small dimensions, but absolutely perfect in style and proportion. It is lifted on a lofty sandstone platform, and, from without, nothing can be seen but its three domes of white marble and gilded spires. These domes crown a corridor, open towards a court, and divided into three aisles by a triple row of exquisitely proportioned Saracenic arches. The Moti Musjid can be compared to no other building I have ever seen. To my eye it is absolutely perfect. While its architecture is the purest Saracenic, it has all the simplicity of Doric art. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled as a Christian to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and the Prophet." This enthusiastic praise is not thrown away on the Moti Musjid, but it does not characterize the building, which is pure and stainless indeed, but much too dainty to evoke any of the religious emotion which is felt in the aisles of a Gothic church. It is a bridal chamber rather than a fane, but over-refined and architecturally feeble; delicate as a shell, and beautiful as a woman is beautiful.

The greater part of Akbar's original work at Agra was cleared away by Shah Juhan, to make way for suites of magnificent chambers, decorated with carving, paint-

ing, and inlays of precious stones. These apartments overhang the river from the height of the walls, and are connected by projecting belvederes, from which the emperor could watch his yachts or the water sports. The most beautiful of them all is the hall of private audience (Dewan-i-Khas), a marble colonnade of Saracenic arches supported on twin columns, whose graceful bases, capitals, and shafts are inlaid with onyx, heliotrope, agate, and carnelian, disposed in floral designs. This lovely room opens upon a square courtyard, whose noble simplicity throws the exquisite, if feminine, beauty of the Dewan-i-Khas into the highest relief. The hall of public audience is a much larger colonnade of red sandstone, with massive columns and fine Saracenic arches. Within, stands a throne, and the hall opens on a vast courtyard. Here the emperor administered justice, or sat, surrounded by his nobles, to watch the fights of animals or view his elephants and horses. There are no great saloons or galleries, throughout the palaces of the Mogul emperors. These monarchs, the descendants of nomads, carried the life of the camp into their most luxurious capitals. There was a central pavilion, the Dewan-i-Am, for the display of the king and the public administration of justice, and a smaller pavilion in which he consulted his peers and council. But his private life was passed in the zenana, and great suites of reception-rooms, such as are found in European palaces, would have had no use.

Among the original works of Agra Fort which Shah Juhan did not replace with marble structures is a palace built by Akbar for his son Jehangir. It is entirely of sandstone, and Hindoo both in construction and ornament, but as I shall have to examine the distinguishing characteristics of Hindoo and Mahometan architecture when describing Futtehpore-Sikri, a town of Akbar's, which we have yet to visit, the Jehangir Palace is best spoken of here simply as one of the Great Mogul's happiest efforts to develop the constructive capacities of Hindoo architecture.

On a bend of the Jumna, about a mile below the Fort, lies the Taj Mahal, the glory of India, and the tomb of Shah Juhan's favourite wife, the "Exalted One of the Palace." This mausoleum was begun in 1630 and finished in 1648. During these eighteen years it employed twenty thousand men, and cost the prodigious sum of two millions sterling. The labour was forced, and so poorly paid in rations of rice, that the poet describes the Agra peasants as crying—

"Have mercy, God, on our distress;
For we too die with the princess!"

"The Taj," to quote Bayard Taylor again, "like the Tomb of Akbar, stands in a large garden, enclosed by a lofty wall of red sandstone, with arched galleries around the interior, and entered by a superb gateway of sandstone, inlaid with ornaments and inscriptions from the Koran in white marble. Entering, an avenue

of cypresses appears before you. Along its centre, sparkles a row of fountains, each throwing up a single jet. On both sides, palms, banians, and feathery bamboos mingle their foliage. Down such a vista, and over such a foreground rises the Taj." We tried hard to be enthusiastic about the "wonder of India," and failed. We visited it in full daylight; when painted with the rosy light of sunset, and in bright moonlight,—but always to come to the same conclusion. An ethereal beauty characterizes the Taj; but this must be ascribed chiefly to its exquisite material and delicate colour. Marble retains its virginal whiteness in the pure air of India, and contrasts exquisitely with the clear blue of the sky; but the building would lose more than half its attraction if formed of a coarser stone. Architecturally, it has no charm. It is a great cubical mass, with truncated corners, and walls deeply excavated by cavernous arches which lead nowhere. These recesses give the only relief to the structure, which has not even a moulding to break its monotonous flatness. Instead, there are flat bands, bordered with black marble, and inlaid with Arabic inscriptions, but there are no structural lines which carry the delighted eye from one point to another of the pile, and no constructive arrangements of any sort in the Taj. Still it charms. To quote Bayard Taylor once more: "So light it seems, so like a fabric of mist and moonbeams, with its great dome soaring up like a silvery bubble, that even after you have touched it and

climbed to its summit, you may almost doubt its reality." This is extravagant praise, but it describes the effect which the Taj produces on the mind when its beautifully textured white marble is lighted either by the full moon or the faint rose tints of the setting sun.

In describing the Palace of Akbar, I have already mentioned the use of marble inlaid with precious stones. This art resembles Florentine work of the sixteenth century, and became characteristic of Mogul architecture after the death of Akbar, appearing first at Sikandra, where the inlaid figures are purely geometrical. Twenty years later, the inlay of Akbar's time gave way to a mixed style, imperfect flowing figures being added to the purely geometrical ornament of an earlier date, but, by the time the Taj was built, Indian *pietra dura* work had reached its highest development, and beautiful floral forms had replaced the stiffer and cruder designs of former times. The sarcophagi of Shah Juhan and his wife, which lie within the Taj Mahal, are enclosed by a quadrangular screen of pierced marble, or jali-work, exquisitely executed; a piece of lace in stone. The pilasters which support these jali screens are thickly covered with floral inlays of precious stones, and the interior walls of the Taj are similarly decorated, but the jewels are used simply and without ostentation, as befitted the taste of a builder like Shah Juhan, whose errors were all on the side of over-refinement.

The Taj abuts on the Jumna by a magnificent terrace

walk, whence the view, especially at sunset, is extremely beautiful. The spectator is placed almost at the crown of a great bend in the river, which sweeps away on either hand, and is lost in the misty distances of the plain. On his right, overhanging the stream and about a mile away, rise the battlemented walls of Akbar's Fort, crowned with the white pavilions and domes which Shah Juhan added to the frowning pile. Beyond this splendid monument of Mogul art, is seen the handsome railway bridge which now spans the Jumna, the work of that modern civilizer, the English engineer, and as beautiful, in its way, as Akbar's towers. On the left, among the ruins of domes and minarets, and just beyond the farthest kiosque of the garden enclosure, is the burning ghat, where a flicker of light tells us that the body of a Hindoo is crumbling into ashes, to be thrown into the water and float to the holy river by-and-by. The opposite bank is lined with the remains of palaces, once belonging to the omrahs, or nobles of Akbar's court, who were bound to appear at the palace daily, and lived in close attendance on the monarch. Some massive foundations here look as if there had once been a bridge across the Jumna, but that is not likely. Tradition says they are the first courses of a palace, so ambitiously designed that Shah Juhan forbade its completion, saying, "If the building is very good it may eclipse the Taj; if not, the effect of my work will be spoiled."

The river is full of shoals, where great turtles lie

basking, or slide lazily into the water and paddle to new quarters, with only their noses above water. As the sun sets, the smooth surface of the river glows with rosy light, while, here and there, the wakes of slowly moving boats relieve the sheet of warm colouring with long triangles of purple. Now the night falls; the Jumna suddenly darkens, and we turn to see, by the enchanted light of a full moon, the swelling domes and tall minarets of the Taj, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

In pursuance of his policy of conciliation, and with a view to the amalgamation of Hindoo and Mahometan, Akbar married a Hindoo princess. She bore him twin boys, who died in infancy, at a moment when the emperor, returning from a campaign on which his wife had accompanied him, halted at the foot of a rocky ridge where now stand the ruins of the town of Futteh-pore-Sikri. Here lived a "faquir," or holy man, Sulim-Chisti, who persuaded the royal couple that a son would be born to them if they took up their abode at this spot. Sulim's prophecy proved correct, and to commemorate the birth of an heir to his throne, Akbar, in 1570, founded the palace of Futteh-pore-Sikri, where the court afterwards resided, but only for a few years. Akbar's head-quarters at this time were fixed at Agra, which city he had begun to build in 1566, and it was soon found that the transfer of the capital to Futteh-pore was a mistake, the water proving scarce and alkaline,

while the position of Agra, on a great river, made its situation far more suitable for a metropolitan palace.

Futtehpoore is twenty-five miles from Agra, and the road between the two places traverses a badly irrigated and poorly cultivated country, having few villages, and those inhabited chiefly, as it appeared to us, by beggars. Just before reaching the old city, ridges of red sandstone rise gently out of the plain, terminating in abrupt cliffs; and upon the summit of one of these ridges Akbar's various palaces and mosques are grouped. The city walls are seven miles in circumference, and enclose the two villages of Futtehpoore and Sikri. Many of the Mogul emperor's buildings are in ruins, others partially so, while some still remain intact, and Government is engaged in extensive works of restoration and preservation here as well as at Agra and Delhi. The chief objects of interest are the great Entrance Gates, the Mosque, the Tomb of Sulim-Chisti, the House of Birbul, and the Five-Storied Pavilion. All these buildings display the finest characteristics of the Mogul school of architecture, but, before entering the beautiful city, I must try briefly to show what Hindoo architecture originally was; how it was influenced by the Mahometan conquest in the first instance; afterwards by the Moguls; and, finally, trace the decay of the eclectic style which arose from the fusion of Hindoo and Mahometan ideas of constructive art under Akbar's fostering influence.

Hindoo architecture is characterized by the absence

of the arch, the dislike of flat surfaces, and the lavish use of carved surface ornamentation. Failing the arch, the Hindoos domed in their buildings by gradually diminishing horizontal courses of masonry. They abhorred all flat surfaces, and the carvings in high relief, whether of men, animals, or gods, with which their structures are covered, are unequalled in the world for profuse and various invention.

From the end of the twelfth to the arrival of the Moguls in the early part of the sixteenth century, India was under the rule of the Afghans, or Pathans, who brought with them from Central Asia the Mahometan mosque, with its Saracenic arches, bulbous domes, tall minarets, and unrelieved surfaces. Scarcely, however, had the foreign invader settled in the country, than a new school of architecture arose, from the adaptation of Pathan ideas to the habits of Hindoo artisans; and this school, which is still prevalent, although in a debased form, throughout Upper India, passed through three distinct phases before the advent of the Moguls. The first Pathan period is characterized by the use of a sham arch, without true *voussoirs* or keystones, which the native workman did not know how to make, and by the lavish use of ornament. In regard to the last, the Hindoo sculptor, however, was no longer "fancy free." In place of his gods, whom the Mussulman hated, he traced texts from the Koran, in conventionalized Arabic characters, and his deeply cut inventive groups of animate things

were replaced by inscriptions dictated by the conquerors, and produced in comparatively flat relief. But if the Hindoo sculptor danced in fetters, he danced gracefully, and added the loveliest of adornments to the grand general outlines of his master for more than a hundred years. At the end of this time, the style in question gave way to that of the second Pathan period, when there came into vogue a gloomy fortress-like building, which, though totally without ornament of any kind, had a masculine beauty of its own, somewhat like that of mediæval Norman strongholds. Hindoo influence disappeared entirely, while the use of the true arch, with *voussoirs* and keystone, became universal. The second period endured for two centuries, and is strikingly illustrated by many of the tombs in the neighbourhood of Delhi. It was followed by a third Pathan period, which had only lasted for fifteen years before the rise of the Mogul school, of which it was clearly the progenitor. The third Pathan period is characterized by bolder arches, a great extension of constructive ideas, and a return to the use of Hindoo ornament, which is no longer lavishly or slavishly employed, as was the case in the first Pathan period. It would now seem as if the Mahometan architect, while relying on his own enlarged ideas of construction, confided such portions of his work as required enrichment to the Hindoo, leaving the character of the decoration to the discretion of his collaborateur. There are very few examples of the third Pathan

period in India, and, of these, the Kila Kona Mosque at Delhi is the best. Although in partial ruin, the building is a magnificent work, which proclaims aloud the fact that the true terms of a great alliance in art had at length been concluded. In the first Pathan period the Hindoo was a slave ; in the second, he was discarded altogether ; but in the third, he became the partner of the Afghan architect, who furnished the grand outlines, directing where, not how, they should be decorated by the refined and imaginative Hindoo sculptor. It remained for the Tartar Akbar to inaugurate a fourth, or Mogul, school of Hindostani architecture, characterized by the employment of Hindoo treatment, which had hitherto been capricious, accidental, and fluctuating, on a declared system of eclecticism and amalgamation.

Futtehpore-Sikri belongs to a time when these principles were most fully accepted, and its palaces, though in partial ruin, exhibit magnificent examples of purely Hindoo construction, elevated by Mahometan boldness and adorned by enrichments, wherein the Indian imagination is at once chastened and stimulated to the highest conceivable efforts. As it is impossible to picture any portal more stately than the great Entrance Gate of Futtehpore, so there is nothing in the world to surpass in delicacy the lace-like marble tracery which surrounds the tomb of Sulim-Chisti, the faquir. The bijou palace known as Birbul's House is architecturally faultless, while its whole surface is covered with low reliefs of such in-

describable beauty and variety that one stands entranced before this building, as if in the presence of an inspired work of antique Greek art. Akbar's Mosque at Futtehpore is perhaps the finest in India, and there is not a palace, an audience chamber, or a tomb within these precincts that does not challenge our wonder and admiration. To describe Futtehpore-Sikri is as impossible as to give an account of the Venus of Milo or the Apollo Belvedere, but, as in the galleries of the Louvre or Vatican which hold these glorious inspirations, so within these walls, we feel ourselves in the presence of works designed by the very genius of art. And it must be remembered that the artificers of Akbar's city used modest means to produce their effects. Futtehpore is no dream realized in white marble, like the Taj or the Moti Musjid, but is built almost entirely of red sandstone, and has not a single meretricious beauty.

After Akbar's death, it remained for his grandson, Shah Juhan, to give the world the Taj Mahal and the palaces of Agra and Delhi. Of these, the two first have already been described, and it is generally considered that they form the culminating point of the eclectic, or Mogul, school. For my own part, I cannot agree with this view of the case. The Hindoo carvings, which give so much beauty to the robust outlines of Akbar's work, were set aside entirely by Shah Juhan, who substituted for them the use of marble and precious stones, a form of decoration which not even his refined taste could always

keep on the right side of the line separating ostentation from dignity, while his softer contours, flatter surfaces, tamer outlines, and effeminate curves are disguised, but not concealed, by the beauty of the material in which he worked. The Pearl Mosque and hall of private audience at Agra are his happiest efforts—instinctively one avoids calling them great efforts—but their purity and beauty recall the calm of the cloister, or white robes of a nun, and have none of the masculine grace and vigour which inform Akbar's work. The Mogul school of architecture, indeed, arose, and culminated, under Akbar, for, though the way had been prepared for it by the third Pathan period, it was he who gave it force and direction. With the Taj and marble palaces of Agra, a decadence began, which Aurungzebe, Shah Juhan's son and successor, and a bigoted Mussulman, did his best to complete by sweeping the last vestige of Hindoo influence from Indo-Saracenic art. But it was one thing for the pious emperor to purge the mosques of the Prophet of every line and curve that could symbolize idolatry, and quite another thing to divorce from art the native genius which had given birth to the *chefs d'œuvres* of the Mogul school. The Hindoo architect was suppressed, but it was not native art that suffered. Mosques and tombs were built by orthodox mediocrities, and Mussulman taste fell rapidly from bad to worse, until, reaching the level of the Lucknow "nightmares," it became incapable of further degradation. Meanwhile the Hindoo

still preserves the constructive lessons he first learnt in the sixteenth century, while he has lost nothing of his exquisite hereditary taste. He builds beautiful houses for such native rajahs as are wise enough to resist the Europeanization of their homes, and, I doubt not, could again produce, under another Akbar, buildings as beautiful as those which justly rank among the wonders of the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

DELHI.*

January 19-21.

DELHI, as we have seen, was the Mahometan capital of India until Akbar carried the court to Agra, where it remained for nearly eighty years, when the arch-builder, Shah Juhan, wishing to eternize his own memory, as he had already done that of his wife, ordered the construction of a new city north of the metropolis of Baber and Humayoun. This he called, after himself, Juhanabad, the town of Juhan, but it is better known to us as Delhi, the most interesting, as Agra is the most beautiful, city in India. For here within the space of a few miles, are collected not one, but many Delhis, a series of cities superposed, as it were, one on the other, whose ruins, like the stratified rocks of the earth, are full of fossils, historical, ethnographical, and architectural, which, in the absence of any Hindoo history prior to the Mahometan conquest, supply the place of written records,

* For their sketches of Indian architecture and archæology, this and the preceding chapter, are much indebted to the works and researches of Ferguson, Cunningham, and Keene.

as organic remains reveal the past history of life on the earth.

The original Delhi was built about eleven miles from modern Delhi, by Rajah Dilli, about the time of the Roman invasion of Britain. During a period of eight hundred years, it was only occasionally inhabited by the native princes of India, but Anang Pal I. rebuilt it in A.D. 736; it was fortified by his successors in 1052, and ruins of this work, called the Fort of Lalkot, still remain. The kings having made the city their residence, its suburbs began to extend, but remained without defences until they were surrounded by walls, in 1180, by Rajah Pithora, the last of the Hindoo kings, of whose fort the ground still shows the traces. Throughout the tenth and early part of the eleventh centuries, Delhi suffered repeatedly from predatory incursions of the Afghans settled at Ghuzni, in Afghanistan; but upon the death of Mahmoud of Ghuzni, in 1030, his kingdom became so distracted by internal troubles that Delhi had respite from foreign invasion for nearly a hundred and fifty years. During the latter part of this time Hindostan was divided into two hostile camps, whose rival rulers, the King of Delhi and the King of Canouj, were engaged in deadly strife. Simultaneously, a powerful Afghan government arose under Mahomet Ghori, who invaded India in 1176. Within a few years, the conqueror overran the Punjaub, and, in 1193, captured Delhi, which became his capital. Twelve years later,

he had totally demolished the Hindoo power, and Northern India came permanently under Mahometan rule. Mahomet Ghori left Delhi and his Indian conquests in charge of an able slave, named Khootub-ood-Deen, who raised the famous Khootub Minar, or Column, to commemorate the capture of the city, and ultimately became King of Delhi, which city continued to extend, under him and his successors, until a second fortified town, called Siri, an offshoot of the capital, arose in 1304.

The Mahometans, in their turn, were invaded by the Moguls, a Tartar tribe settled in Central Asia, who first attacked Delhi in 1298. The Moguls had no object except plunder; but from this date down to the early part of the sixteenth century, when, as we have already seen, they conquered India, their predatory incursions never ceased. In 1321 another fortified city was built by Mahomet Toghluck, and called, after himself, Toghluckabad, and, four years later, his son and successor joined Siri to Delhi by walls, which protected the suburbs while connecting the two towns, more than a mile apart. In 1354 a king named Firoze Shah, with a passion for architecture, built a new and magnificent city, named Firozabad, and made it the capital. Forty-four years later, Firozabad was sacked by the Moguls under Timour, and never recovered its prosperity. In 1540-45 Shere Shah extended Delhi from the site now occupied by Humayoun's tomb to the point where the southern gate of the present city stands, and

at that time the town occupied nearly twice the space of modern Delhi. A few years later, Agra was chosen as the head-quarters of the Mogul sovereigns, who deserted the old capital until 1635, when Shah Juhan commenced to build Juhanabad, the Delhi of to-day. Modern Delhi itself has passed through great vicissitudes. It was plundered by the Persians in 1739 and 1756, when the city was given over to general massacre, and Shah Juhan's treasures in gold, silver, and precious stones carried off. It was taken by the Mahrattas twice, in 1758 and 1759, and further plundered. Pillaged again by free lances from Rohilcund in 1788. Taken by the British in 1803. Defended by them, under Colonel Ochterlony, against Holkar in 1804, and stormed by us in 1857, when the Sepoy Mutiny was crushed. At the present day it is a flourishing city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and our greatest military centre in India.

The famous buildings of modern Delhi are the Fort, with its enclosed mosque and palaces, the Jumma Musjid, and some mosques and temples in the town. The Fort was begun in 1638, and took twenty years in building. It is entered by the Cashmere and Lahore Gates, of which the latter is as massive and dignified as any work of Akbar's time. This leads directly to the hall of private audience (Dewan-i-Khas), conceived in the same spirit as the building which served for a similar purpose at Agra, and of which it is clearly a development. Of all

Shah Juhan's marble palaces this is perhaps the finest. The hall of public audience (Dewan-i-Am) is a great colonnade of the same character as the public hall at Agra, supported by sandstone pillars, and open on three sides, with the throne, a debased example of realistic *pietra dura* work, occupying the fourth side. The Pearl Mosque is a small, beautifully finished building of white marble, but too restless and pronounced in style to bear comparison with the purer gem of Akbar's city. Within the palace of Delhi once stood the famous "peacock throne," so called from the figures of two peacocks placed behind the royal seat, their expanded tails inlaid with sapphires, emeralds, pearls, and other jewels, so as to represent life. These glittering birds were covered by a golden canopy, supported on either side by an umbrella—the Oriental symbol of sovereignty—of velvet embroidered with pearls, and having handles of solid gold thickly studded with diamonds. It is said that this piece of work cost six millions sterling, and it was carried off by the Persian Nadir Shah, who sacked Delhi in 1739.

The Jumma Musjid (Friday Mosque) is one of the finest buildings in the East, but, like all the rest of Shah Juhan's work, it shows signs of a coming decadence in its flat *façade* and false arches, which compare very unfavourably with similar work at Futtchpore-Sikri. From the summits of its tall minarets, however, there is a comprehensive view of Delhi, which presents to the

eye a vast collection of white, flat-topped houses, interspersed with trees. Several wide streets converge on the Jumma Musjid, which stands in a large open space. Here and there, the minarets of other mosques break the monotony of the house-tops, while, in the distance, are seen the great domes of kingly tombs, beyond which the Khootub Column rises like a tall factory chimney. Towards the river, the country is a dead flat, but in the opposite direction, the ground rises gently to the "Ridge," a low range of limestone rock, about a mile distant, and the spot where the British commenced the siege of Delhi, with a mere handful of men, in 1857.

In one corner of the great courtyard of the Friday Mosque we found a white-bearded Mussulman in charge of a casket containing some very sacred relics of the Prophet: a Koran twelve hundred and eighty-four years old, and another a hundred and sixty-four years its senior; a (red) hair of Mahomet himself, and the impress of his foot in a slab of marble. The Korans are probably genuine, and the hair may be so, but the footprint is a manifest swindle. All were "brought to India by Timour, five hundred and fifty years ago," said the grey-beard—a pious action which probably compensated, in the opinion of the Tartar general, for his five days' sack and massacre of Delhi.

The Chadni Chowk is the main street of Delhi. It is a wide thoroughfare, bordered by native shops,

which are a good deal Europeanized, and neither clean nor interesting. Down the centre of the roadway runs a channel of water, now, unfortunately, enclosed, and bordered with trees. In the days before the Mutiny, when the King of Delhi, Bahadoor Shah, still kept up his mimic court, the Chadni Chowk was brilliant with richly dressed natives, riding caparisoned horses, lounging in their howdahs, or carried in palanquins. Those days are gone, but the street is still picturesque with its parti-coloured crowds, busy shops, and rows of green peepul trees.

We drove one day to the Ridge, where a handsome column has been erected to the memory of the great John Nicholson, whose fame is second to that of no other hero of the Mutiny. This is the spot where the first British batteries were erected, and where the so-called besiegers were attacked more than thirty times before they were strong enough to take the offensive. Even after the arrival of Nicholson, with troops from the Punjaub, the British force numbered only seven thousand men, while Delhi was defended by more than sixty thousand sepoys. The city was stormed on the 4th of September, and an entrance effected through the Cashmere Gate, which was blown in after a splendid display of personal courage. The cessation of our fire was the arranged signal for Lieutenant Horne to move forward with four soldiers, carrying powder-bags. Behind him came Lieutenant Salkeld with a port-fire, and four

other soldiers, also carrying bags. Horne laid his petards, and jumped, with his men, unhurt into the ditch beneath the walls; but the enemy, divining the bold intention of the movement, opened a deadly fire on Salkeld's party, who were not more than ten yards distant. Salkeld, however, laid his bags, but fell, shot through the arm and the leg, before he could apply the match. He handed this to Sergeant Burgess, bidding him light the fuse, but the man was shot dead in the attempt. Sergeant Carmichael then picked up the port-fire and lighted the fuse, but fell immediately, mortally wounded. Seeing him drop, Sergeant Smith rushed forward, but finding the slow-match burning, threw himself into the ditch. In another moment the gate was destroyed, the storming party entered, and made good their footing in the city. Salkeld died of his wounds, but all the survivors of the gallant little party received the Victoria Cross.

Returning to Delhi, we met a marriage procession in the Chadni Chowk. It is part of the religion of every Hindoo to marry, and mere children are married, although they do not live together until they have come to the age of puberty. Marriages are celebrated with absurd extravagance, and the poorer Hindoos often ruin themselves in making a display such as public opinion demands on these occasions. The procession in question was fully ten minutes filing past us, and was nearly half a mile long. First, came pipers and drummers,

making the most horrible music. Led horses followed, tricked out in all manner of finery, some of them carrying silver anklets around their legs. Next, a long string of carriages, and then the bridegroom, a lad of seventeen, handsomely dressed, riding a pony, his face almost hidden by a tinsel fringe, and surrounded by a crowd of friends and relatives. Lastly, more musicians and led horses. The happy man was on his way to the bride's home, which must be decorated within and without. The wedding feast must be lavish. Nautch-girls must be hired to entertain the guests, who include every connection and acquaintance of both families. Everybody makes a harvest out of the unfortunate father, and many a shopkeeper and ryot gets hopelessly into the hands of the money-lender on these occasions.

Among much that is European in the native town, certain arts and trades flourish which are specially characteristic of India. Here is a fellow selling sweetmeats wrapped in silver-foil. His customers are grown men, who all believe that eating silver will make them strong! This idea is so widely spread that it keeps quite a number of silver-beaters at work in Delhi. There, is another man, twisting thread from two strands of tinsel. He uses a couple of small spinning-wheels, like those we saw in the hands of the hill-women at Darjeeling; sets them revolving, each in an opposite direction, by quick movements of the hands, and allows the issuing threads to twine together. It is very simple,

but more like legerdemain than spinning. Here are women, sitting half naked in the open shops, turning the upper millstone, just as they did when it was said, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill." There, is a miniature painter, the special artist of Delhi, who paints the architectural *chefs d'œuvres* of Shah Juhan and Akbar, or the beauties of their courts, with wonderful delicacy on ivory.

The Jumma Musjid is crowded with worshippers on Friday, the Mussulman sabbath. The people arrive by twos and threes, entering unshod, and immediately seeking the tank, which occupies the centre of every Mahometan mosque. Here they wash hands, face, and feet, in a prescribed order, and then kneel, either within the colonnade of the mosque itself, or in the open courtyard, prostrating themselves and repeating texts from the Koran. From one of the towers of the Musjid, we giaours looked down on the scene. The mosque was crowded with men ; no women, except a few very old crones, being present. All the worshippers were well dressed in white, red, green, or yellow robes. Some, who wore green turbans, had made the holy pilgrimage ; others, in saffron robes, had visited less distant shrines, while undistinguished devotees had put on their best clothes as we do on Sundays in England. Seen from our eyrie, the brilliant crowd, whether moving confusedly about or bowing to the ground as one man, was a charming picture, losing nothing by its framework of white roofs and

houses embowered in foliage, above which the minarets of distant mosques reared their slender shafts, while a tender blue sky, peopled with wheeling crows and kites, canopied the scene.

A drive of eleven miles across a dead level of irrigated land brought us to the site of Old Delhi, purposing a visit to the Khootub Column, the Forts of Lalkot and Raj Pithora, and some early Mahometan tombs. The way, like that from Agra to Futtehpoore, is lined with mausoleums. It was the Mussulman custom for a man to build his own sepulchre at some distance from the city and use it, during his lifetime, either as a place of retirement from the heat of the town or for the entertainment of his friends, but after his burial the building was festive no more. The Tomb of Saftar Jung, whose name has already occurred in connection with the history of Oudh, is a good example of the degradation which befell Mogul architecture only a century after the building of the Taj. Plaster takes the place of stone, size replaces symmetry, the *façade* is flat, pierced with sham arches, and is destitute of the beautiful native sculpture.

At length we reached the site of ancient Delhi, the scene of India's oldest authentic records. Here a city first arose about B.C. 76, and passed through the vicissitudes already described. Here are the ruins of Fort Lalkot, Pithora's Fort, Khootub's Column and Mosque, and the tomb of his successor, Altumsh. The column is perhaps the most wonderful triumphal shaft

in the world. It is not complete, yet it rises two hundred and forty feet, tapering from a base of forty-seven feet to nine feet diameter at the top. It is built in five stories, each of which terminates in a balcony supported by graceful brackets, thickly clustered and beautifully carved. The style is that of the first Pathan period, and the minar was commenced soon after the conquest of India by Mahomet Ghorî. Its history is written in the inscribed bands that surround it, and for boldness of outlines and grace of execution it is not surpassed by any later Indo-Saracenic work. We climbed to the top, and looked over the ruins of Fort Lalkot and Raj Pithora's defences. Of the former there remain some fragments of massive walls, flanked with enormous bastions, and three gateways can still be made out, each of which appears to have been defended by a portcullis. The works of the last Hindoo king are marked only by an obscure line of earth mounds. Khootub's Mosque was the first Mahometan place of worship ever built in India, and was erected immediately after the Afghan settlement. The ruins exhibit a strange medley of native and Mahometan work. The columns are pure Hindoo, dating, according to Cunningham, from the tenth century, and appear to have been taken by the conqueror from the temples of Old Delhi. They are covered with the profuse and imaginative carvings common to native work, but where idolatrous figures appeared upon them too prominently, these have been broken off by

Mahometan zeal. The west wall of the mosque is pierced with enormous arches, or rather arch-shaped openings in horizontally coursed masonry, such as characterize the early days of the first Pathan period, before the native mason had learned how to shape *voussoirs*. The surface is covered with carved bands of Arabic character, enrichments which are eloquent of repressed Hindoo art. A southern gateway was added to the mosque, in 1300, by Allah-ood-Deen, displaying the first Pathan style in its greatest perfection, and plainly marking the moment of contact between Afghan and Hindoo art. In the courtyard stands an iron pillar, the oldest relic of the vanished Hindoo city of Delhi. Its history, scratched on its face in Sanscrit, connects it with a monarch who appears to have reigned three centuries before the Christian era. The column is of wrought iron, and proves that the Hindoos were acquainted with the art of working large masses of malleable iron at a very early period.

Our homeward route took us past Humayoun's tomb, begun by his widow in 1560, and finished by Akbar after sixteen years' work. That is the way the Great Moguls were buried! Not far from this mausoleum is the Kila Kona Mosque, a beautiful example of the third Pathan period, to which reference has already been made in sketching the rise and fall of Indo-Saracenic architecture. Presently, we came to another of the vanished Delhis, Firozabad, formerly a town of a hun-

dred and fifty thousand souls, but now a collection of ruins. And how did this once splendid city fall into decay? By a process with which India, and Delhi in particular, has been only too familiar—the inrush of the invader, who, whether Afghan, Tartar, or Persian, swooped down for centuries on these devoted plains whenever he was strong enough to plunder.

It was about the end of the fourteenth century that the terrible Timour fell, first upon Central Asia, and then upon India. Having crossed the Indus, he “advanced to Bhurtanere, which was surrendered by the inhabitants on terms, but by one of those mistakes which seemed always to occur in his capitulations, they were put to the sword, and the town burnt to the ground. Villages and towns were abandoned as he advanced, but on his arrival at Delhi he found himself encumbered with captives, and according to the statements of prisoners, which were doubtless exaggerated, he caused a hundred thousand men to be massacred in cold blood. A battle was fought under the walls of the capital between the veterans of Timour and the effeminate soldiers of the empire. The emperor, Mahomet Toghluck, was defeated, and fled to Guzerat, and Timour entered the city, and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor. Disputes, as might have been expected, arose between the citizens and his ferocious soldiery, and the whole of the Mogul army was let loose on the devoted city. The inhabitants sold their lives dearly, but their valour

was quenched in blood. The scenes of horror defy description ; entire streets were choked up with the dying and the dead. For five days Timour remained a tranquil spectator of the plunder and conflagration of the city, while he celebrated his victory by a magnificent feast. This whirlwind of desolation lasted six months, and Timour recrossed the Indus in March, 1399.* Such is one of many Indian tragedies—a bloody series, which opened before history began, only to close, if it has closed, with the dreadful scenes of the great Mutiny.

But if the story of Delhi is chiefly one of bloodshed and plunder, only broken by the prosperity of Mogul rule ; yet in the very midst of Firozabad, where we have seen Timour's devils—as we might, if we please, see those of Afghanistan and Persia—let loose, there stands a stone pillar, known as Asoka's "lat," which tells of far different, if far distant, days in India. Asoka was a Buddhist King of Hindostan, who reigned three centuries before Christ, a true disciple of Sakya, whose pure and unselfish philosophy was as yet uncorrupted by superstition. Governing on the principles of his faith, he caused to be set up in various parts of his dominions stone pillars, inscribed with certain edicts, which, there is every reason to believe, formed the basis of society in India under his rule. These decreed the protection of life and property, the extension of cultivation, the establishment of public worship, the ordination of a clergy, the

* Marshman's "History of India."

administration of justice, the practice of religious toleration, the abandonment of frivolous pursuits on the part of the king, the condemnation of vain festivities, the love of righteousness, and the duty of charity. Such were Asoka's famous edicts, still legible to the Pali scholar on the column which Firoze Shah thought it worth while to bring with infinite pains from the foot of the Himalayas to Firozabad. We read the words through a distance of more than two thousand years, red, for the most part, with bloodshed, or black with oppression, and then we talk of progress! The Briton is master in Delhi now, and has ruled India for more than a century; but at what time during that period could the Christian master of Hindostan have raised such another pillar as Asoka's, and truly declared that its decrees embodied his principles of government?

CHAPTER XX.

JEYPORE—BOMBAY.

January 22-29.

January 22.—We left Delhi for Jeypore by the new Rajpootana State line, opened only three weeks ago, travelling again by night, for on the 29th our steamer leaves Bombay, and every day is precious in this country of strange interests. Rocked by a gentle speed of fifteen miles an hour, we slept well, and, on waking, found ourselves no longer in the alluvial plains of which we had begun to think all India consisted, but traversing a bare, sandy plateau, with ridges of hills on either side of us. Surely we were still in a Pullman car, crossing the great American desert which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada! India must have been a dream. Such were our first thoughts; our second, that we were skirting the Indian desert, that wide, sandy region in the north-west, from whose central town, Bikaner, all the best camels in India come.

On the rise of the Mahrattas, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the Rajah Jeysing was placed

in charge of their possessions in the province of Jhansi, and, in 1728, founded Jeypore, which still remains independent. The city stands on a plain, surrounded on all sides, except the south, by limestone hills, the soil being sterile, and the cultivation meagre. Jeypore was laid out on a regular plan, and has considerable architectural pretension. The streets are straight and wide, and the houses are built in the Indo-Saracenic style; covered with stucco painted bright pink and adorned with rude frescoes. The rajah's palace is a huge ambitious building, with a good deal of the "stucco nightmare" about it, standing in the centre of the town. Internally, it affords, like the houses of almost all the great natives, a melancholy instance of commonplace splendour. Its rooms are filled with vulgar European furniture, and decorated with cheap European prints and pictures. Its courts and passages are crowded with a brilliantly dressed swarm of servants, who do little besides looking picturesque, and the gardens are laid out ostentatiously, but without taste.

How shall I describe the appearance of the streets? The people are Rajpoots, the finest men and women we have seen in India. Every one is well dressed, in colours as bright and various as those of a kaleidoscope. A brisk, well-to-do air pervades the place, such as we have not seen in any other native town. Camels are as common as horses in England, and magnificent ox-teams are harnessed to the country carts, with their

solid wooden wheels and tinsel canopies. The open market-place, where lie heaps of various grains, is crowded with gaily dressed men, some a-foot, some on camels, and here comes, as we stand admiring the grouping, a four-in-hand barouche, full of gorgeous native swells. The team tears along the road at a gallop, and behind the carriage clatters a small troop of native lancers. There, are half a dozen "faquirs," or holy men, naked and smeared with ashes from head to foot, begging food from door to door, and respected by all the world for their piety.

Who has not seen India has already walked through Jeypore if he have read the lines which I cannot forbear quoting from Mr. Edwin Arnold's charming poem, the "Light of Asia." Who has seen India knows that no more perfect description is possible than that which Mr. Arnold gives of native city streets.

"Forth fared they by the common way a-foot,
Mingling with all the Sākya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town :
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babies ; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow

Twanging ; the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
 Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer
 With tongs and hammer linking shirts of mail,
 The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
 Reddening together in his coals, the school
 Where round their gooroo, in a grave half-moon,
 The Sākya children sang the Mantras through,
 And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;
 The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun,
 Wet from the vats—orange and rose and green ;
 The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
 The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
 The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
 The humble toiling Sudra ; here a throng
 Gathered to watch some chattering snake-charmer
 Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
 Of asp and nāg, or charm the hooded death
 To angry dance with drone of pipe and gourd ;
 There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
 With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
 To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife,
 Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god,
 To pray her husband's safe return from trade
 Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
 Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
 For lamps and lotas ; thence by temple walls
 And gateways, to the river and the bridge
 Under the city walls."

Such is a Hindoo town, and such, exactly, is Jeypore, though the rajah has added some features which are entirely European. He has established a college, where an excellent English education is given ; a school of art, and workshops where marble-carving, brass-chasing, filigree work, gold-inlaying, enamelling, electro-plating, watchmaking, turnery, carpentry, and engine-building are taught.

The Jeypore enamels are famous for the beautiful colours, transparency, and hardness of their paste, but they are full of mechanical imperfections. Indian art always wants finish. The brass-workers of Benares cover with exquisite chasing vases and plaques which are untrue in shape and roughly brazed at the joints. In the beautiful inlays of Guzerat, thread-gold is laid on iron with perfect taste, but the shields and swords thus decorated have no fine finish. Ahmedabad work—brass-chasing thrown up by a background of black lac—is excellently designed, but never quite cleanly cut ; while Indian jewellery is rough, no matter how valuable its stones or their settings. The *pietra dura*, jali-work, and carved soapstone of Agra, together with the miniature-painting of Delhi, are exceptions to this rule, being all as perfect in mechanical execution as in beauty and delicacy of design ; but the stone-workers of India have always been among her best craftsmen, probably because of their training under the great builders, Akbar and Shah Juhan, while ivory-painting is not a native art.

January 23.—About four miles from Jeypore lies the palace and city of Amber, the ancient capital of Rajpootana, deserted by the court on the founding of Jeypore, and now in partial ruin. The palace stands high on a hill-side, which forms part of a wide rocky basin, open to the plain only in one direction. Towards this gap the town slopes from the foot of the palace

walls, and some of its temples and flat-roofed houses pass through the opening into the level country beyond.

The palace of Amber is built in the Indo-Saracenic style, and is a fine pile, although it cannot compare with the works of Akbar or Shah Juhan. The hall of public audience is purely Hindoo in character, and of the beauty of this chamber, it is said, such a report came to the ears of the Mogul emperor that, unable to endure an architectural rival, he sent a military force to teach his general respect. The rajah, however, being forewarned, covered his carved columns and architraves with plaster, entertained the messengers in halls of Puritanic simplicity, and sent them back satisfied to their master.

January 24.—We left Jeypore for Bombay by the new Rajpootana State Railway, and were soon traversing a still more desert-like region than that which we had crossed on approaching the rajah's city. Cultivation and irrigation almost disappeared, the surface of the ground was covered with an alkaline efflorescence, while herds of black-buck cropped the scanty grass within gunshot of the passing train. From the alluvial flats, of which the country consists, bare hills rise steeply on either hand, and the scenery forcibly reminded us of the great American desert. The hills are of crystalline limestone, full of white and grey marbles, with which the permanent way is frequently ballasted. The line is neatly bordered by a cactus hedge. Many of the

larger bridges are not yet completed, and we occasionally cross the dry bed of a river on a temporary embankment, whence we can see the bridge works proceeding, either a little higher up, or lower down the stream. These suggest unpleasant thoughts of the race against time, which is so often an element in Indian engineering. The bridge-builder knows that within a month, or perhaps a week, a torrent will sweep away the embankment which now carries the train, and the Government is insisting that the line, once open, must be kept open, while the unhappy engineer is perhaps waiting for such trifles as bolts and nuts, or the cholera breaks out in his camp, and he cannot keep his men from flying. Anyway, he is between the devil and the deep sea.

In the afternoon we halted for refreshment at Ajmere, the prettiest town we have seen in India. It stands on the highest part of the plateau, whose northern slope we have climbed by very gentle inclines, and is probably more than two thousand feet above sea-level. The air was bright and cool, and the hills which close around the town were lighted, as we left it, with sunset tints that recalled the colouring of Virginia City when Mount Davidson glows rosy red across valleys filled with illuminated dust haze. The night soon fell, and, laying ourselves along the hard benches of our Indian Pullman, we slept.

January 25.—When we awoke we were still in

America, traversing old lake-beds ; but about nine o'clock the character of the country changed. Fields of wheat, in ear, began to diversify the sandy wastes ; bullock-wells became numerous, and we saw, for the first time, the hide bucket commonly used for irrigation replaced by an endless chain of earthen pots. Presently a few trees appeared, but trees with gnarled branches and scanty foliage. Great monkeys swung about in these, or dropped to the ground and bounded away before the train in a series of tremendous leaps. As the line fell, by easy inclines, to lower levels, the soils improved, irrigation increased, crops of cotton and castor-oil plant mingled with the wheat, great storks wandered in the fields, and long-legged wading birds fished in every pond and tank. Finally, the hills were left behind us, and we entered on a flat and fertile country before sunset. Once more, and for the last time, we sought the luxurious couches of an Indian sleeping-car, and on

January 26 reached Bombay, having compassed the six hundred and ninety-seven miles which separate this city from Jeypore in forty-five hours, at the alarming speed of fifteen and a half miles per hour. We had been travel-stained in America, notably after staging out of the Yosemite Valley, when our nearest relations could not have recognized our begrimed faces ; but we were never so deeply buried in alluvial soil as on this occasion. The Rajpootana State line, with its marble

ballast, was not so bad, but the Bombay and Baroda Railway appears to be laid in dust and ashes throughout its entire length.

Bombay was ceded by the Moguls to the Portuguese in 1530, and formed part of the dower of the Infanta of Portugal on her marriage with Charles II. The king, who lost money annually by the island, transferred it to the East India Company in 1668, for a yearly rental of £10; and the town is therefore the oldest of the East India Company's settlements in Hindostan, while the terms on which it was acquired first invested the Company with the political power which it only exercised elsewhere in India after the battle of Plassey had brought the country under British rule.

Until of late years, Bombay, although the chief seaport of Western India, and a town of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, was considered a very subordinate place in comparison with Calcutta and Madras. The railways and cotton cultivation have, however, changed all that, and Bombay looks a busier town than Calcutta. It is built on a cluster of islands, connected with one another and with the mainland by causeways, but much of it is low and flooded during the rainy season. The harbour, a vast anchorage protected by mountainous islands, is one of the finest in the world. There are not many Europeans in Bombay, and the bulk of its trade is in the hands of the Parsees, who are both numerous and wealthy. There is no distinction between the

European and native quarters as in other Indian cities, but English, Parsee, and Hindoo shops and offices stand side by side, even within the precincts of the "Fort," where are the Government offices, law courts, post office, banks, and municipal buildings. The architecture of the city is quite unique, Hindoo ornamentation being adapted to European construction in a very curious and pleasing way. On the harbour side, and towards the north, lies the native town, properly so called, the real centre of the trade of Bombay. The houses of this populous and prosperous quarter are far superior to those of native Calcutta, and the streets are crowded by foot-passengers and bullock-waggons. The artisans and shopkeepers are more like those of the West, and business is carried on with Western activity rather than Eastern apathy.

The Parsees form one of the most conspicuous features of Bombay. These people are Persians by birth and Zoroastrians by religion, and were settled for centuries in Western India before they began to rise to importance under the favourable conditions which British rule established in Hindostan for the development of trade. At the present moment they are the chief owners of property and leading merchants in the island, an active, intelligent race, taller, handsomer, and paler than the Hindoos, with whom, however, they share, as philology proves, a common Aryan origin. The Parsees wear an Asiatic costume,

but assimilate more nearly than any other Eastern people to the customs of Europeans, speaking, and causing their children to be taught, English, while adhering rigidly to their religious customs and observances. Every morning and evening they seek the shore, and prostrate themselves in adoration before the sun. For them, as for the Persians, Ormuzd is the beneficent creator of man and source of all his happiness, while Ahriman is the author of evil, and between these two there is everlasting war.

The famous "Towers of Silence," the Parsee burial-ground, are situated a few miles from Bombay, on high ground, which overlooks the harbour and town. Here, within a large garden, are a number of round towers each about twenty feet high, the interior of which is built up solidly with masonry to within five feet of the top, with the exception of a well, about fifteen feet in diameter, which occupies the centre. The bodies of the dead are deposited between the well and the parapet of the tower, a space which is divided into three rings, one for the remains of adult males, a second for women, and the third, or innermost ring, for children. The trees in the garden are tenanted by hundreds of vultures, who dispose of a body in a very few minutes, and the bones are from time to time thrown into the central well. When this is full another tower is built, and thus do the Zoroastrians prevent that defilement of mother earth, which their religious code forbids.

January 27-28.—The Caves of Elephanta, on the island of that name, about an hour's sail from Bombay, are examples of the rock-cut temples of which the early Brahmans and Buddhists have left so many, especially in Southern India. Elephanta is Brahmanical, and is supposed to date from the tenth century, although, in the absence of any Hindoo history earlier than the Mahometan invasion, the age of all these works is uncertain.

The sun was hot, but a pleasant breeze was blowing, as we threaded our way through the scattered shipping in the harbour. After passing several table-topped islands, we landed by a rude pier at Elephanta, and climbed a steep hill to the entrance of the caves. They are excavated in a dark-green trap rock, and consist of three chambers, whose roofs are supported by stout, barrel-shaped, fluted columns. The walls are covered with carvings of Siva in his male and female aspects, while the main entrance is faced by a colossal triple bust, representing the heads of the Hindoo triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahadeva. In the middle of each chamber is a quadrangular shrine, supported externally by bold and beautiful carvings of Siva, and each enclosing a gigantic Lingam. Phallic worship, pure and simple, was evidently the distinctive feature of Brahmanism at the time when these caves were made. The Vedic hymns, on which *old* Brahmanism rests, are free from Phallism, but it seems probable that

the pure philosophy of Buddha, which, as we have seen, conquered Brahmanism and dominated India for a time, was ultimately vanquished by a cult distinguished chiefly by obscene rites which survive in a modified form among the Saivas to the present day. Elephanta is somewhat disappointing. The excavations are not extensive, and the work is far inferior to that of the rock-cut temples of Southern India. It was the one mistake of our trip to go from Madras to Calcutta by sea, for we thereby lost an opportunity, only to be found in the Deccan, of learning from these, his best and uninfluenced works, what the Hindoo sculptor and architect was before he wore the graceful chains of the Mahometan conqueror.

A spanking breeze swept us quickly back from Elephanta to Bombay, where we arrived at the hour when all "the world" takes its evening drive on the Apollo Bunder. The fashionable crowd was for the most part Parsee, and the Parsee ladies, who, unlike most Orientals, are not confined to the privacy of the house, were especially brilliant, both in their equipages and toilettes. They have fair, handsome faces, and their dress consists of graceful wraps of brightly coloured silks, which fall from the crown of the head to the ground, while the forehead is covered, almost to the eyebrows, with a white linen band. Their husbands Europeanize themselves as to coats and trousers, but retain their tall stiff hats of oil-cloth. A military band

discoursed excellent music, and as night fell the gay parti-coloured crowd, the glancing lights, the tranquil sea, the spangled sky, and dimly outlined island hills formed a picture by which we shall always pleasantly remember Bombay.

CHAPTER XXI.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago England undertook to govern two hundred millions of Asiatics on European principles, and if, in accordance with those principles, we admit that only those Governments are good which exist for the interests of the governed, the question to be asked of British rule in India is not, "What has it done for England?" but "What has it done for the Indian people?" Perhaps no man has ever spoken with more authority and liberality on the problem of England's work in India than Dr. Hunter, the statistician of Hindostan, to whose arguments, if not to his very words, it seems to me the duty of every patriotic Englishman to give all the currency he can. For, from the moment when the Queen's sovereignty was proclaimed throughout India, the responsibility for the good government of the country passed into the hands of Parliament, and therefore into those of the British electoral body, who owe to Indian affairs a share of the attention which they give to home politics.

England has been supreme in India for more than a

century, and during this period many remarkable changes, which are wholly due to her acts or influence, have taken place in the country. Thousands of square miles of jungle, once inhabited only by wild beasts, have been converted into fertile land. Malarious swamps have been drained, and are now, in some instances, covered with healthy cities. The remote interior of the country has been joined to the sea-board by railways. Great rivers, once effectually separating provinces, have been spanned. Hundreds of miles of canals have been made, and enormous areas of land have been irrigated. And, apart from these physical changes, others, of even greater importance, have occurred. The native states of India, formerly always at war with each other, are now trading peacefully together. The bloody raids of Afghans, Persians, and Tartars, who, for seven hundred years before the coming of the British, broke through the north-western frontiers of India and ravaged the unhappy plainsmen at will, have been stopped. Piracy has been crushed. Predatory castes, who made a profession of pillage, have been put down. Justice has taken the place of oppression. Instead of a swarming soldiery, there is a police ; instead of more idolatrous temples, there are schools.

But England has developed the commercial capacities of Hindostan no less remarkably than she has pacified the country. She has created great trading cities such as never existed in ancient India, whose capitals were

merely the camps of her monarchs, and dependent for their prosperity on the presence of the court. Calcutta has a population nearly double that of any British town except London, and Bombay is one and a half times larger than Liverpool or Glasgow ; yet the former was only a cluster of mud huts when our countrymen first settled on the Hooghly, and Charles II. was glad, as we have already seen, to let the latter to the East India Company for a rent of £10 per annum. When the English first became the rulers of India her yearly exports were not worth more than a million sterling, but they rose to a value of eleven millions in 1830, while, in 1880, India sold the world no less than sixty-six millions of her own produce. Besides the enormous extension of cultivation which these figures indicate, India has been benefited by the introduction of manufactures and the opening of mines. Twenty-seven years ago there was not a cotton-mill in the country, now there are more than a million and a half of spindles. Jute-mills have been established ; paper-mills are rising, and now we hear of large shoe factories being started at Cawnpore. Coal has been discovered in several provinces, and the mines employ many thousands of hands.

If we turn next to the moral aspect of British rule in India, we find that, although Christianity has made little progress, from causes which will not be here discussed, education has been taken out of the hands of an

ignorant and bigoted priesthood, and two millions of native children are now receiving public instruction, which, while it fits them for the battle of life, frees them also from the superstitious terrors that once held the Indian intellect in bondage, and made progress impossible. Another remarkable result of our influence has been a great revival of letters. Five thousand native books were published in India in 1878, and the vernacular journals now number more than two hundred and fifty, while their readers must be reckoned by millions. Even the family life of the Hindoo is touched by the modern intellectual movement. The zenana itself begins to hear and echo liberal ideas, and there are signs that woman may yet hope to arise from her degradation in India. Finally, the first throbs of a new political life may be detected in the establishment of autonomous municipalities on the ruins of the old village guilds, which had utterly disappeared under the oppression of the Mussulman.

Such is a brief sketch of the work which has already been accomplished by the British in India. It is an agreeable picture, from which one turns with less pleasure to the consideration of what yet remains to be done. The masses of India are, perhaps, the poorest people in the world, a large proportion of the population having outgrown the food-producing power of the country. The very merits of our rule have helped to bring about this state of things, which has become

so alarming of late years that many excellent people almost begin to despair of the Government being able either to cope with the increasing poverty of the people, or pay its own way. From the earliest times, India has had an undeserved reputation for wealth. She has certainly been, and still is, the greatest accumulator of the precious metals known to commerce, while the splendour of her native courts and the magnificence of her rich natives have aided in building up the tradition in question. But the condition of the masses is the true test of a country's wealth or poverty, and, judged by this standard, India is, and always has been, an exceedingly poor country. Its people are, almost without exception, small husbandmen, without accumulated capital, living from hand to mouth, and completely at the mercy of a treacherous climate. In the days before our advent, invasion, internal war, famine, and pestilence effectually prevented any increase of population, and kept the pressure of the people on the soil within bearable limits. At the time when India passed into our hands there was land enough for every one who wanted it ; not more than a third of Bengal was cultivated, and the difficulty of the landowners was to find tenants. But one of the first effects of English supremacy was to remove many of the old checks on the increase of population, and so effectually was this done in Bengal that the same area which fed twenty-one millions

in 1780 has to support sixty-three millions in 1880. The average population in British districts has now become three times as dense as that of the native states, and is greater than that of England, France, or Ireland, by twenty, twenty-five, and fifty per cent. respectively, while in certain districts of Northern India the people are three or four times as thick as in England. Two-thirds of all the farms of Bengal are between two and three acres in size, and, allowing four persons to each peasant family, twenty-four millions of human beings are struggling for existence on the produce of fifteen million acres of land. Such a pressure exists nowhere else in the world. In Ireland there are only a hundred and sixty-nine persons to the square mile ; in France a hundred and eighty ; in England, cities excepted, two hundred ; but in Bengal the people number more than seven hundred per square mile. The result of this vast increase in the population has, of course, been to drive the cultivator on to poorer and poorer lands, for which he is, nevertheless, obliged to pay exorbitant rents because of the competition for farms. This again has led to an undue clearing of jungle-lands, entailing a serious increase in the risk of drought, while, in the absence of wood, the dung which should go back to the land is used for fuel. The village pasture-grounds even are brought under the plough, and the cattle degenerate for want of sufficient food.

Meanwhile, although agriculture retrogrades, rents

continue to advance, the ryot growing always poorer and the landlord richer. When the "permanent settlement" of Bengal was made in 1793, tenants were scarce and land was plentiful, and we created a body of landowners without making provision against an enhancement of rents which no one at that time could possibly have foreseen. Before the middle of the present century, however, rents had risen to such a height that the landlords' powers were curtailed by the Rent Act of 1859; but the increase of the people and the natural operation of economical laws have proved stronger than legislation, and land still continues to increase in value. While such has been the result of the Cornwallis settlement of Bengal, the greater part of Madras has always remained in the hands of the Government, besides whom, there are only a few other large landowners in the presidency. Population has increased by about one-half during the last twenty-five years, but the extension of cultivation has more than kept pace with the increase of numbers, two-thirds more land being tilled. Meanwhile the Government, recognizing that this expansion resulted from the reclamation of inferior lands, have only increased their rents by one-fourth, so that the average rates of rent per acre have been reduced nearly one-fourth, with the effect that if the Madrassee ryot is poor it is because he is eaten up by rapacious moneylenders, and not by grasping landlords. For, apart from the question of rent, the early marriages which are

a religious duty among the Hindoos, and the ruinous expenditure which the celebration of these marriages entail, too often keep the southern peasant in the hands of money-lenders, who find, under our rule, a substantial security for usurious advances in the valuable tenant right which that rule assures to the cultivator. Thus, whether in the north or the south, peasant life in India is a constant struggle for a bare subsistence, a struggle which would end in starvation in the first dry season but for British aid and relief. Happily, this condition of things does not exist throughout all India, but the description applies to large and increasing areas in the most fertile part of the country, where population has outgrown the food-producing powers of the land. India, as a whole, produces more food than she consumes, and reckoning on the very moderate scale of native wants, could support five or six millions more people than she does if the production were equally distributed. But the people are not adequately fed, even in localities where the pressure of population on the soil is light; while in districts like Bengal, where it is heaviest, one-fifth of the ryots are insufficiently nourished, and several millions are always hungry.

Over-population in India is the direct result of British rule; but, serious as are the difficulties which we have made for ourselves by the removal of the old checks on the increase of the people, the new state of things, being a result of civilization, must be met by the

resources of civilization. Industrial life, of which something has been said above, is already sensibly lightening the pressure of the population on the soil in certain districts, and the first care of every Indian statesman should be to promote manufacturing and mining enterprises to the utmost of his power. Migration from the over-crowded centres should be strenuously encouraged. The cry of the tea-planters of Assam and Cachar is for labour, and the Government should take care that no vexatious restrictions shall interfere with its easy transfer. The great native princes and landowners could render invaluable assistance to their poorer countrymen by exploiting, to their own profit as well as for the benefit of the people, hill country, now jungle clad, which would pay well for being brought under the plough. A fourth way of relieving the difficulty is by increasing the produce of the soil by irrigation and manuring. Irrigation, whether on a large or small scale, is a State affair, for the people have no capital, and a Government already pressed for funds must move circumspectly in a matter of such magnitude. With regard to fertilizers, it is sad to see the potential wealth so carefully hoarded in China and Japan, wastefully squandered in India, where all the dung is dried for fuel, and the sewage of great cities allowed to run into the rivers. But over and above all these remedies, the one thing needed in Bengal, the most densely populated and fertile region of India, is an equitable land law. A Commission of

Inquiry, appointed in 1879, has already reported on this important subject, and the principles which they lay down for the guidance of legislation are drastic enough to shock Conservative ears, even now that the Irish Land Bill has passed. After declaring that the undue competition for land in Bengal will, if unchecked, reduce the whole agricultural population to misery and degradation, they say, "The land of a country belongs to the people of the country; and while the vested rights should be treated with all possible tenderness, no mode of appropriation and cultivation should be permanently allowed by the ruler which involves the wretchedness of the great majority of the community, if the alteration or amendment of the law relating to land can by itself, or in conjunction with other measures, obviate or remedy the misfortune."

The prime difficulty of British rule in India arises from the poverty of the people. Men who have scarcely enough to live on cannot bear taxation, and the question is how to maintain a government of European efficiency from an Asiatic source of revenue. England pays forty shillings a head to the imperial exchequer, to say nothing of local burdens, more easily than India pays three and eightpence per head without local burdens. It is quite true that we do not take as much from the Indian people of to-day as the Mogul emperors extorted from a much less numerous population; but the struggle for existence was not then so severe among

the masses, while the Mogul Government was financially flourishing because it gave the country very much less than we try to do. Our trouble lies in the fact that what we take scarcely pays for the cost of our administration, the problem being, how to give India peace, security, prosperity, justice, and education, without overburdening its destitute people. We must keep up a large army if India is to be secured from the foreign invasions and internal disturbances of the last and preceding centuries. We must make roads, railroads, and canals if she is to be commercially prosperous; there must be a magistracy and police if justice is to be done, and schools if her children are to be taught. All these things cost money, and some of them must, in the nature of things, cost more money every year. Meanwhile, finance ministers may either economize expenditure or increase taxation, and as a matter of fact they have done both. But neither process is exhausted. Nearly two-thirds of the average annual income of India is derived from the land, while the traders, a large and wealthy class, contribute scarcely anything to the national exchequer. This portion of the community can afford, better than any other, to pay for the advantages of the rule under which it flourishes, and must ultimately be reached by some form of direct taxation. On the other hand, our military expenditure is too extravagant in certain particulars. The scale of extra pay, especially to the higher officers,

is much too liberal, and there is no longer any need, since the introduction of railway communication, for keeping up a separate head-quarters in each presidency. A multitude of posts in the various branches of the civil service are filled by expensive imported labour, although there is now an ample supply of competent and trustworthy native labour available at a very cheap rate. As India can only afford to pay at the most moderate rate for the advantages of civilization, it is England's duty to cheapen the blessings of her rule down to the very lowest point that is compatible with efficiency. Even when this has been accomplished, the English have further sacrifices to make in the interests of good government in India. The time is not far distant when representation of some kind will have to accompany taxation, and the Indian people be allowed a share in the management of their own affairs. This involves parting to a certain extent with our control of the country, but the step will be forced upon us by the very character of our rule. For we are governing India, not as conquerors, but in the interests of the Indian people. We are trying an experiment new to the history of the world, and every step we take on the path we have chosen for the administration of Hindostan leads us nearer to the establishment of representative institutions. The legislative councils of the imperial and local governments have already a native element in their composition, which, although not yet elected,

is nominated with a view to its being representative in character. Certain municipal councils and local district boards are now elective bodies, and the native press begins to ask that some of the chief of these should have the right to send members to the Legislative Councils. Lastly, every native boy whom we educate in our schools will learn, without our designing to teach the doctrine, that manhood will bring him not only the duty of considering, but the right to a voice in, the management of his country's affairs.

Such is the present position of England in India. We may look back with pride to what has been accomplished. We may justify our presence in the country, and satisfy the national conscience by the consideration that we are determined to rule India, not in our own interests, but in those of her poor and swarming populations; and we may hope that, difficult as is the work yet remaining to be done, the same energy and devotion which has already accomplished so much will carry our great experiment to a successful issue.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOMEWARD BOUND—FROM BOMBAY, THROUGH EGYPT, TO ENGLAND.

January 29—March 8.

AT last we have found a Peninsular and Oriental steamer which bears comparison with the American Pacific mail-boats for comfort and cleanliness. The *Sumatra* is not a large vessel, but she is fairly fast, while her discipline is excellent, her table and service good, and her cabins spotless. This is because Captain Briscoe is an officer who overlooks everything on board his ship, and keeps everybody up to his duty. A card in the state-rooms of all Peninsular and Oriental steamers informs passengers that the commander makes a daily inspection of the ship, but this is really done on board the *Sumatra*, and with such good results that if ever we wander Eastward again we shall think ourselves lucky if we sail with Captain Briscoe.

February 1.—The vessel being in north latitude 14° and east longitude 53° , or a little to the north-west of the island of Socotra, we were fortunate enough to witness the phenomenon of the "Milky Sea," rarely seen

except in this part of the world. The whole ocean, from the ship to the visible horizon, looked exactly as if it were covered with snow, making it easy for us to imagine that we were locked up in the arctic regions. The snowy surface evidently reflected the light of the sky, for Venus, being very bright, threw a distinguishable line of radiance across it, while the phosphorescent crests of waves were now and then seen breaking above the layer of shining matter which overlaid the water. A current is always encountered north of Socotra, which, on the day in question, set the ship fourteen miles to the northward of her course. This stream was crowded with large jelly-fish, visible, not only during the day, but also at night, when, being themselves non-luminous, they appeared as whirling black discs in the general phosphorescence of the ship's wake. The ship's officers fully believed that the Socotran current brings with it, besides jelly-fish, enormous quantities of decayed and phosphorescent matter, to whose presence they attribute the appearance of the Milky Sea.

The fact, however, that the seeming snow reflects light and is broken through by small waves disposes of this explanation, and we soon convinced ourselves that the phenomenon is really due to a thin layer of mist lying on the water, exactly resembling one of those local fogs which every one has seen, and which give to a valley, or even a slight depression in the surface of the country, the appearance of being snowed up. It occurs when

the sea is several degrees colder than the atmosphere, and the latter heavily loaded with aqueous vapour. Under these circumstances a layer of air immediately in contact with the water is chilled below the dew-point, and becomes misty, while that above remains transparent, and the upper surface of such a fog, which is probably only a few inches thick, is seen by the reflected light of the sky. In the Arabian Sea there is usually a difference of only one or two degrees between the temperatures of the air and the water, but the former is always almost saturated with aqueous vapour. The first of these conditions prevailed throughout the voyage, except on the night in question, when I found from the engineer's log that while the sea was only 70°, the atmosphere was 79° Fahrenheit. I conclude therefore that the same ocean current which carried the jelly-fish brought this lower temperature with it, and by chilling the moist air in its immediate neighbourhood, the night being perfectly calm, caused a local fog, which gave rise to the curious appearance of a Milky Sea.

February 4.—We reached Aden to-day, and the ship was at once surrounded by canoes full of Somali men—black fellows, with African faces and long woolly hair, like a mop of corkscrew curls. These fellows have fine eyes, laughing faces, and beautiful teeth. They shout, "Have a dive! have a dive!" like the Malay boys at Singapore, and struggle in the water for small coins. A crew of these Africans, who seem animation itself

compared with the listless Hindoo, rowed us ashore. They laughed, chattered, and shook their dyed ringlets as if life was a joke which they thoroughly enjoyed, and they rowed well into the bargain. As we neared the shore, two of them jumped overboard, and swam home by a short cut, holding their clothes at arm's length above the water, all the rest of the body being immersed.

The scenery at Aden is very remarkable. The rocks consist of many superposed volcanic overflows, which are as fresh in appearance as if poured out yesterday. The beds of lava are generally horizontal, but have weathered into the most needle-shaped hills I have ever seen, some of the sharpest peaks being carved out of perfectly level strata. Yet there is now no rainfall where every mountain profile bespeaks, in terms far more emphatic than usual, the influence of denudation by water. The volcanics are variously and brightly coloured, but quite bare of vegetation; the sea from which they spring is brilliantly green; the air is indescribably transparent, and the outlines of distant objects are startlingly distinct. The native town is a collection of low, white, flat-topped houses, containing altogether some twenty thousand people—Arabs, Greeks, Jews, Africans, and a dozen other races besides. Along the road, we met strings of camels; donkeys, carrying dignified-looking Arabs dressed in wide robes and large turbans, or loaded with skins of distilled water,

going inland, where no drinkable water is found. Women were also seen balancing chatties on their heads; and, by all that is wonderful, here is John Chinaman again! Our captain gave us only a short leave of absence, and we returned from an excursion, which we would willingly have lengthened, just as the sun was setting behind a group of sharp rocky pinnacles, whose outlines were strikingly like the spires of a Gothic cathedral. All the west glowed with amber tints; the sea was a superb green, and the coast, lighted by the sun's level rays, was distinctly seen in its minutest details. The sloping yards and cordage of the native craft in the harbour were ruled in fine black lines on a glowing background of sea and sky, against which the hull and rigging of the distant *Sumatra* stood out with marvellous distinctness.

Next morning we entered the Red Sea, on whose African coast there are no places of importance between Bab-el-Mandeb and Suez. On the Arabian side are Mocha, Hodeda, and Lohaya, all long since beaten in the struggle for existence by our port of Aden, and Jedda, forty-six miles from Mecca, the point where all the Mahometan pilgrimages converge. The approach to Suez harbour is very beautiful. On the left are the Ataka Mountains, which rise from the Arabian desert like a misty mass of melted gems. On the right, a boundless plain of pale golden-coloured sand stretches to the horizon, while the sea is a light turquoise blue.

The colouring is so delicate that nothing seems to have defined outlines ; one scarcely knows whether the landscape is a reality or a dream.

Before the canal was made Suez was a miserable village of fifteen hundred inhabitants ; now it is a wretched town of fourteen thousand souls. The stimulus given by the opening of the canal was transient, and both trade and population are declining. The place lies on low sandbanks, which are wide shoals at low tide and nearly surrounded with water on the flood. Upon the quay, stand the English hotel, an iron railway shed, and a few warehouses, while the streets are narrow and dirty, the houses are mud huts, scarcely relieved by a miserable lath and plaster mosque here and there. The bazaar is neither clean nor interesting, but it is full of donkey-boys and active, lively children, who shout and play with an energy to which we are now little accustomed.

The railway from Suez to Cairo traverses the desert in company with the canal as far as Ismailia, and then turns due west together with the fresh-water canal, the ancient conduit which was reopened to supply the wants of the workmen in the desert during the construction of M. de Lesseps' work. After a while the line crosses the eastern boundary of the Nile Delta, and runs thence over fertile country to Cairo. The city stands at the apex of the Delta, bounded on one side by the Arabian and on the other by the Libyan desert, which

approach it so closely that they can be seen, one on either hand, from high points of view in the city. The desert portion of the railway route is dusty and monotonous. The soil, which consists of sand and pebbles, is evidently an old sea-floor ; it is quite bare of vegetation and covered here and there with patches of alkaline efflorescence. The fertile tract is reached at Zagazig, a town of forty thousand inhabitants, the centre of the Egyptian cotton trade, and containing many large cotton-mills, the property for the most part of Europeans.

The overflow of the Nile does not take place directly, as is commonly supposed, neither is Egypt now converted into a vast lake during the inundation, as was formerly the case ; but the water is conducted into a network of canals, and distributed as required. For this purpose the whole of the cultivated land of Egypt is divided into wide basins, into which the Nile is introduced by sluices, and where it is kept at a certain height until the soil is saturated and the required quantity of mud is deposited. After the flood has subsided, the water in the basins may either be discharged into the river or into other basins at a lower level, and the whole system is under the control of a special staff of engineers.

Leaving Zagazig, the country is a fertile plain furrowed by ditches, from which water is raised and thrown on the fields either by means of small water-wheels driving an endless chain of earthen pots, or by the "shaduf," a balanced pole with a vessel hung from one

end. Cotton is one of the chief crops, but beans and wheat are largely grown. The only trees are date palms, having a tall, rough stem, from the top of which springs a tuft of stiff, ungraceful fronds. Buffaloes and oxen are numerous, and camels graze in all the fields. Long-eared goats and sheep with parti-coloured brown and white wool are frequently passed, and the face of the country swarms with peasants at work. Blue cotton is the universal wear, and the women cover their faces from the eyes downwards with a black veil, which hangs from a brass tube occupying the centre of the forehead. The villages are collections of flat-topped, one-storied huts of hardened mud, roofed with cotton stalks, and apparently bare of all comforts within. Fertile as the country appears, it fails to impress the traveller like similar plains in Japan; the cultivation being less careful, and the people evidently less industrious. The landscape is without beauty, and the costumes of the peasantry are ungraceful in shape and monotonous in colour.

Cairo is the largest city in Africa, and the second city in the Turkish empire. It is the residence of the Khedive, and contains about four hundred thousand people, of whom twenty thousand are Europeans. Among the latter Italians predominate largely, and after them come the Greeks, then the French, lastly Germans and English. The Oriental population consists of Egypto-Arabians, Copts, Turks, and Jews. The town is a labyrinth of narrow, tortuous streets, often ruinous

and always filthy, traversed by modern boulevards, the work of some Egyptian Haussmann, which are pretentious but by no means beautiful. The city rests on the Nile, a muddy, cheerless stream, with high and ugly banks, and is dominated by the Mokattam Hills, half-way up whose flanks stand the Citadel and Alabaster Mosque of Mahomet Ali, the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty. Most of the streets are unpaved and inaccessible to carriages. Some are so narrow that two donkey-riders can hardly pass each other, while the projecting balconies of the houses nearly touch one another. These lanes are crowded with a very various if not brilliant crowd: donkeys and their riders, camels with their packs, carriages of all kinds where carriages are possible, turbaned men and veiled women, dogs, water-carriers, peddlers, money-changers, beggars, and shoe-blacks. The dresses are as various as their wearers. Ladies are seen in the streets wrapped in wide black silk mantles, which give them the appearance of great bats. The Arab women wear black veils, but the Turkish ladies, who sometimes shop in an open carriage, cover their faces coquettishly with white gauze wraps. European coats and trousers are common among men, but the fez is universal as a head-dress. Both sexes darken their eyes and stain their nails; the women wear silver earrings, armlets, and anklets, and the poorer classes tattoo their chins and look exactly as if they wore beards.

The bazaars are the great attraction to foreigners in Cairo. They occupy a whole quarter with narrow streets, which are lined with open shops, wherein the shopkeepers sit cross-legged, surrounded by their wares. These come from every part of the world, but consist for the most part of ornamental rubbish. Certain streets are devoted to certain trades, and the shop is also the manufactory. Shoes are made, books bound, stones cut, bracelets shaped, and smith's work hammered in little dens five feet wide and seven feet deep, where four or five men sit together at work. The tools are primitive and the work is poor. Carpenters have no benches, vices, rules, or bradawls, but use the floor, their toes, a piece of string, and a nail instead. At night, when the shops are closed, the proprietor, or one of his men, puts up his bed in the street, rolls himself in a blanket, and sleeps.

We soon tired of chaffering with the glib, extortionate shopkeepers, and took donkeys for Old Cairo. The original city is buried in rubbish-heaps, where hundreds of pariah dogs live, each in his own hole, and whence they issue to prowl all day and half the night about the city. Every dog has his own beat, upon which any other dog intrudes at his peril. These creatures have no masters; they look as much like wolves as dogs; and a couple of them usually attach themselves to a new-comer, and follow him everywhere, whining in the most abject way for food. The strong desert wind, blowing across the rubbish-heaps, raised

clouds of dust, through which we could hardly see our donkey's heads, and in this agreeable region one seeks the chief architectural lions of the city.

Between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, the east side of Cairo became embellished with a number of splendid mausoleums, now known as the Tombs of the Khalifs and Mamelukes. Their history is obscure, the names of the builders are wanting, and no inscriptions have been preserved, but the ruins are beautiful examples of early Arabian art. Many of the tombs are of vast extent, having mosques attached, which were once richly endowed, but their revenues have long since been confiscated by needy governments, and the tombs are now going to decay. Each of them consists, like similar buildings in India, of a cubical mass of masonry surmounted by a dome, sometimes plain, sometimes beautifully arabesqued and flanked with minarets, occasionally of great height, and always exquisitely proportioned and ornamented. When these delicate spires lift their heads by scores in a sky of the tenderest blue, and glow with the rosy tints of an Egyptian sunset, one forgets the dogs and dust of to-day in the effort to realize the splendour of Mameluke rule five hundred years ago. Cairo itself is full of mosques, among which that of Sultan Hasan, built in the fourteenth century, is the finest existing monument of Arabian architecture. It is partly ruinous, simple, but strikingly artistic in design, and there is probably nothing in

Europe finer than its great gateways, pointed horse-shoe arches, and beautifully proportioned minaret, the highest in the world. The leading features of Pathan art, which blossomed into such splendid flower under the Moguls in India, characterize all the Arabian mosques of Cairo. There are the same principles of construction, the same domes and arches, flat surfaces, arabesque decoration, geometrical inlays, pierced stone screens, and carved Arabic characters as Akbar and Shah Juhan used; but the style has more affinities with Akbar's robust work than with the over-refinement of his grandson.

The University of Cairo is the most important seat of learning in Mahometan territory. It was established during the tenth century in the large Mosque of El-Azhar, and is the stronghold of Muslim fanaticism. It educates a very large number of students, who remain from three to six years within the mosque. They pay no fees and the professors have no salaries, but pick up a small income by private teaching and *douceurs* from the wealthier students. We found the spacious building crowded with men and boys squatting cross-legged on the floor. Each teacher sits on a mat, surrounded by his class, either listening to his explanations or reading aloud. The noise was enough to drown the voice of a Stentor, but no intellectual efforts are interfered with by clamour in the University of Cairo. Study consists in learning by heart, and the subjects taught are religion,

jurisprudence, logic, and poetry. There is no independent thought among either teachers or taught, and no new knowledge is acquired or imparted. The professors know nothing of natural philosophy ; and mathematical science, once well understood by the Arabs, is dead. It is a melancholy sight to watch the great crowd of students swinging their bodies rhythmically backwards and forwards as a mechanical aid to getting passages of the Koran by heart.

Islamism has many sects, and of these are the various orders of dervishes. Some of these fanatics, the Rifaiyeh, put nails in their eyes, or chew live charcoal and broken glass ; others, called Saadiyeh, lie on the ground on the Prophet's birthday, and let their sheik ride over them. The Kadiriyyeh spend all their time fishing ; while the Mevlewis, or well-known dancing dervishes, hold a " zikr," or service, every Friday, which any one may witness. In their mosque is a ring about twenty feet in diameter, enclosed by a railing, where we found twenty men, dressed in long cloth gowns and tall conical hats, walking round and bowing to their sheik preparatory to dancing. Presently they stopped, the sheik mumbled a prayer, and when that was finished the Mevlewis stripped for action, appearing in white vests and long white petticoats weighted at bottom with lead. Then they spun round, with outstretched arms and closed eyes, at a speed of forty revolutions per minute, their skirts flying out as if they were going to

"make chéeses." Meanwhile the sheik walked slowly among the dancers, eyeing each performer critically. After a few minutes they stopped, took another walk round, and then another spin. The zikr lasted an hour, but the men were in good training, and didn't turn a hair.

We crossed the Nile by a fine iron swing-bridge, the work of European engineers, in order to visit the Khedive's palace of Gezireh. The bridge was open upon our arrival, and we waited for perhaps an hour while Nile boats were passing through. Meanwhile an immense and motley crowd, comprising hundreds of camels loaded with fodder, donkeys, carriages, and foot-passengers, assembled on either bank, waiting for the bridge to close, and displaying a scene of as much variety as a native Indian town. Gezireh was a disappointment; the interior of the palace cannot be seen because of the harem, and the exterior, like the palaces of Lucknow, is a "stucco nightmare." But it is only one of many vice-regal follies. The late Khedive was a great man for European "improvements," and all the world knows how lavishly he spent money which he borrowed from Europe on the introduction of Western industries into Egypt. Being curious to see whether the country had really benefited by these manufactories, we visited the vice-regal paper-mill and printing-office, and should have inspected the Khedive's great sugar-mills if they were not shut up. The paper-mill is a

large concern, expensively fitted, with not very modern machinery, and costing, as we were told, about £120,000. When at work, it turned out two tons of paper and burned twelve tons of coal a day. For such a production a mill ought not to cost more than £30,000, and every ton of coal ought to produce half a ton of paper! Of course the place is idle, and the once fine shops, wherein everything is now going to ruin, are a most depressing sight. The printing-office was running, but exhibited a scene of incompetent management and slovenly work, which was even more miserable to see than the paper-mill. On the Nile, near the latter establishment, we saw a fleet of steamers, of which the Khedive had more than a hundred, lying useless and decaying. On our way to the Schoubra Palace, another "stucco nightmare," we saw the skeleton of an old steam-plough, half buried in the soil, one of many supplied from England, and every set worth £1000, all of which are now wrecks. In the Schoubra Palace itself were iron pleasure-boats and a number of other expensive toys, unused and rotting; and in the midst of Cairo is an opera-house, nearly as fine as that of Covent Garden, built and run with vice-regal funds. I do not know how much it cost, but we were credibly informed that the place paid a loss of £200 a night when it was open. Such was "improvement" in Egypt.

Egypt, geographically speaking, and apart from the extensive, but half-savage and wholly profitless provinces

of the south, consists of a mere strip of land bordering the Nile and of its Delta. The country has an area two-thirds as great as that of Russia, but is really no larger than Belgium, if its tax-paying part only is taken into consideration. Its population is less by three-fifths now than it was in the days of Herodotus, and its people are miserably poor. The great bulk of them are cultivators, but none are owners of the soil. The land, with few exceptions, belongs either to the Government, or to the Khedive personally, the fellahs being life tenants, but with saleable rights of tenure. The land-tax is fixed at twenty per cent. of the produce, but the mudir, or local governor, can squeeze the farmer pretty much as much as he likes. The farm implements are very primitive, the plough being nothing more than a big hoe, while the dwellings are miserable, windowless huts of mud, thatched with cotton stalks, and furnished only with sheep-skins, baskets, a kettle, and some pots and pans. The food of the people is maize and beans ; only the "rich" cultivators eat wheaten bread. They grow wheat, barley, beans, maize, sugar-cane, cotton, and indigo ; but wheat forms fifty per cent. of the whole cropping. The fellahs are industrious and active by nature, but become apathetic and despairing as they grow older, from the hopelessness of their lot and the oppression of the tax-gatherer. In spite of the efforts which the Government has made during recent years to rule in the interests of the peasantry, Egypt is a backward

country. Her spendthrift rulers have tried to Europeanize the state by the importation of foreign ideas at ruinous prices. Meanwhile, her youth continues to be educated on the idea-less system I have already described. Her traders are foreign adventurers, and her people are an oppressed and despairing race. Of national growth there is no visible sign. The former vigour of Mahometan rule is dead, and the lineal descendants of a nation whose prehistoric eminence is the wonder of the modern world are the mere slaves of a power which has lost the art of governing. Radical, indeed, must be the change in Egyptian nationality before any *renaissance* of its ancient glory is possible for this race.

Such was the feeling with which we turned from modern Egypt to the works of ancient Egypt, about which the traveller cannot be wholly silent, although it is impossible for him to say anything new. It was a glorious morning when we left Cairo to visit the Pyramids of Ghizeh, the oldest and most important of the kingly tombs which line the edge of the Libyan desert for twenty-five miles in the neighbourhood of Cairo. The group consists of the Great or Cheops' Pyramid, the Second or Cephren's Pyramid, the Third or Menkera's Pyramid, and a number of smaller structures. A party of Bedouins received us at the base of the Great Pyramid, and the sheik told off two men to assist each of us in the ascent. All the pyramids were once smoothly faced with stone, but this has long

since been carried away and used for building purposes, so that no vestige of the original surface remains except on the apex of Cephren's pile. The courses of masonry which have thus been exposed form rough steps, each of which is about three and a half feet high, and the ascent, even with the aid of the Arabs, is extremely fatiguing. These glib rascals are very amusing. They speak half a dozen words in half a dozen languages, and, as they pull you upstairs, chant rhythmically—

“Thāt's it !
Hārd wōrk !
Twō frāncs !
Būcksheesh !
Ēvry dāy !”

To my German companion they chorussed in German, and on both of us they lavished any amount of blarney in the hope of getting a bucksheesh in addition to the sheik's fee. In twenty minutes, we reached the top, whence the view is peculiar but not beautiful. Facing northwards, the Nile lies on the right, eight miles away, belted on both sides by a strip of fertile land, which is flanked on the east by the Mokattam Hills, flat-topped, bare, and yellowish white in colour. On the left, stretch the sands of the desert, glaring in the sun, their smooth surface broken here and there by low cliffy exposures of the underlying rocks. Half-way up the Mokattam range stands the citadel, behind which rise the slender minarets of Mahomet Ali's Mosque, and beneath this, lies the city, tinted, like the hills and desert, with pale

gold or violet-rose by the morning or evening sunbeams. The descent nearly finished our aching legs, but the Bedouins, wild for bucksheesh, dragged us, fagged, and perspiring, through the narrow interior passages of the pyramid, which are hot, steep, and slippery. Here we saw the "Great Hall," the "Queen's" and "King's Chambers," and admired their massive and beautifully finished masonry by the light of magnesium wire. This was the hardest day's work we had done during the whole trip. The tramp to the top of Pike's Peak, which is nearly as high as Mont Blanc, is a trifle compared with "such a getting upstairs" as this.

The Egyptian pyramids vary immensely in dimensions, though they are all finished structures, and Lepsius has suggested, in explanation of this curious fact, that each king began to build his own tomb when he ascended the throne, commencing it on such a scale that, if his reign proved short, it might be quickly completed by his successor, and enlarging it by outer coatings as time went on. Cheops' Pyramid, to which Cephren's is little inferior in mass, is large enough to bury St. Peter's, or even Strasbourg Cathedral, while the spires of the Cologne dome itself, the highest building in Europe, would only peep thirty feet above the top of this pyramid, which could swallow up all the rest of the building.

Near the Ghizeh group, stand the Sphinx, several small pyramids and tombs, and a temple, all more

or less completely buried in sand. The figure of the Sphinx is too well known for description. It is hewn out of the limestone rock, and only the head is now visible, but the whole figure was once excavated to its base, which is fifty feet below the present level of the desert. The tombs are "mastabas," or rock-cut chambers, containing sarcophagi of granite, and illustrating a method of burial which appears to have taken the place of pyramid-building after the Primæval Monarchy, or Old Empire, had given way to the rule of the Shepherd-Kings. The temple is of unknown antiquity, but a statue of Cephren, the builder of the Second Pyramid, was found within it, and it may therefore well be that this is a relic, and, if so, the only one, surviving from the Old Empire, of which Cephren was one of the early kings. The Sphinx is even older than the First Pyramid, an inscription of Cheops' having been found on it, stating that he, in making excavations, found the "Temple of Isis in the vicinity of the Temple of the Sphinx;" so that, five or six thousand years ago, the builders of the pyramids themselves were unearthing the buried works of a remote and unknown past.

All that we know about Egyptian chronology is based on the interpretation of those hieroglyphics, or figure-writings, which were a puzzle to the world until the discovery of the "Rosetta Stone," now in the British Museum. About the end of the last century, a French officer discovered this slab, which bears a trilingual in-

scription, written in hieroglyphics, in demotic, or conventionalized hieroglyphic characters, and in Greek. This discovery resulted in the first decipherment of a few hieroglyphics by Dr. Young in 1814, and their complete elucidation by Champollion in 1821. Previously to this, Egyptologists were acquainted with the lists of Manetho, an Egyptian priest who was employed by Ptolemy II. (B.C. 284) to translate the ancient historical works preserved in the Egyptian temples. This priest wrote a history, which was lost, and prepared a list of Egyptian kings and dynasties, which has been transmitted to us by Josephus, the Jewish historian. Manetho's dates are so astoundingly ancient that, while they stood alone, no one believed in them, but hieroglyphics were found, confirming them so completely, that they are now fully accepted. We may therefore take it as proved that Menes, the first recorded King of Egypt, really lived and reigned five thousand years before Christ. The Primæval Monarchy, of which Menes was the father, lasted for nearly three thousand years, and was succeeded by the rule of the Hyksos, or Shepherd-Kings, Semitic invaders who conquered the armies of the Pharaohs about two thousand two hundred years before Christ, and gave way, five hundred years later, before the "Deliverers," native leaders who established the "New Empire" in B.C. 1700. The New Empire, after lasting nearly twelve hundred years, succumbed to Persian domination, to be succeeded by the

period of the Ptolemies, whom Alexander the Great, having defeated Darius and been hailed as the deliverer of Egypt, established on the throne in B.C. 320. The Ptolemies' rule lasted nearly three hundred years, after which Rome administered Egypt for nearly five hundred years. When the Roman power was parted into the empires of the East and the West, the Byzantines became the rulers of Egypt, to be succeeded by its present masters, the Mahometans, who conquered the country in A.D. 638, and have remained its masters ever since.

If we want to know what men thought and how human life was conducted in the remote periods of the Old and New Empires of Egypt, we must go to the museums of Europe, and especially to the Boulak Museum of Cairo. It is not for a traveller now to re-tell how the history of Egypt and Egyptian arts is written on the sculptured stones which have been preserved through such immense periods of time by the dry sands and rainless climate of the desert. But, since the fact is better illustrated at Boulak than anywhere else, it may be noted as remarkable that the oldest Egyptian sculptures exhibit far greater artistic power than those of a later date. There is a wooden figure in this collection called "Sheik-el-Beled" (The Village Chief), which, although dating from the early part of the Old Empire, and therefore presumably some six thousand years old, possesses the same force, though not the same beauty,

as Greek work. A similar quality characterizes in a more or less marked degree, all the earliest work ; and it is only when we approach later times that Egyptian sculpture becomes conventional. It has been questioned whether the ascertained chronology of Egypt does not probably carry us back to the time when man first arose from a savage condition, but the sculptor who shaped the Sheik-el-Beled was evidently the child of an immensely long antecedent period of highly organized human life, of which, however, no records remain.

That the ancient Egyptians were great polytheists, we learn from the immense number and variety of gods at Boulak. It appears, however, that these idols were for the vulgar. The enlightened few held that matter, though perpetually undergoing modification, was, at bottom, eternal, incapable of increase or decrease, but endowed with intelligence and creative power. The priest of Old Egypt was something like a modern materialist in this view, but he clothed his abstract ideas in allegorical forms for the sake of the masses, and represented the various forces and phenomena of nature by a host of divinities. Both priest and people, however, had a singularly firm belief in the immortality of the soul, and there can be no doubt that the extraordinary efforts which the Egyptians made to secure the body from decay were undertaken in order that it might again become informed by the soul when earthly things

had passed away. The pyramids with their inaccessible chambers, the rock-cut tombs, the great sarcophagi and the secure coffins within them, lastly, the mummified body itself,—all bear witness to the strength of the desire which the ancient Egyptians cherished to keep the person of a man ready for its re-possession by the spirit, in some new and unknown state of existence. “A house is but for a day, a tomb is for ever ;” this was the national sentiment, and, without it, the records of ancient Egypt would have perished as those of many unknown early peoples have certainly done.

The name of Marriette Bey is inseparable from Egyptian exploration. Boulak Museum was his creation, and he gave a life of devotion to his researches. Among the most fruitful of these, were his excavations at Sakkara, where, for many years, this distinguished man lived in full desert, and where his primitive home is still at the disposal of visitors to the Pyramid and Necropolis of Sakkara. It was a lovely morning when we started with our donkeys by train for Bedrashen, a village on the left bank of the Nile, about twelve miles south of Cairo. Thence we rode in the first place to the ruins of Memphis, the earliest Egyptian capital, founded by Menes, and extended by every succeeding Pharaoh, until Thebes became the metropolis of the New Empire. The city was not neglected after the transfer, but was a flourishing place when the port of Alexandria arose under the great Macedonian conqueror. It retained

some importance during the Roman period, but fell into ruin after the destruction of its temples by Theodosius. Even thus it excited the admiration of visitors in the twelfth century ; but, after that date, the ruins rapidly dwindled, as stone after stone was carried across the Nile to build Mahometan tombs and mosques in Cairo. At the present moment nothing but a few fragments of brick and granite remain of a city whose streets were many miles long as late as the twelfth century.

West of this ancient capital was the Necropolis, or burial-ground, which covers four square miles, and contains sepulchral monuments of every kind and age, now covered by sand. Here, the kings and nobles of Egypt were interred for many centuries, and here Mariette unearthed a vast number of interesting relics, together with those works of refined art, executed during the days of the Old Empire, to which I have already referred. All the tombs which he opened, except two, have been closed again, in order to preserve them from the air and relic-hunters. These are the Apis Tombs and the Tomb of Ti, the first a burial-place of the sacred Apis bulls, and the last a sepulchre of a private Egyptian gentleman. The chief god in the Egyptian pantheon was "Ptah," the Greek Hephaistos and the Roman Vulcan, whose symbol was the bull. This animal lived in the temple, and, when he died, his obsequies were celebrated with the utmost magnificence. The body was mummified and deposited in a great granite

sarcophagus, a whole series of which enormous coffins are found in the Apis Tombs, lodged in vaulted chambers, which are excavated in the solid rock, and connected together by corridors.

The Tomb of Ti is four thousand five hundred years old. Every wealthy Egyptian planned his own tomb during his lifetime, beginning by sinking a well, where the body of the deceased was finally placed. Around the well were excavated one or more chambers, decorated with inscriptions, giving the dead man's titles, and representing his occupations and possessions by carvings in bas-relief. The walls of Ti's Tomb are completely covered with such sculptures. The designs represent domestic scenes, such as feeding ducks and cranes, preparing meats for cooking, milking cows, carpentering, fishing, reaping, gleaning, etc. These are formal in conception, but they show that the artist knew perfectly how to catch expression and display muscular action.

After lunching on the terrace of Marriette's house, not without respectful thoughts of the man who deemed it no hardship to live alone in the desert during many years for the sake of an idea, we mounted our donkeys, and, riding back through Memphis, crossed the Nile by boat, and then rode about three miles across the desert to Heluan, whence we took the train by another line for Cairo. A magnificent view of the various groups of pyramids is obtained from this bank of the stream,

together with distant glimpses of Cairo's domes and minarets. These, as the sun set, became violet-rose in colour, while the delicate limestones of the Mokattam range were painted in still more refined amethystine tints, and, from the feet of the pyramids, the desert sands stretched away to the horizon a sheet of pale gold.

The day after this, my last trip in the East, I joined the Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Assam* at Suez homeward-bound, and almost immediately afterwards entered the canal. The Isthmus of Suez is about seventy miles wide at its narrowest part. Half-way across, it rises into a bank, called "El Gizr" (The Threshold), about fifty feet above the sea, whence the ground slopes rapidly on either side, finally becoming a nearly level plain about two and a half feet above the Mediterranean and Red Seas respectively. North of the Threshold is Lake Balah, and south of it Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, through both of which the canal passes. The isthmus was once a strait which has silted up, but so long ago that the animals inhabiting the two neighbouring seas are now entirely different one from the other. The Egyptians connected the Nile and the Red Sea as early as the fourteenth century before Christ, but this canal fell into ruin, and Pharaoh Necho commenced another in the seventh century. He left it unfinished at the suggestion of an oracle, and Darius completed it during the Persian domination. The

Ptolemies extended the work, and created a direct communication between the Red and Mediterranean Seas in the second and third centuries, but this canal had fallen into ruin before the Roman period, and the trade route between the Red Sea and Rome was overland from Koser, a port on the African shore, to the Nile and thence by Alexandria to the Mediterranean. The Ptolemaic canal was restored by the Mahometan conquerors in the seventh century of our era, but was filled up again later for strategical reasons. In the beginning of this century Napoleon revived the project of canalization, but his engineer, Lépere, found a difference of thirty-three feet between the two seas, an error which continued to have an evil influence upon all succeeding schemes, until M. de Lesseps brought forward his plans, which were adopted by the Viceroy in 1854. The Suez Canal was begun in 1858, and carried on under great difficulties, from want of fresh water, until 1863, when the sweet-water canal, which still supplies the desert towns, Ismailia and Suez, was completed and opened. The canal itself was finished in 1869, and declared open late in that year, amidst festivities which are said to have cost the Khedive—or more properly speaking, the Egyptian bondholders—four millions of pounds sterling. The total cost of the great work was nearly thirteen millions. Two thousand ships per annum pass through the canal, and

its net receipts now represent a revenue of more than five per cent. on the capital. The passage is uninteresting. From Suez to the Bitter Lakes the banks are high, and the view limited. The Bitter Lakes are like a small inland sea, with water of a deep bluish green. For the last forty-five kilometres of its length the canal skirts Lake Menzaleh, a vast swampy and brackish extension of the Nile mouths. This is a desolate region of sand banks and shallows, the resort of immense flocks of pelicans, flamingoes, and wildfowl. Here the mirage plays strange tricks, making a flock of pelicans look like sheep, camels, or indeed anything you like to fancy them. The water at Port Said is very muddy, and some difficulty is experienced in keeping the harbour free from silt. North-west winds prevail in the Mediterranean during two-thirds of the year, producing a set which carries the Nile mud into the mouth of the canal, and necessitating constant dredging in order to keep the port free.

Four days after leaving Suez we were in full Mediterranean, a blackish blue sea below us, and overhead a European sky of scattered clouds and diffused light, altogether different in its quality from that of the tropics. Malta, as we passed the island, was shining under a sun worthy of Northern India; but the Rock gave us a rough welcome, and we steamed through the Straits of Gibraltar into "dirty weather" in the Bay.

Greyer and greyer grew the skies and chillier the air as we neared Old England, until, failing to pick up the pilot during daylight on the evening of our arrival off the Needles light, we lay to all night in a heavy south-wester, at the entrance of the Solent, and I landed next day at Southampton, half glad to be once more at home half sorry that the Engineer's Holiday was over.

THE END.

A LIST OF
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

1, Paternoster Square, London.

A LIST OF
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

ADAMS (F. O.), F.R.G.S.

The History of Japan. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. New Edition, revised. 2 volumes. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s. each.

ADAMS (W. D.).

Lyrics of Love, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Selected and arranged by. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

ADAMSON (H. T.), B.D.

The Truth as it is in Jesus. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 8s. 6d.

The Three Sevens. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. 6d.

ADAM ST. VICTOR.

The Liturgical Poetry of Adam St. Victor. From the text of GAUTIER. With Translations into English in the Original Metres, and Short Explanatory Notes. By DIGBY S. WRANGHAM, M.A. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper. Cloth, price 21s.

A. K. H. B.

From a Quiet Place. A New Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ALBERT (Mary).

Holland and her Heroes to the year 1585. An Adaptation from Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price, 4s. 6d.

ALLEN (Rev. R.), M.A.

Abraham; his Life, Times, and Travels, 3,800 years ago. Second Edition. With Map. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

ALLEN (Grant), B.A.

Physiological Æsthetics. Large post 8vo. 9s.

ALLIES (T. W.), M.A.

Per Crucem ad Lucem. The Result of a Life. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 25s.

A Life's Decision. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

ANDERSON (Col. R. P.).

Victories and Defeats. An Attempt to explain the Causes which have led to them. An Officer's Manual. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

ANDERSON (R. C.), C.E.

Tables for Facilitating the Calculation of every Detail in connection with Earthen and Masonry Dams. Royal 8vo. Cloth, price £2 2s.

ARCHER (Thomas).

About my Father's Business. Work amidst the Sick, the Sad, and the Sorrowing. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

ARMSTRONG (Richard A.), B.A.

Latter-Day Teachers. Six Lectures. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Army of the North German Confederation.

A Brief Description of its Organization, of the Different Branches of the Service and their *role* in War, of its Mode of Fighting, &c. &c. Translated from the Corrected Edition, by permission of the Author, by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ARNOLD (Arthur).

Social Politics. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

Free Land. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

AUBERTIN (J. J.).

Camoens' Lusiads. Portuguese Text, with Translation by. With Map and Portraits. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Price 30s.

Seventy Sonnets of Camoens'. Portuguese text and translation, with some original poems. Dedicated to Captain Richard F. Burton. Printed on hand-made paper. Cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, price 7s. 6d.

Aunt Mary's Bran Pie.

By the author of "St. Olave's." Illustrated. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

AVIA.

The Odyssey of Homer Done into English Verse. Fcap. 4to. Cloth, price 15s.

BADGER (George Perry), D.C.L.

An English-Arabic Lexicon. In which the equivalents for English words and idiomatic sentences are rendered into literary and colloquial Arabic. Royal 4to. Cloth, price 49 9s.

BAGEHOT (Walter).

Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver, and Topics connected with it. Demy 8vo. Price 5s.

The English Constitution. A New Edition, Revised and Corrected, with an Introductory Dissertation on Recent Changes and Events. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Lombard Street. A Description of the Money Market. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BAGOT (Alan).

Accidents in Mines: their Causes and Prevention. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BAKER (Sir Sherston, Bart.).

Halleck's International Law; or Rules Regulating the Intercourse of States in Peace and War. A New Edition, Revised, with Notes and Cases. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 38s.

BAKER (Sir Sherston, Bart.)—continued.

The Laws relating to Quarantine. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

BALDWIN (Capt. J. H.), F.Z.S.

The Large and Small Game of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India. 4to. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. Cloth, price 21s.

BALLIN (Ada S. and F. L.).

A Hebrew Grammar. With Exercises selected from the Bible. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BANKS (Mrs. G. L.).

God's Providence House. New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Ripples and Breakers

Poems. Square 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BARCLAY (Edgar).

Mountain Life in Algeria. Crown 4to. With numerous Illustrations by Photogravure. Cloth, price 16s.

BARLEE (Ellen).

Locked Out: a Tale of the Strike. With a Frontispiece. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

BARNES (William).

An Outline of English Speechcraft. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect. New Edition, complete in 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 8s. 6d.

Outlines of Redecraft (Logic). With English Wording. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

BARTLEY (George C. T.).

Domestic Economy: Thrift in Every Day Life. Taught in Dialogues suitable for Children of all ages. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, limp, 2s.

BAUR (Fertmann), Dr. Ph.

A Philological Introduction to Greek and Latin for Students. Translated and adapted from the German A. By C. KEGAN PATE, M.A. Oxon., and the Rev. E. D. STONE, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton. Second and revised edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BAYNES (Rev. Canon R. H.).

At the Communion Time. A Manual for Holy Communion. With a preface by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

* Can also be had bound in French morocco, price 2s. 6d.; Persian morocco, price 3s.; Calf, or Turkey morocco, price 3s. 6d.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d. This may also be had handsomely bound in morocco with gilt edges.

BELLINGHAM (Henry), Barrister-at-Law.

Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism in their Civil Bearing upon Nations. Translated and adapted from the French of M. le Baron de Haulleville. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Second and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BENNETT (Dr. W. C.).

Narrative Poems & Ballads. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.

Songs for Sailors. Dedicated by Special Request to H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. With Steel Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

An Edition in Illustrated Paper Covers, price 1s.

Songs of a Song Writer. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BENT (J. Theodore).

Genoa. How the Republic Rose and Fell. With 18 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

BETHAM-EDWARDS (Miss M.).

Kitty. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BEVINGTON (L. S.).

Key Notes. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Blue Roses; or, Helen Malinichia's Marriage. By the Author of "Vera." 2 vols. Fifth Edition. Cloth, gilt tops, 12s.

* Also a Cheaper Edition in 1 vol. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BLUME (Major W.).

The Operations of the German Armies in France, from Sedan to the end of the war of 1870-71. With Map. From the Journals of the Headquarters Staff. Translated by the late E. M. Jones, Maj. 20th Foot, Prof. of Mil. Hist., Sandhurst. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

BOGUSLAWSKI (Capt. A. von).

Tactical Deductions from the War of 1870-71. Translated by Colonel Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

BONWICK (J.), F.R.G.S.

Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Pyramid Facts and Fancies. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Tasmanian Lily. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Mike Howe, the Bushranger of Van Diemen's Land. With Frontispiece. New and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BOWEN (H. C.), M.A.

English Grammar for Beginners. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s.

Studies in English, for the use of Modern Schools. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Simple English Poems. English Literature for Junior Classes. In Four Parts. Parts I. and II., price 6d. each, now ready.

BOWRING (Sir John).

Autobiographical Recollections. With Memoir by Lewin B. Bowring. Demy 8vo. Price 14s.

Brave Men's Footsteps.

By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. With Four Illustrations by C. Doyle. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BRIALMONT (Col. A.).

Hasty Intrenchments. Translated by Lieut. Charles A. Empson, R.A. With Nine Plates. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BRIDGETT (Rev. J. E.).

History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain. 2 vols., demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

BRODRICK (The Hon. G. C.).

Political Studies. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

BROOKE (Rev. S. A.), M. A.

The Late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., Life and Letters of. Edited by.

I. Uniform with the Sermons. 2 vols. With Steel Portrait. Price 7s. 6d.

II. Library Edition. 8vo. With Portrait. Price 12s.

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. Price 6s.

Sermons. First Series. Twelfth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Sermons. Second Series. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Theology in the English Poets. — COWPER, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, and BURNS. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Christ in Modern Life. Fifteenth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Spirit of the Christian Life. A New Volume of Sermons. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

The Fight of Faith. Sermons preached on various occasions. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BROOKE (W. G.), M. A.

The Public Worship Regulation Act. With a Classified Statement of its Provisions, Notes, and Index. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Six Privy Council Judgments—1850-1872. Annotated by. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

BROUN (J. A.).

Magnetic Observations at Trevandrum and Augusta Malley. Vol. I. 4to. Cloth, price 63s.

The Report from above, separately sewed, price 21s.

BROWN (Rev. J. Baldwin).

The Higher Life. Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. Five Discourses. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

The Christian Policy of Life. A Book for Young Men of Business. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BROWN (J. Croumbie), LL.D.

Reboisement in France; or, Records of the Replanting of the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees with Trees, Herbage, and Bush. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

The Hydrology of Southern Africa. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BROWNE (W. R.).

The Inspiration of the New Testament. With a Preface by the Rev. J. P. NORRIS, D.D. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

BRYANT (W. C.).

Poems. Red-line Edition. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.

A Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BURCKHARDT (Jacob).

The Civilization of the Period of the Renaissance in Italy. Authorized translation, by S. G. C. Middlemore. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

BURTON (Mrs. Richard).

The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land. With Maps, Photographs, and Coloured Plates. 2 vols. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

* * * Also a Cheaper Edition in one volume. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BURTON (Capt. Richard F.).

The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities. A Fortnight's Tour in North Western Arabia. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

The Land of Midian Re-visited. With numerous illustrations on wood and by Chromolithography. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

BUSBECQ (Ogier Ghiselin de).

His Life and Letters. By Charles Thornton Forster, M.D. and F. H. Blackburne Daniell, M.D. 2 vols. With Frontispieces. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

BUTLER (Alfred J.).

Amaranth and Asphodel. Songs from the Greek Anthology.—I. Songs of the Love of Women. II. Songs of the Love of Nature. III. Songs of Death. IV. Songs of Hereafter. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

CALDERON.

Calderon's Dramas: The Wonder-Working Magician—Life is a Dream—The Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s.

CANDLER (H.).

The Groundwork of Belief. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

CARPENTER (W. B.), M.D.

The Principles of Mental Physiology. With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. Illustrated. Fifth Edition. 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

CARPENTER (Dr. Philip P.).

His Life and Work. Edited by his brother, Russell Lant Carpenter. With portrait and vignette. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

CAVALRY OFFICER.

Notes on Cavalry Tactics, Organization, &c. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

CERVANTES.

The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha. A New Translation from the Originals of 1605 and 1608. By A. J. Duffield. With Notes. 3 vols. demy 8vo. Cloth, price 42s.

CHAPMAN (Hon. Mrs. E. W.).

A Constant Heart. A Story. 2 vols. Cloth, gilt tops, price 12s.

CHEYNE (Rev. T. K.).

The Prophecies of Isaiah. Translated, with Critical Notes and Dissertations by. Two vols., demy 8vo. Cloth, price 25s.

Children's Toys, and some

Elementary Lessons in General Knowledge which they teach. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Clairaut's Elements of

Geometry. Translated by Dr. Kaines, with 145 figures. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

CLARKE (Mary Cowden).

Honey from the Weed. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

CLAYDEN (P. W.).

England under Lord Beaconsfield. The Political History of the Last Six Years, from the end of 1873 to the beginning of 1880. Second Edition. With Index, and Continuation to March, 1880. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

- CLERY (C.), Lieut.-Col.**
Minor Tactics. With 26 Maps and Plans. Fifth and Revised Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.
- CLODD (Edward), F.R.A.S.**
The Childhood of the World: a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.
 A Special Edition for Schools. Price 1s.
- The Childhood of Religions.** Including a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
 A Special Edition for Schools. Price 1s. 6d.
- Jesus of Nazareth.** With a brief Sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- COGHLAN (J. Cole), D.D.**
The Modern Pharisee and other Sermons. Edited by the Very Rev. A. H. Dickinson, D.D., Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin. New and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- COLERIDGE (Sara).**
Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children, with some Lessons in Latin, in Easy Rhyme. A New Edition. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- Phantasmion.** A Fairy Tale. With an Introductory Preface by the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary. A New Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge.** Edited by her Daughter. Cheap Edition. With one Portrait. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- COLLINS (Mortimer).**
The Secret of Long Life. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- Inn of Strange Meetings, and other Poems.** Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- CONNELL (A. K.).**
Discontent and Danger in India. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- COOKE (Prof. J. P.).**
Scientific Culture. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s.
- COOPER (H. J.).**
The Art of Furnishing on Rational and Æsthetic Principles. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.
- COPPÉE (François).**
L'Exilée. Done into English Verse with the sanction of the Author by I. O. L. Crown 8vo. Vellum, price 5s.
- CORFIELD (Prof.), M.D.**
Health. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- CORY (Col. Arthur).**
The Eastern Menace. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- CORY (William).**
A Guide to Modern English History. Part I. MDCCCXV. —MDCCCXXX. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.
- COURTNEY (W. L.).**
The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. 6d.
- COX (Rev. Sir G. W.), Bart.**
A History of Greece from the Earliest Period to the end of the Persian War. New Edition. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 36s.
- A General History of Greece from the Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great, with a sketch of the subsequent History to the present time.** New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- Tales of Ancient Greece.** New Edition. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- School History of Greece.** With Maps. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- The Great Persian War from the Histories of Herodotus.** New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- A Manual of Mythology in the form of Question and Answer.** New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

COX (Rev. Sir G. W.), Bart.—
continued.

An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-Lore. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

COX (Rev. Sir G. W.), Bart., M.A., and **EUSTACE HINTON JONES.**

Popular Romances of the Middle Ages. Second Edition in one volume. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

COX (Rev. Samuel).

A Commentary on the Book of Job. With a Translation. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

Salvator Mundi; or, Is Christ the Saviour of all Men? Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Genesis of Evil, and other Sermons, mainly Expository. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CRAUFURD (A. H.).

Seeking for Light: Sermons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

CRAVEN (Mrs.).

A Year's Meditations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CRAWFURD (Oswald).

Portugal, Old and New. With Illustrations and Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CRESSWELL (Mrs. G.).

The King's Banner. Drama in Four Acts. Five Illustrations. 4to. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

CROZIER (John Beattie), M.B.

The Religion of the Future. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Cyclopædia of Common

Things. Edited by the Rev. Sir GEORGE W. COX, Bart., M.A. With 500 Illustrations. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DALTON (John Neale), M.A., R.N.

Sermons to Naval Cadets. Preached on board H.M.S. "Britannia." Second Edition. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

D'ANVERS (N. R.).

Parted. A Tale of Clouds and Sunshine. With 4 Illustrations. Extra Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Little Minnie's Troubles.

An Every-day Chronicle. With Four Illustrations by W. H. Hughes. Fcap. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Pixie's Adventures; or, the Tale of a Terrier. With 21 Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

Nanny's Adventures; or, the Tale of a Goat. With 12 Illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

DAVIDSON (Rev. Samuel), D.D., LL.D.

The New Testament, translated from the Latest Greek Text of Tischendorf. A New and thoroughly Revised Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Canon of the Bible: Its Formation, History, and Fluctuations. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DAVIES (G. Christopher).

Rambles and Adventures of Our School Field Club. With Four Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DAVIES (Rev. J. L.), M.A.

Theology and Morality. Essays on Questions of Belief and Practice. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DAVIES (T. Hart.).

Catullus. Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

DAWSON (George), M.A.

The Authentic Gospel. A New Volume of Sermons. Edited by GEORGE ST. CLAIR. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer. Edited by his Wife. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

DAWSON (George), M.A.—continued.

Sermons on Disputed Points and Special Occasions. Edited by his Wife. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Sermons on Daily Life and Duty. Edited by his Wife. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

DE L'HOSTE (Col. E. P.).

The Desert Pastor, Jean Jarousseau. Translated from the French of Eugene Pelletan. With a Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DE REDCLIFFE (Viscount Stratford), P.C., K.G., G.C.B.

Why am I a Christian? Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

DESPREZ (Philip S.).

Daniel and John; or, the Apocalypse of the Old and that of the New Testament. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

DE TOCQUEVILLE (A.).

Correspondence and Conversations of, with Nassau William Senior, from 1834 to 1859. Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

DE VERE (Aubrey).

Legends of the Saxon Saints. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Alexander the Great. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Infant Bridal, and other Poems. A New and Enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

The Legends of St. Patrick, and other Poems. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem. Large fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Antar and Zara: an Eastern Romance. INISPAUL, and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. Fcap. 8vo. Price 6s.

DE VERE (Aubrey)—continued.

The Fall of Rora, the Search after Proserpine, and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. Fcap. 8vo. Price 6s.

DOBELL (Mrs. Horace).

Ethelstone, Eveline, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

DOBSON (Austin).

Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Proverbs in Porcelain. By the Author of "Vignettes in Rhyme." Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Dorothy. A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. With Preface. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DOWDEN (Edward), LL.D.

Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art. Fifth Edition. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

Studies in Literature, 1789-1877. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

Poems. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DOWNTON (Rev. H.), M.A.

Hymns and Verses. Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DREWRY (G. O.), M.D.

The Common-Sense Management of the Stomach. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

DREWRY (G. O.), M.D., and BARTLETT (H. C.), Ph.D., F.C.S.

Cup and Platter: or, Notes on Food and its Effects. New and cheaper Edition. Small 8vo. Cloth price 1s. 6d.

DRUMMOND (Miss).

Tripps Buildings. A Study from Life, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DUFFIELD (A. J.).

Don Quixote. His Critics and Commentators. With a Brief Account of the Minor Works of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and a statement of the end and aim of the greatest of them all. A Handy Book for General Readers. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DU MONCEL (Count).

The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph. With 74 Illustrations. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DUTT (Toru).

A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields. New Edition, with Portrait. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

DU VERNONIS (Col. von Verdy).

Studies in leading Troops. An authorized and accurate Translation by Lieutenant H. J. T. Hildyard, 71st Foot. Parts I. and II. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

EDEN (Frederick).

The Nile without a Dragoman. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

EDGEWORTH (F. Y.).

Mathematical Psychics: an Essay on the Application of Mathematics to Social Science. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

EDIS (Robert W.).

Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses. A series of Cantor Lectures delivered before the Society of Arts, 1880. Amplified and enlarged, with 29 full-page Illustrations and numerous sketches. Second Edition. Square 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

EDMONDS (Herbert).

Well Spent Lives: a Series of Modern Biographies. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

Educational Code of the

Prussian Nation, in its Present Form. In accordance with the Decisions of the Common Provincial Law, and with those of Recent Legislation. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

THE EDUCATION LIBRARY
(Edited by Philip Magnus).

An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories. By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

John Amos Comenius: his Life and Educational Work. By Prof. S. S. LAURIE, A.M. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Old Greek Education. By the Rev. Prof. MAHAFFY, M.A. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

EDWARDS (Rev. Basil).

Minor Chords; or, Songs for the Suffering: a Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.; paper, price 2s. 6d.

ELLIOT (Lady Charlotte).

Medusa and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

ELLIOTT (Ebenezer), The Corn Law Rhymers.

Poems. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Edwin Elliott, of St. John's, Antigua. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

ELSDALE (Henry).

Studies in Tennyson's Idylls. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ELYOT (Sir Thomas).

The Boke named the Governour. Edited from the First Edition of 1531 by Henry Herbert Stephen Croft, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. With Portraits of Sir Thomas and Lady Elyot, copied by permission of her Majesty from Holbein's Original Drawings at Windsor Castle. 2 vols. fcap. 4to. Cloth, price 50s.

Epic of Hades (The).

By the author of "Songs of Two Worlds." Twelfth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

"* Also an Illustrated Edition with seventeen full-page designs in photo-mezzotint by GEORGE R. CHAPMAN. 4to. Cloth, extra gilt leaves, price 25s, and a Large Paper Edition, with portrait, price 10s. 6d.

EVANS (Anne).

Poems and Music. With Memorial Preface by Ann Thackeray Ritchie. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

EVANS (Mark).

The Gospel of Home Life.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

The Story of our Father's Love, told to Children. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. With Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

A Book of Common Prayer and Worship for Household Use, compiled exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s.

The King's Story Book.
In three parts. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d. each.
* Parts I. and II., with eight illustrations and two Picture Maps, now ready.

EX-CIVILIAN.

Life in the Mofussil; or, Civilian Life in Lower Bengal. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Price 14s.

FARQUHARSON (M.).

I. Elsie Dinsmore. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

II. Elsie's Girlhood. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

III. Elsie's Holidays at Roselands. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

FELKIN (H. M.).

Technical Education in a Saxon Town. Published for the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

FIELD (Horace), B.A. Lond.

The Ultimate Triumph of Christianity. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

FINN (the late James), M.R.A.S.

Stirring Times; or, Records from Jerusalem Consular Chronicles of 1853 to 1856. Edited and Compiled by his Widow. With a Preface by the Viscountess STRANGFORD. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Price 30s.

FLOREDICE (W. H.).

A Month among the Mese Irish. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Folkestone Ritual Case

(The). The Argument, Proceedings Judgment, and Report, revised by the several Counsel engaged. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 25s.

FORMBY (Rev. Henry).

Ancient Rome and its Connection with the Christian Religion: an Outline of the History of the City from its First Foundation down to the Erection of the Chair of St. Peter, A.D. 42-47. With numerous Illustrations of Ancient Monuments, Sculpture, and Coinage, and of the Antiquities of the Christian Catacombs. Royal 4to. Cloth extra, price 50s. Roxburgh, half-morocco, price 52s. 6d.

POWLE (Rev. T. W.), M.A.

The Reconciliation of Religion and Science. Being Essays on Immortality, Inspiration, Miracles, and the Being of Christ. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

The Divine Legation of Christ. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

FRASER (Donald).

Exchange Tables of Sterling and Indian Rupee Currency, upon a new and extended system, embracing Values from One Farthing to One Hundred Thousand Pounds, and at Rates progressing, in Sixteenths of a Penny, from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 3d. per Rupee. Royal 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

FRISWELL (J. Hain).

The Better Self. Essays for Home Life. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

One of Two; or, A Left-Handed Bride. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

GARDINER (Samuel R.) and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A.

Introduction to the Study of English History. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

GARDNER (J.), M.D.

Longevity: The Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

- GARRETT (E.).**
By Still Waters. A Story for Quiet Hours. With Seven Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- GEBLER (Karl Von).**
Galileo Galilei and the Roman Curia, from Authentic Sources. Translated with the sanction of the Author, by Mrs. GEORGE STURGE. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.
- GEDDES (James).**
History of the Administration of John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland. Vol. I. 1623-1654. Demy 8vo., with Portrait. Cloth, price 15s.
- GENNA (E.).**
Irresponsible Philanthropists. Being some Chapters on the Employment of Gentewomen. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.
- GEORGE (Henry).**
Progress and Poverty. An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- GILBERT (Mrs.).**
Autobiography and other Memorials. Edited by Josiah Gilbert. Third Edition. With Portrait and several Wood Engravings. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- GLOVER (F.), M.A.**
Exempla Latina. A First Construing Book with Short Notes, Lexicon, and an Introduction to the Analysis of Sentences. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.
- GODWIN (William)**
William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries. With Portraits and Facsimiles of the handwriting of Godwin and his Wife. By C. Kegan Paul. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.
- The Genius of Christianity Unveiled.* Being Essays never before published. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- GOETZE (Capt. A. von).**
Operations of the German Engineers during the War of 1870-1871. Published by Authority, and in accordance with Official Documents. Translated from the German by Colonel G. Graham, V.C., C.B., R.E. With 6 large Maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.
- GOLDSMID (Sir Francis Henry).**
Memoir of. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- GOODENOUGH (Commodore J. G.), R.N., C.B., C.M.G.**
Memoir of, with Extracts from his Letters and Journals. Edited by his Widow. With Steel Engraved Portrait. Square 8vo. Cloth, 5s.
 * Also a Library Edition with Maps, Woodcuts, and Steel Engraved Portrait. Square post 8vo. Cloth, price 14s
- GOSSE (Edmund W.).**
Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe. With a Frontispiece designed and etched by Alma Tadema. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.
- New Poems.* Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- GOULD (Rev. S. Baring), M.A.**
Germany, Present and Past. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- The Vicar of Morwenstow:* a Memoir of the Rev. R. S. Hawker. With Portrait. Third Edition, revised. Square post 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d.
- GRAHAM (William), M.A.**
The Creed of Science: Religious, Moral, and Social. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.
- GRIFFITH (Thomas), A.M.**
The Gospel of the Divine Life. A Study of the Fourth Evangelist. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.
- GRIMLEY (Rev. H. N.), M.A.**
Tremadoc Sermons, chiefly on the SPIRITUAL BODY, the UNSEEN WORLD, and the DIVINE HUMANITY. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

GRÜNER (M. L.).

Studies of Blast Furnace Phenomena. Translated by L. D. B. Gordon, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GURNEY (Rev. Archer).

Words of Faith and Cheer. A Mission of Instruction and Suggestion. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Gwen: A Drama in Monologue. By the Author of the "Epic of Hades." Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HAECKEL (Prof. Ernst).

The History of Creation. Translation revised by Professor E. Ray Lankester, M.A., F.R.S. With Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various groups of both plants and animals. 2 vols. Second Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

The History of the Evolution of Man. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

Freedom in Science and Teaching. From the German of Ernst Haeckel, with a Prefatory Note by T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HALF-CROWN SERIES.

Sister Dora: a Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale.

True Words for Brave Men. A Book for Soldiers and Sailors. By the late Charles Kingsley.

An Inland Voyage. By R. L. Stevenson.

Travels with a Donkey. By R. L. Stevenson.

A Nook in the Apennines. By Leader Scott.

Notes of Travel. Being Extracts from the Journals of Count Von Moltke.

Letters from Russia. By Count Von Moltke.

English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged by J. Dennis.

Lyrics of Love from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Selected and Arranged by W. D. Adams.

London Lyrics. By Frederick Locker.

HALF-CROWN SERIES—continued.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. By the Rev. Canon R. H. Baynes.

Halleck's International Law; or, Rules Regulating the Intercourse of States in Peace and War. A New Edition, revised, with Notes and Cases. By Sir Sherston Baker, Bart. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 38s.

HARDY (Thomas).

A Pair of Blue Eyes. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The Return of the Native. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HARRISON (Lieut.-Col. R.).

The Officer's Memorandum Book for Peace and War. Third Edition. Oblong 32mo. roan, with pencil, price 3s. 6d.

HARTINGTON (The Right Hon. the Marquis of), M.P.

Election Speeches in 1879 and 1880. With Address to the Electors of North-East Lancashire. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Haweis (Rev. H. R.), M.A.

Arrows in the Air. Crown 8vo. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Cloth, price 5s.

Current Coin. Materialism—The Devil—Crime—Drunkenness—Pauperism—Emotion—Recreation—The Sabbath. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Speech in Season. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Thoughts for the Times. Twelfth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Unsectarian Family Prayers. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

HAWKER (Robert Stephen).

The Poetical Works of. Now first collected and arranged with a prefatory notice by J. G. Godwin. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

HAWKINS (Edwards Comerford).

Spirit and Form. Sermons preached in the parish church of Leatherhead. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HAYES (A. H.).

New Colorado and the Santa Fé Trail. With map and 60 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

HEIDENHAIN (Rudolf), M.D.

Animal Magnetism. Physiological Observations. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by L. C. Wooldridge. With a Preface by G. R. Romanes, F.R.S. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

HELLON (H. G.).

Daphnis. A Pastoral Poem. Small crown 8vo. Cloth.

HELLWALD (Baron F. von).

The Russians in Central Asia. A Critical Examination, down to the present time, of the Geography and History of Central Asia. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Theodore Wirgman, LL.B. Large post 8vo. With Map. Cloth, price 12s.

HELVIG (Major H.).

The Operations of the Bavarian Army Corps. Translated by Captain G. S. Schwabe. With Five large Maps. In 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

Tactical Examples: Vol. I. The Battalion, price 15s. Vol. II. The Regiment and Brigade, price 10s. 6d. Translated from the German by Col. Sir Lumley Graham. With numerous Diagrams. Demy 8vo. Cloth.

HERFORD (Brooke).

The Story of Religion in England. A Book for Young Folk. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HICKEY (E. H.).

A Sculptor and other Poems. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HINTON (James).

Life and Letters of. Edited by Ellice Hopkins, with an Introduction by Sir W. W. Gull, Bart., and Portrait engraved on Steel by C. H. Jeens. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

Chapters on the Art of Thinking, and other Essays. With an Introduction by Shadworth Hodgson. Edited by C. H. Hinton. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 8s. 6d.

The Place of the Physician.

To which is added **ESSAYS ON THE LAW OF HUMAN LIFE, AND ON THE RELATION BETWEEN ORGANIC AND INORGANIC WORLDS.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Physiology for Practical Use. By various Writers. With 50 Illustrations. Third and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

An Atlas of Diseases of the Membrana Tympani. With Descriptive Text. Post 8vo. Price £66s.

The Questions of Aural Surgery. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

The Mystery of Pain. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth limp, 1s.

HOCKLEY (W. B.).

Tales of the Zenana; or, A Nuwab's Leisure Hours. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari." With a Preface by Lord Stanley of Alderley. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. A Tale of Mahratta Life sixty years ago. With a Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G. C. S. I., &c. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HOFFBAUER (Capt.).

The German Artillery in the Battles near Metz. Based on the official reports of the German Artillery. Translated by Capt. E. O. Hollist. With Map and Plans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

HOLMES (E. G. A.).

Poems. First and Second Series. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. each.

HOOPER (Mary).

Little Dinners: How to Serve them with Elegance and Economy. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Cookery for Invalids, Persons of Delicate Digestion, and Children. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Every-Day Meals. Being Economical and Wholesome Recipes for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HOOPER (Mrs. G.).

The House of Raby. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HORNER (The Misses).

Walks in Florence. A New and thoroughly Revised Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth limp. With Illustrations.

Vol. I.—Churches, Streets, and Palaces. 10s. 6d. Vol. II.—Public Galleries and Museums. 5s.

Household Readings on Prophecy. By a Layman. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HUGHES (Henry).

The Redemption of the World. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HULL (Edmund C. P.).

The European in India. With a MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS. By R. R. S. Mair, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HUTCHISON (Lieut.-Col. F. J.), and Capt. G. H. MACGREGOR. **Military Sketching and Reconnaissance.** With Fifteen Plates. Second edition. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The first Volume of Military Handbooks for Regimental Officers. Edited by Lieut.-Col. C. B. BRACKENBURY, R.A., A.A.G.

HUTTON (Arthur), M.A.

The Anglican Ministry. Its Nature and Value in relation to the Catholic Priesthood. With a Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Newman. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

INCHBOLD (J. W.).

Annus Amoris. Sonnets. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

INGELOW (Jean).

Off the Skelligs. A Novel. With Frontispiece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The Little Wonder-horn. A Second Series of "Stories Told to a Child." With Fifteen Illustrations. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

International Scientific Series (The). Each book complete in one Volume. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. each, excepting those marked otherwise.

I. Forms of Water: A Familiar Exposition of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers. By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 25 Illustrations. Eighth Edition.

II. Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

III. Foods. By Edward Smith, M.D., &c. With numerous Illustrations. Seventh Edition.

IV. Mind and Body: The Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. With Four Illustrations. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

V. The Study of Sociology. By Herbert Spencer. Tenth Edition.

VI. On the Conservation of Energy. By Balfour Stewart, LL.D., &c. With 14 Illustrations. Fifth Edition.

VII. Animal Locomotion; or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying. By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., &c. With 130 Illustrations. Second Edition.

VIII. Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Third Edition.

IX. The New Chemistry. By Professor J. P. Cooke. With 31 Illustrations. Fifth Edition.

X. The Science of Law. By Prof. Sheldon Amos. Fourth Edition.

International Scientific Series (The)—continued.

XI. Animal Mechanism. A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Prof. E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition.

XII. The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism. By Prof. Osca Schmidt. With 26 Illustrations. Fourth Edition.

XIII. The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. Fifteenth Edition.

XIV. Fungi; their Nature, Influences, Uses, &c. By M. C. Cooke, LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition.

XV. The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography. By Dr. Hermann Vogel. With 100 Illustrations. Third and Revised Edition.

XVI. The Life and Growth of Language. By Prof. William Dwight Whitney. Third Edition.

XVII. Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. By W. Stanley Jevons, F.R.S. Fourth Edition.

XVIII. The Nature of Light: With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel. With 188 Illustrations and a table of Spectra in Chromo-lithography. Third Edition.

XIX. Animal Parasites and Mesomites. By M. Van Beneden. With 83 Illustrations. Second Edition.

XX. Fermentation. By Prof. Schützenberger. With 28 Illustrations. Third Edition.

XXI. The Five Senses of Man. By Prof. Bernstein. With 91 Illustrations. Second Edition.

XXII. The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music. By Prof. Pietro Blaserna. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition.

XXIII. Studies in Spectrum Analysis. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. With six photographic Illustrations of Spectra, and numerous engravings on wood. Crown 8vo. Second Edition. 6s. 6d.

International Scientific Series (The)—continued.

XXIV. A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine. By Prof. R. H. Thurston. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. 6s. 6d.

XXV. Education as a Science. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. Third Edition.

XXVI. The Human Species. By Prof. A. de Quatrefages. Third Edition.

XXVII. Modern Chromatics. With Applications to Art and Industry, by Ogden N. Rood. With 130 original Illustrations. Second Edition.

XXVIII. The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology. By Prof. T. H. Huxley. With eighty-two Illustrations. Third edition.

XXIX. The Brain as an Organ of Mind. By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition.

XXX. The Atomic Theory. By Prof. Ad. Wurtz. Translated by E. Clemin-Shaw. Second Edition.

XXXI. The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life. By Karl Semper. Second Edition.

XXXII. General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves. By Prof. J. Rosenthal. With Illustrations. Second Edition.

XXXIII. Sight: an Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision. By Joseph Le Conte, LL.D. With 132 illustrations.

XXXIV. Illusions: A Psychological Study. By James Sully.

XXXV. Volcanoes: What they are and What they Teach. By Prof. J. W. Judd, F.R.S. With 92 Illustrations on Wood.

XXXVI. Suicide. An Essay in Comparative Mythology. By Prof. E. MORSELLI, with Diagrams.

XXXVII. The Brain and its Functions. By J. LÉVY. With numerous illustrations.

JENKINS (E.) and RAYMOND (J.).

The Architect's Legal Handbook. Third Edition Revised. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

- JENKINS (Rev. R. C.), M.A.**
The Privilege of Peter and the Claims of the Roman Church confronted with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- JENNINGS (Mrs. Vaughan).**
Rabel: Her Life and Letters. With a Portrait from the Painting by Daffinger. Square post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- JOEL (L.).**
A Consul's Manual and Shipowner's and Shipmaster's Practical Guide in their Transactions Abroad. With Definitions of Nautical, Mercantile, and Legal Terms; a Glossary of Mercantile Terms in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Tables of the Money, Weights, and Measures of the Principal Commercial Nations and their Equivalents in British Standards; and Forms of Consular and Notarial Acts. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.
- JOHNSON (Virginia W.).**
The Catskill Fairies. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. Cloth, price 5s.
- JOHNSTONE (C. F.), M.A.**
Historical Abstracts. Being Outlines of the History of some of the less-known States of Europe. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- JONES (Lucy).**
Puddings and Sweets. Being Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Receipts approved by Experience. Crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d.
- JOYCE (P. W.), LL.D., &c.**
Old Celtic Romances. Translated from the Gaelic by. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- KAUFMANN (Rev. M.), B.A.**
Utopias; or, Schemes of Social Improvement, from Sir Thomas More to Karl Marx. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
Socialism: Its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- KAY (Joseph), M.A., Q.C.**
Free Trade in Land. Edited by his Widow. With Preface by the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- KEMPIS (Thomas à).**
Of the Imitation of Christ. Parchment Library Edition, price 6s.; vellum, price 7s. 6d.
 * * A Cabinet Edition is also published at 1s. 6d. and a Miniature Edition at 1s. These may also be had in various extra bindings.
- KENT (Carolo).**
Corona Catholica ad Petri successoris Pedes Oblata. De Summi Pontificis Leonis XIII. Assumptione Epigramma. In Quinquaginta Linguis. Fcap. 4to. Cloth, price 15s.
- KER (David).**
The Boy Slave in Bokhara. A Tale of Central Asia. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
The Wild Horseman of the Pampas. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- KERNER (Dr. A.), Professor of Botany in the University of Innsbruck.**
Flowers and their Unbidden Guests. Translation edited by W. OGLE, M.A., M.D., and a prefatory letter by C. Darwin, F.R.S. With Illustrations. Sq. 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.
- KIDD (Joseph), M.D.**
The Laws of Therapeutics, or, the Science and Art of Medicine. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- KINAHAN (G. Henry), M.R.I.A., &c., of her Majesty's Geological Survey.**
Manual of the Geology of Ireland. With 8 Plates, 26 Woodcuts, and a Map of Ireland, geologically coloured. Square 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.
- KING (Mrs. Hamilton).**
The Disciples. Fourth Edition, with Portrait and Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
Aspromonte, and other Poems. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

KINGSFORD (Anna), M.D.

The Perfect Way in Diet.

A Treatise advocating a Return to the Natural and Ancient Food of Race. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

KINGSLEY (Charles), M.A.

Letters and Memories of

his Life. Edited by his Wife. With 2 Steel engraved Portraits and numerous Illustrations on Wood, and a Facsimile of his Handwriting. Thirteenth Edition. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 36s.

. Also the eleventh Cabinet Edition in 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

All Saints' Day and other Sermons. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

True Words for Brave Men: a Book for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

KNIGHT (Professor W.).

Studies in Philosophy and Literature. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

KNOX (Alexander A.).

The New Playground: or, Wanderings in Algeria. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

LAMONT (Martha MacDonald).

The Gladiator: A Life under the Roman Empire in the beginning of the Third Century. With four Illustrations by H. M. Paget. Extra fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

LANG (A.).

XXXII Ballades in Blue China. Elzevir. 8vo. Parchment, price 5s.

LAYMANN (Capt.).

The Frontal Attack of Infantry. Translated by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

LEANDER (Richard).

Fantastic Stories. Translated from the German by Paulina B. Granville. With Eight full-page Illustrations by M. E. Fraser-Tyler. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LEE (Rev. F. G.), D.C.L.

The Other World; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural. 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

LEE (Holme).

Her Title of Honour. A Book for Girls. New Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

LEWIS (Edward Dillon).

A Draft Code of Criminal Law and Procedure. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

LEWIS (Mary A.).

A Rat with Three Tales. New and cheaper edition. With Four Illustrations by Catherine F. Frere. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

LINDSAY (W. Lauder), M.D., &c.

Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

LOCKER (F.).

London Lyrics. A New and Revised Edition, with Additions and a Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth, elegant, price 6s. Also a Cheap Edition, price 2s. 6d.

LOKI.

The New Werther. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

LORIMER (Peter), D.D.

John Knox and the Church of England: His Work in her Pulpit, and his Influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

John Wiclif and his English Precursors, by Gerhard Victor Lechler. Translated from the German, with additional Notes. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Love Sonnets of Proteus.

With frontispiece by the Author. Elzevir 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Lowder (Charles): a Biogra-

phy. By the author of "St. Teresa." Large crown 8vo. With Portrait. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

- LOWNDES (Henry).**
Poems and Translations.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- LUMSDEN (Lieut.-Col. H. W.).**
Beowulf. An Old English Poem. Translated into modern rhymes. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- MAC CLINTOCK (L.).**
Sir Spangle and the Dingy Hen. Illustrated. Square crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d.
- MACDONALD (G.).**
Malcolm. With Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.
The Marquis of Lossie. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
St. George and St. Michael. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6s.
- MACKENNA (S. J.).**
Plucky Fellows. A Book for Boys. With Six Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
At School with an Old Dragoon. With Six Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- MACLACHLAN (Mrs.).**
Notes and Extracts on Everlasting Punishment and Eternal Life, according to Literal Interpretation. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- MACLEAN (Charles Donald).**
Latin and Greek Verse Translations. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.
- MACNAUGHT (Rev. John).**
Cœna Domini: An Essay on the Lord's Supper, its Primitive Institution, Apostolic Uses, and Subsequent History. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.
- MAGNUS (Mrs.).**
About the Jews since Bible Times. From the Babylonian exile till the English Exodus. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- MAGNUSSON (Eirikr), M.A., and PALMER (E.H.), M.A.**
Johan Ludvig Runeberg's Lyrical Songs, Idylls and Epigrams. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- MAIR (R. S.), M.D., F.R.C.S.E.**
The Medical Guide for Anglo-Indians. Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Limp cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- MALDEN (H. E. and E. E.)**
Princes and Princesses. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.
- MANNING (His Eminence Cardinal).**
The True Story of the Vatican Council. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- MARKHAM (Capt. Albert Hastings), R.N.**
The Great Frozen Sea. A Personal Narrative of the Voyage of the "Alert" during the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6. With six full-page Illustrations, two Maps, and twenty-seven Woodcuts. Fourth and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
A Polar Reconnaissance: being the Voyage of the "Isbjorn" to Novaya Zemlya in 1879. With 10 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.
- Marriage and Maternity; or, Scripture Wives and Mothers.** Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.
- MARTINEAU (Gertrude).**
Outline Lessons on Morals. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- Master Bobby: a Tale.** By the Author of "Christina North." With Illustrations by E. H. BELL. Extra fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- MASTERMAN (J.).**
Half-a-dozen Daughters. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

McGRATH (Terence).

Pictures from Ireland. New and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

MEREDITH (George).

The Egoist. A Comedy in Narrative. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

** Also a Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. A History of Father and Son. In one vol. with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

MEREDITH (Owen) [the Earl of Lytton].

Lucile. With 160 Illustrations. Crown 4to. cloth extra, gilt leaves, price 21s.

MERRITT (Henry).

Art - Criticism and Romance. With Recollections, and Twenty-three Illustrations in *eau-forte*, by Anna Lea Merritt. Two vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, 25s.

MIDDLETON (The Lady).

Ballads. Square 16mo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MILLER (Edward).

The History and Doctrines of Irvingism; or, the so-called Catholic and Apostolic Church. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 25s.

The Church in Relation to the State. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MILNE (James).

Tables of Exchange for the Conversion of Sterling Money into Indian and Ceylon Currency, at Rates from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 3d. per Rupee. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price £2 2s.

MOCKLER (E.).

A Grammar of the Baloochee Language, as it is spoken in Makran (Ancient Gedrosia), in the Persia-Arabic and Roman characters. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MOFFAT (Robert Scott).

The Economy of Consumption; an Omitted Chapter in Political Economy, with special reference to the Questions of Commercial Crises and the Policy of Trades Unions; and with Reviews of the Theories of Adam Smith, Ricardo, J. S. Mill, Fawcett, &c. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

The Principles of a Time Policy: being an Exposition of a Method of Settling Disputes between Employers and Employed, in regard to Time and Wages, by a simple Process of Mercantile Barter, without recourse to Strikes or Locks-out. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MORELL (J. R.).

Euclid Simplified in Method and Language. Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

MORSE (E. S.), Ph.D.

First Book of Zoology. With numerous Illustrations. New and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

MORSHEAD (E. D. A.)

The House of Atreus. Being the Agamemnon Libation-Bearers and Furies of *Æschylus* Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

MUNRO (Major-Gen. Sir Thomas), K.C.B., Governor of Madras.

Selections from His Minutes, and other Official Writings. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. Two vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 30s.

NAAKE (J. T.).

Slavonic Fairy Tales. From Russian, Servian, Polish, and Bohemian Sources. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

NELSON (J. H.).

A Prospectus of the Scientific Study of the Hindû Law. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

NEWMAN (J. H.), D.D.

Characteristics from the Writings of. Being Selections from his various Works. Arranged with the Author's personal approval. Third Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
 * * A Portrait of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Newman, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

NICHOLAS (Thomas), Ph.D., F.G.S.

The Pedigree of the English People: an Argument, Historical and Scientific, on the Formation and Growth of the Nation, tracing Race-admixture in Britain from the earliest times, with especial reference to the incorporation of the Celtic Aborigines. Fifth Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

NICHOLSON (Edward Byron).

The Christ Child, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

The Rights of an Animal. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

The Gospel according to the Hebrews. Its Fragments translated and annotated, with a critical Analysis of the External and Internal Evidence relating to it. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s. 6d.

A New Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

NICOLS (Arthur), F.G.S., F.R.G.S.

Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth. An Introduction to Geology and Palæontology, with numerous illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

NOAKE (Major R. Compton).

The Bivouac; or, Martial Lyrist, with an Appendix—Advice to the Soldier. Fcap. 8vo. Price 5s. 6d.

NOEL (The Hon. Roden).

A Little Child's Monument. Third Edition. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

NORMAN PEOPLE (The).

The Norman People, and their Existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

NORRIS (Rev. Alfred).

The Inner and Outer Life Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Notes on Cavalry Tactics, Organization, &c. By a Cavalry Officer. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

Nuces: Exercises on the Syntax of the Public School Latin Primer. New Edition in Three Parts. Crown 8vo. Each 1s.

* * The Three Parts can also be had bound together in cloth, price 3s.

OATES (Frank), F.R.G.S.

Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls: A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa. Edited by C. G. Oates, B.A., with numerous illustrations and four maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

O'BRIEN (Charlotte G.).

Light and Shade. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt tops, price 12s.

Ode of Life (The).

Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Four Books. Cabinet Edition, price 1s. and 1s. 6d.; cloth; Miniature Edition, price 1s.
 * * Also in various bindings.

O'HAGAN (John).

The Song of Roland. Translated into English Verse. Large post 8vo. Parchment antique, price 10s. 6d.

O'MEARA (Kathleen).

Frederic Ozanam, Professor of the Sorbonne; His Life and Works. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Henri Perreyve and His Counsels to the Sick. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

OTTLEY (Henry Bickersteth).

The Great Dilemma: Christ His own Witness or His own Accuser. Six Lectures. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Our Public Schools. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, Marlborough, The Charterhouse. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

OWEN (F. M.).

John Keats. A Study. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

OWEN (Rev. Robert), B.D.

Sanctorale Catholicum; or Book of Saints. With Notes, Critical, Exegetical, and Historical. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

An Essay on the Communion of Saints. Including an Examination of the "Cultus Sanctorum." Price 2s.

PALGRAVE (W. Gifford).

Hermann Agha; An Eastern Narrative. Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

PANDURANG HARI;

Or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With an Introductory Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G.C.S.I., C.B. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

PARCHMENT LIBRARY (The).

Chicely printed on hand-made paper, limp parchment antique, price 6s. each; vellum, price 7s. 6d. each.

Edgar Allan Poe's Poems.

With an Essay on his Poetry by ANDREW LANG and a frontispiece by Linley Sambourne.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. Edited by Edward Dowden. With a Frontispiece, etched by Leopold Lowenstam, after the Death Mask.

English Odes. Selected by Edmund W. Gosse. With Frontispiece on India paper by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Four Books. A revised Translation. With Frontispiece on India paper, from a Design by W. B. Richmond.

PARCHMENT LIBRARY (The) —continued.

Tennyson's The Princess: a Medley. With a Miniature Frontispiece by H. M. Paget, and a Tailpiece in Outline by Gordon Browne.

Poems: Selected from Percy Bysshe Shelley. Dedicated to Lady Shelley. With Preface by Richard Garnet, and a Miniature Frontispiece.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam." With a Miniature Portrait in *eau forte* by Le Rat, after a Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron.

PARKER (Joseph), D.D.

The Paraclete: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

PARR (Capt. H. Hallam).

A Sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars: Guadana to Isandhlwana, with Maps. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Dress, Horses, and Equipment of Infantry and Staff Officers. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s.

PARSLOE (Joseph).

Our Railways: Sketches, Historical and Descriptive. With Practical Information as to Fares, Rates, &c., and a Chapter on Railway Reform. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

PATTISON (Mrs. Mark).

The Renaissance of Art in France. With Nineteen Steel Engravings. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

PAUL (C. Kegan).

Mary Wollstonecraft. Letters to Imlay. With Prefatory Memoir by, and Two Portraits in *eau forte*, by Anna Lea Merritt. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Goethe's Faust. A New Translation in Rime. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

PAUL (C. Kegan)—*continued*.

William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries. With Portraits and Facsimiles of the Handwriting of Godwin and his Wife. 2 vols. Square post 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.

The Genius of Christianity Unveiled. Being Essays by William Godwin never before published. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

PAUL (Margaret Agnes).

Gentle and Simple: A Story. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt tops, price 12s.

* Also a Cheaper Edition in one vol. with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

PAYNE (John).

Songs of Life and Death. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

PAYNE (Prof. J. F.).

Fröbel and the Kindergarten System. Second Edition.

A Visit to German Schools: Elementary Schools in Germany. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

PELLETAN (E.).

The Desert Pastor, Jean Jarousseau. Translated from the French. By Colonel E. P. De L'Hoste. With a Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

PENNELL (H. Cholmondeley).

Pegasus Resaddled. By the Author of "Puck on Pegasus," &c. &c. With Ten Full-page Illustrations by George Du Maurier. Second Edition. Fcap. 4to. Cloth elegant, price 12s. 6d.

PENRICE (Maj. J.). B.A.

A Dictionary and Glossary of the Ko-ran. With copious Grammatical References and Explanations of the Text. 4to. Cloth, price 21s.

PESCHEL (Dr. Oscar).

The Races of Man and their Geographical Distribution. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

PETERS (F. H.).

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Translated by. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

PFEIFFER (Emily).

Under the Aspens. Lyrical and Dramatic. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. Cloth, price 6s.

Quarterman's Grace, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Glan Alarch: His Silence and Song. A Poem. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. price 6s.

Gerard's Monument, and other Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Poems. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Sonnets and Songs. New Edition. 16mo, handsomely printed and bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 5s.

PIKE (Warburton).

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

PINCHES (Thomas), M.A.

Samuel Wilberforce: Faith—Service—Recompense. Three Sermons. With a Portrait of Bishop Wilberforce (after a Photograph by Charles Watkins). Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

PLAYFAIR (Lieut.-Col.), Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Algiers.

Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis. Illustrated by facsimiles of Bruce's original Drawings, Photographs, Maps, &c. Royal 4to. Cloth, bevelled boards, gilt leaves, price 43 3s.

POLLOCK (Frederick).

Spinoza. His Life and Philosophy. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

POLLOCK (W. H.).

Lectures on French Poets. Delivered at the Royal Institution. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

POOR (Laura E.).

Sanskrit and its kindred Literatures. Studies in Comparative Mythology. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

POUSHKIN (A. S.).

Russian Romance. Translated from the Tales of Belkin, &c. By Mrs. J. Buchan Telfer (*née* Mouravieff). Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

PRESBYTER.

Unfoldings of Christian Hope. An Essay showing that the Doctrine contained in the Damnatory Clauses of the Creed commonly called Athanasian is unscriptural. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

PRICE (Prof. Bonamy).

Currency and Banking. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Chapters on Practical Political Economy. Being the Substance of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

Proteus and Amadeus. A

Correspondence. Edited by Aubrey De Vere. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY.

The Volunteer, the Militiaman, and the Regular Soldier. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

PULPIT COMMENTARY(The).

Edited by the Rev. J. S. EXELL and the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE.

Genesis. By Rev. T. Whitelaw, M.A.; with Homilies by the Very Rev. J. F. Montgomery, D.D., Rev. Prof. R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.B., Rev. F. Hastings, Rev. W. Roberts, M.A. An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament by the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.; and Introductions to the Pentateuch by the Right Rev. H. Catterill, D.D., and Rev. T. Whitelaw, M.A. Fifth Edition. Price 15s.

PULPIT COMMENTARY(The)

—continued.

Numbers. By the Rev. R. Winterbotham, LL.B. With Homilies by the Rev. Prof. W. Binnie, D.D., Rev. E. S. Prout, M.A., Rev. D. Young, Rev. J. Waite, and an Introduction by the Rev. Thomas Whitelaw, M.A. Third Edition. Price 15s.

Joshua. By the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. With Homilies by the Rev. S. R. Aldridge, LL.B., Rev. R. Glover, Rev. E. de Pressensé, D.D., Rev. J. Waite, Rev. F. W. Adeney, and an Introduction by the Rev. A. Plummer, M.A. Third Edition. Price 12s. 6d.

Judges and Ruth. By Right Rev. Lord A. C. Hervey, D.D., and Rev. J. Morrison, D.D. With Homilies by Rev. A. F. Muir, M.A.; Rev. W. F. Adeney, M.A.; Rev. W. M. Statham; and Rev. Prof. J. R. Thomson, M.A. Third Edition. Cloth, price 15s.

1 Samuel. By the Very Rev. R. P. Smith, D.D. With Homilies by the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., Rev. Prof. Chapman, and Rev. B. Dale. Fourth Edition. Price 15s.

1 Kings. By the Rev. Joseph Hammond, LL.B. With Homilies by the Rev. E. de Pressensé, D.D., Rev. J. Waite, B.A., Rev. A. Rowland, LL.B., Rev. J. A. Macdonald, and Rev. J. Urquhart.

Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. By Rev. Canon G. Rawlinson, M.A.; with Homilies by Rev. Prof. J. R. Thomson, M.A., Rev. Prof. R. A. Redford, LL.B., M.A., Rev. W. S. Lewis, M.A., Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Rev. A. Mackennal, B.A., Rev. W. Clarkson, B.A., Rev. F. Hastings, Rev. W. Dinwiddie, LL.B., Rev. Prof. Rowlands, B.A., Rev. G. Wood, B.A., Rev. Prof. P. C. Barker, LL.B., M.A., and Rev. J. S. Exell. Fifth Edition. Price 12s. 6d.

Punjaub (The) and North Western Frontier of India. By an old Punjaubees. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Rabbi Jeshua. An Eastern Story. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

RADCLIFFE (Frank R. Y.).
The New Politicus. Small
 crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

RAVENSHAW (John Henry),
 B.C.S.

Gaur: Its Ruins and In-
 scriptions. Edited with consider-
 able additions and alterations by his
 Widow. With forty-four photo-
 graphic illustrations and twenty-five
 fac-similes of Inscriptions. Super
 royal 4to. Cloth, 3s. 13s. 6d.

READ (Carveth).
On the Theory of Logic :
 An Essay. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
 price 6s.

Realities of the Future Life.
 Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price
 1s. 6d.

REANEY (Mrs. G. S.).
Blessing and Blessed ; a
 Sketch of Girl Life. New and
 cheaper Edition. With a frontis-
 piece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Waking and Working ; or,
 from Girlhood to Womanhood.
 New and cheaper edition. With a
 Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
 price 3s. 6d.

Rose Gurney's Discovery.
 A Book for Girls, dedicated to their
 Mothers. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
 3s. 6d.

English Girls: their Place
 and Power. With a Preface by
 R. W. Dale, M.A., of Birmingham.
 Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth,
 price 2s. 6d.

Just Anyone, and other
 Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal
 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Sunshine Jenny and other
 Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal
 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Sunbeam Willie, and other
 Stories. Three Illustrations. Royal
 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

RENDALL (J. M.).
Concise Handbook of the
 Island of Madeira. With plan of
 Funchal and map of the Island. Fcap.
 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

REYNOLDS (Rev. J. W.).
The Supernatural in Na-
 ture. A Verification by Free Use of
 Science. Second Edition, revised
 and enlarged. Demy 8vo. Cloth,
 price 14s.

Mystery of Miracles, The.
 By the Author of "The Supernatural
 in Nature." New and Enlarged
 Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
 6s.

RHOADES (James).
The Georgics of Virgil.
 Translated into English Verse. Small
 crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

RIBOT (Prof. Th.).
English Psychology. Se-
 cond Edition. A Revised and Cor-
 rected Translation from the latest
 French Edition. Large post 8vo.
 Cloth, price 9s

Heredity : A Psychological
 Study on its Phenomena, its Laws,
 its Causes, and its Consequences.
 Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

RINK (Chevalier Dr. Henry).
Greenland : Its People and
 its Products. By the Chevalier
 Dr. HENRY RINK, President of the
 Greenland Board of Trade. With
 sixteen Illustrations, drawn by the
 Eskimo, and a Map. Edited by Dr.
 ROBERT BROWN. Crown 8vo. Price
 10s. 6d.

ROBERTSON (The Late Rev.
 F. W.), M.A., of Brighton.
The Human Race, and
 other Sermons preached at Chelten-
 ham, Oxford, and Brighton. Second
 Edition. Large post 8vo. Cloth,
 price 7s. 6d.

Notes on Genesis. New
 and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo.,
 price 3s. 6d.

Sermons. Four Series. Small
 crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d. each.

Expository Lectures on
 St. Paul's Epistles to the Co-
 rinthians. A New Edition. Small
 crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Lectures and Addresses,
 with other literary remains. A New
 Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ROBERTSON (The Late Rev. F. W.), M.A., of Brighton—*continued*.

An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. The Education of the Human Race. Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Life and Letters. Edited by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. I. 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d. II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo., with Portrait. Cloth, price 12s. III. A Popular Edition, in one vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The above Works can also be had half-bound in morocco.

* * A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

ROBINSON (A. Mary F.).

A Handful of Honey-suckle. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

The Crowned Hippolytus. Translated from Euripides. With New Poems. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

RODWELL (G. F.), F.R.A.S., F.C.S.

Etna: a History of the Mountain and its Eruptions. With Maps and Illustrations. Square 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

ROLLESTON (T. W. H.), B.A.

The Encheiridion of Epicetetus. Translated from the Greek, with a Preface and Notes. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

ROSS (Mrs. E.), ("Nelsie Brook").

Daddy's Pet. A Sketch from Humble Life. With Six Illustrations. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s.

SADLER (S. W.), R.N.

The African Cruiser. A Midshipman's Adventures on the West Coast. With Three Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SALTS (Rev. Alfred), LL.D.

Godparents at Confirmation. With a Preface by the Bishop of Manchester. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, limp, price 2s.

SALVATOR (Archduke Ludwig). **Levkosia, the Capital of Cyprus.** Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SAMUEL (Sydney Montagu).

Jewish Life in the East. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SAUNDERS (John).

Israel Mort, Overman: A Story of the Mine. Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.

Hirell. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Abel Drake's Wife. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SAYCE (Rev. Archibald Henry).

Introduction to the Science of Language. Two vols., large post 8vo. Cloth, price 25s.

SCHELL (Maj. von).

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. von Goeben. Translated by Col. C. H. von Wright. Four Maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. von Steinmetz. Translated by Captain E. O. Hollist. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SCHELLENDORF (Maj.-Gen. B. von).

The Duties of the General Staff. Translated from the German by Lieutenant Hare. Vol. I. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

SCHERFF (Maj. W. von).

Studies in the New Infantry Tactics. Parts I. and II. Translated from the German by Colonel Lumley Graham. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Scientific Layman. The New Truth and the Old Faith: are they incompatible? Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SCOONES (W. Baptiste).

Four Centuries of English Letters. A Selection of 350 Letters by 150 Writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the Present Time. Edited and arranged by. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

SCOTT (Leader).

A Nook in the Apennines: A Summer beneath the Chestnuts. With Frontispiece, and 27 Illustrations in the Text, chiefly from Original Sketches. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d. Also a Cheap Edition, price 2s. 6d.

SCOTT (Robert H.).

Weather Charts and Storm Warnings. Illustrated. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Seeking his Fortune, and other Stories. With Four Illustrations. New and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

SENIOR (N. W.).

Alexis De Tocqueville. Correspondence and Conversations with Nassau W. Senior, from 1833 to 1859. Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

Seven Autumn Leaves from Fairyland. Illustrated with Nine Etchings. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SHADWELL (Maj.-Gen.), C.B.

Mountain Warfare. Illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. Being a Translation of the Swiss Narrative compiled from the Works of the Archduke Charles, Jomini, and others. Also of Notes by General H. Dufour on the Campaign of the Valtelline in 1635. With Appendix, Maps, and Introductory Remarks. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

SHAKSPEARE (Charles).

Saint Paul at Athens: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine Sermons preached at St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park. With Preface by the Rev. Canon FARRAR. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

SHAW (Major Wilkinson).

The Elements of Modern Tactics. Practically applied to English Formations. With Twenty-five Plates and Maps. Second and cheaper Edition. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

. The Second Volume of "Military Handbooks for Officers and Non-commissioned Officers." Edited by Lieut.-Col. C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., A.A.G.

SHAW (Flora L.).

Castle Blair: a Story of Youthful Lives. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt tops, price 12s. Also, an edition in one vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SHELLEY (Lady).

Shelley Memorials from Authentic Sources. With (now first printed) an Essay on Christianity by Percy Bysshe Shelley. With Portrait. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

SHERMAN (Gen. W. T.).

Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, Commander of the Federal Forces in the American Civil War. By Himself. 2 vols. With Map. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s. *Copyright English Edition.*

SHILLITO (Rev. Joseph).

Womanhood: its Duties, Temptations, and Privileges. A Book for Young Women. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

SHIPLEY (Rev. Orby), M.A.

Principles of the Faith in Relation to Sin. Topics for Thought in Times of Retreat. Eleven Addresses. With an Introduction on the neglect of Dogmatic Theology in the Church of England, and a Postscript on his leaving the Church of England. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

Church Tracts, or Studies in Modern Problems. By various Writers. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. each.

Sister Augustine, Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the St. Johannis Hospital at Bonn. Authorized Translation by Hans Tharau from the German Memorials of Amalie von Lasaulx. Second edition. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Six Ballads about King Arthur. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

SKINNER (James).

Cœlestia: the Manual of St. Augustine. The Latin Text side by side with an English Interpretation, in 36 Odes, with Notes, and a plea for the Study of Mystic Theology. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SMITH (Edward), M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.

Health and Disease, as Influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System. A New Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Practical Dietary for Families, Schools, and the Labouring Classes. A New Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Tubercular Consumption in its Early and Remediable Stages. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Songs of Two Worlds. By the Author of "The Epic of Hades." Sixth Edition. Complete in one Volume, with Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Songs for Music.

By Four Friends. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. Containing songs by Reginald A. Gatty, Stephen H. Gatty, Greville J. Chester, and Juliana Ewing.

SPEDDING (James).

Evenings with a Reviewer; or, Bacon and Macaulay. With a Prefatory Notice by G. S. VENABLES, Q.C. 3 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political, and Historical, not relating to Bacon. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

STAPPER (Paul).

Shakspeare and Classical Antiquity: Greek and Latin Anti-

STAPPER (Paul)—continued.

quity as presented in Shakspeare's Plays. Translated by Emily J. Carey. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

St. Bernard on the Love of God. Translated by Marianne Caroline and Coventry Patmore. Cloth extra, gilt top, price 4s. 6d.

STEDMAN (Edmund Clarence). **Lyrics and Idylls.** With other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

STEPHENS (Archibald John), LL.D.

The Folkestone Ritual Case. The Substance of the Argument delivered before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. On behalf of the Respondents. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

STEVENSON (Robert Louis).

Virginibus, Puerisque, and other Papers. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

STEVENSON (Rev. W. F.).

Hymns for the Church and Home. Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson.

The most complete Hymn Book published.

The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children.

"* Published in various forms and prices, the latter ranging from 8d. to 6s. Lists and full particulars will be furnished on application to the Publishers."

STOCKTON (Frank R.).

A Jolly Fellowship. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

STORR (Francis), and TURNER Hawes).

Canterbury Chimes; or, Chaucer Tales retold to Children. With Illustrations from the Ellesmere MS. Extra Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Strecker-Wishcenus's Organic Chemistry. Translated and edited with extensive additions by W. R. HODGKINSON, Ph. D., and A. J. GREENWAY, F.I.C. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

STRETTON (Hesba).
David Lloyd's Last Will. With Four Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d.

The Wonderful Life. Thirteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Through a Needle's Eye : a Story. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

STUBBS (Lieut.-Colonel F. W.)
The Regiment of Bengal Artillery. The History of its Organization, Equipment, and War Services. Compiled from Published Works, Official Records, and various Private Sources. With numerous Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

STUMM (Lieut. Hugo), German
Military Attaché to the Khivan Expedition.

Russia's advance Eastward. Based on the Official Reports of. Translated by Capt. C. E. H. VINCENT. With Map. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SULLY (James), M.A.
Sensation and Intuition. Demy 8vo. Second Edition. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.
Pessimism : a History and a Criticism. Demy 8vo. Price 14s.

Sunnyland Stories.
By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Bran Pie." Illustrated. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Sweet Silvery Sayings of Shakespeare. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

SYME (David).
Outlines of an Industrial Science. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SYME (David)—continued.

Representative Government in England. Its Faults and Failures. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Tales from Ariosto. Retold for Children, by a Lady. With three illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

TAYLOR (Algernon).
Guienne. Notes of an Autumn Tour. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

TAYLOR (Sir H.).
Works Complete. Author's Edition, in 5 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s. each.
Vols. I. to III. containing the Poetical Works, Vols. IV. and V. the Prose Works.

TAYLOR (Col. Meadows), C.S.I., M.R.I.A.

A Noble Queen : a Romance of Indian History. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.

Seeta. New Edition with frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Tippoo Sultaun : a Tale of the Mysore War. New Edition with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Ralph Darnell. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The Confessions of a Thug. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Tara : a Mahratta Tale. New Edition. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

TENNYSON (Alfred).

The Imperial Library Edition. Complete in 7 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price £3 13s. 6d.; in Roxburgh binding, £4 7s. 6d.

Author's Edition. Complete in 7 Volumes. With Frontispieces. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 43s. 6d. Roxburgh half morocco, price 54s.

TENNYSON (Alfred)—continued.

Cabinet Edition, in 13 vols. with Frontispieces. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d. each, or complete in cloth box, price 35s.

* * Each volume in the above editions may be had separately.

The Royal Edition. With 26 Illustrations and Portrait. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt leaves. Price 21s.

The Guinea Edition. In 14 vols., neatly bound and enclosed in box. Cloth, price 21s. French morocco or parchment, price 31s. 6d.

The Shilling Edition of the Poetical and Dramatic Works, in 12 vols., pocket size. Price 1s. each.

The Crown Edition [the 118th thousand], strongly bound in cloth, price 6s. Cloth, extra gilt leaves, price 7s. 6d., Roxburgh, half morocco, price 8s. 6d.

* * Can also be had in a variety of other bindings.

Original Editions:

Ballads and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Lover's Tale. (Now for the first time published.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Poems. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Maud, and other Poems. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

The Princess. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Idylls of the King. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Idylls of the King. Complete. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The Holy Grail, and other Poems. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

Gareth and Lynette. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

Enoch Arden, &c. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

TENNYSON (Alfred)—continued.

In Memoriam. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

Queen Mary. A Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Harold. A Drama. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Selections from Tennyson's Works. Super royal 16mo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d. Cloth gilt extra, price 4s.

Songs from Tennyson's Works. Super royal 16mo. Cloth extra, price 3s. 6d.

Also a cheap edition. 16mo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Idylls of the King, and other Poems. Illustrated by Julia Margaret Cameron. 2 vols. Folio. Half-bound morocco, cloth sides, price £6 6s. each.

Tennyson for the Young and for Recitation. Specially arranged. Fcap. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.

Tennyson Birthday Book. Edited by Emily Shakespear. 32mo. Cloth limp, 2s.; cloth extra, 3s.

* * A superior edition, printed in red and black, on antique paper, specially prepared. Small crown 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt leaves, price 5s.; and in various calf and morocco bindings.

Songs Set to Music, by various Composers. Edited by W. G. Cusins. Dedicated by express permission to Her Majesty the Queen. Royal 4to. Cloth extra, gilt leaves, price 21s., or in half-morocco, price 25s.

An Index to "In Memoriam." Price 2s.

THOMAS (Moy).

A Fight for Life. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

THOMPSON (Alice C.).

Preludes. A Volume of Poems. Illustrated by Elizabeth Thompson (Painter of "The Roll Call"). 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

THOMSON (J. Turnbull).

Social Problems; or, an Inquiry into the Law of Influences. With Diagrams. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

THRING (Rev. Godfrey), B.A.

Hymns and Sacred Lyrics. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

TODHUNTER (Dr. J.)

Forest Songs. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

The True Tragedy of Rienzi. A Drama.

A Study of Shelley. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

Alcestis: A Dramatic Poem. Extra fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Laurella; and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s. 6d.

Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Vittoria Colonna. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

TURNER (Rev. C. Tennyson).

Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

Collected Sonnets, Old and New. With Prefatory Poem by Alfred Tennyson; also some Marginal Notes by S. T. Coleridge, and a Critical Essay by James Spedding. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

TWINING (Louisa).

Recollections of Work-house Visiting and Management during twenty-five years. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

UPTON (Major R. D.).

Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

VAUGHAN (H. Halford).

New Readings and Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 25s.

VIATOR (Vacuus).

Flying South. Recollections of France and its Littoral. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

VILLARI (Prof.).

Niccolo Machiavelli and His Times. Translated by Linda Villari. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

VINCENT (Capt. C. E. H.).

Elementary Military Geography, Reconnoitring, and Sketching. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

VYNER (Lady Mary).

Every day a Portion. Adapted from the Bible and the Prayer Book. Square crown 8vo. Cloth extra, price 5s.

WALDSTEIN (Charles), Ph. D.

The Balance of Emotion and Intellect: An Essay Introductory to the Study of Philosophy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

WALLER (Rev. C. B.)

The Apocalypse, Reviewed under the Light of the Doctrine of the Unfolding Ages and the Restoration of all Things. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

WALSHE (Walter Hayle), M.D.

Dramatic Singing Physiologically Estimated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

WALTERS (Sophia Lydia).

The Brook: A Poem. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

A Dreamer's Sketch Book.

With Twenty-one Illustrations. Fcap. 4to. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

WATERFIELD, W.

Hymns for Holy Days and Seasons. 32mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

WATSON (Sir Thomas), Bart., M.D.

The Abolition of Zymotic Diseases, and of other similar enemies of Mankind. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

WAY (A.), M.A.

The Odes of Horace Literally Translated in Metre. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

WEBSTER (Augusta).

Disguises. A Drama. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

WEDMORE (Frederick).

The Masters of Genre Painting. With sixteen illustrations. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

WHEWELL (William), D.D.
His Life and Selections from his Correspondence. By Mrs. Mary Douglas. With Portrait. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

WHITAKER (Florence).
Christy's Inheritance. A London Story. Illustrated. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

WHITE (A. D.), LL.D.
Warfare of Science. With Prefatory Note by Professor Tyndall. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

WHITNEY (Prof. W. D.)
Essentials of English Grammar for the Use of Schools. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

WICKSTEED (P. H.).
Dante: Six Sermons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

WILKINS (William).
Songs of Study. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

WILLIAMS (Rowland), D.D.
Stray Thoughts from his Note-Books. Edited by his Widow. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
Psalms, Litanies, Counsels and Collects for Devout Persons. Edited by his Widow. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

WILLIS (R.), M.D.
Servetus and Calvin: a Study of an Important Epoch in the Early History of the Reformation. 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

William Harvey. A History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood. With a Portrait of Harvey, after Faithorne. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

WILSON (Sir Erasmus).
Egypt of the Past. With Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

WILSON (H. Schütz).
The Tower and Scaffold. Large fcap. 8vo. Price 1s.

Within Sound of the Sea.
By the Author of "Blue Roses," "Vera," &c. Fourth Edition in one vol. with frontispiece. Price 6s.

WOLLSTONECRAFT (Mary).
Letters to Imlay. With a Preparatory Memoir by C. Kegan Paul, and two Portraits in *eau forte* by Anna Lea Merritt. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

WOLTMANN (Dr. Alfred), and WOERMANN (Dr. Karl).
History of Painting in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. Edited by Sidney Colvin. With numerous illustrations. Medium 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.; cloth, bevelled boards, gilt leaves, price 30s.

WOOD (Major-General J. Creighton).
Doubling the Consonant. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Word was made Flesh.
Short Family Readings on the Epistles for each Sunday of the Christian Year. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Wren (Sir Christopher); his Family and his Times. With Original Letters, and a Discourse on Architecture hitherto unpublished. By LUCY PHILLIMORE. Demy 8vo. With Portrait, price 14s.

WRIGHT (Rev. David), M.A.
Waiting for the Light, and other Sermons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

YOUMANS (Eliza A.).
An Essay on the Culture of the Observing Powers of Children. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

First Book of Botany.
With 300 Engravings. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

YOUMANS (Edward L.), M.D.
A Class Book of Chemistry. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DT
K&C